May 1, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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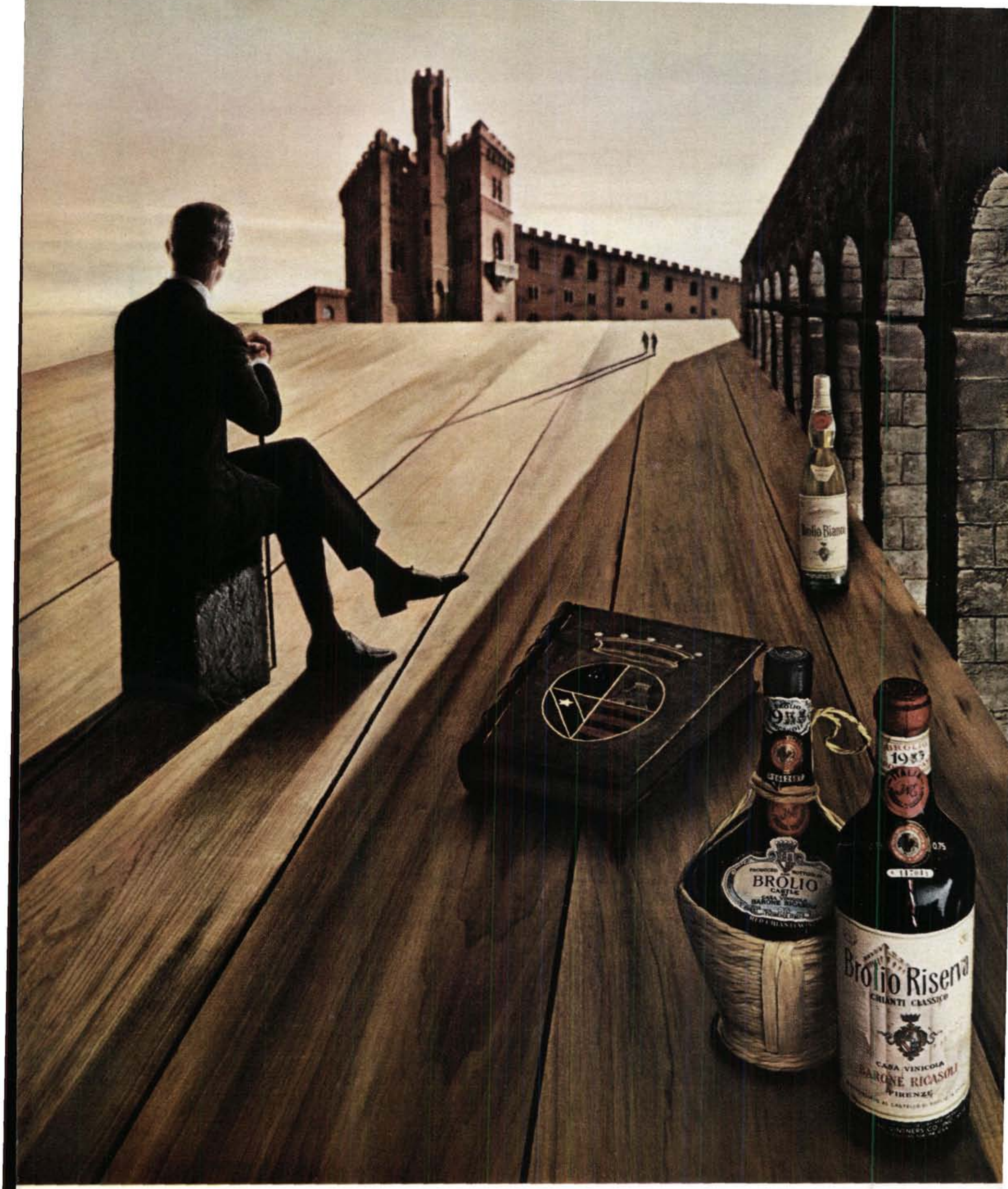
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—A meandering account of some sad and funny goings on in a Harlem store-front tabernacle. Written by James Baldwin a dozen years ago, the play, for all its discursiveness, does occasionally offer an arresting scene. As the pastor of the church, Bea Richards is apt indeed, and so are most of her colleagues in the enterprise. Directed by Frank Silvera, who also figures in the action. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Catch Me If You Can—An almost interminable whodunit about a man whose wife disappears during their honeymoon in the Catskills, only to be replaced in the bridal bed by a toothsome pretender. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie do what they can to inspirit this leaden enterprise. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a cheerful soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols (him again) directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—An almost completely mystifying drama by Edward Albee, in which the world, the flesh, and various kinds of devilment get quite a metaphysical workout. John Gielgud, Irene Worth, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry do as well as anyone could expect. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is now the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

And Things That Go Bump in the Night—A play by Terrence McNally, with Eileen Heckart. Directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock, Inga Swenson a girl who loves him, and Martin Gabel the dread Moriarty. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's celebrated citizen in this new-day variation on Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this go-around, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant, but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 2.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. As things turn out, only the dancers, directed by Onna White, contribute much to the affair. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**funny girl:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?:** The life and times of an upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Half a Sixpence—A London musical, based on H. G. Wells' "Kipps." Beverley Cross wrote the book, David Heneker turned out the music and lyrics, and Tommy Steele heads the cast. Gene Saks is the director. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Race of Hairy Men!—Brandon deWilde in a comedy by Evan Hunter, staged by Elaine Perry. Opens Thursday, April 29. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A limited engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, starring George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton. Directed by George Keathley. Previews Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, and Monday, May 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 4, and will run through Saturday, June 26. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at

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on the never-ending joys of diamonds

The diamond symbolizes joy that lasts as long as time.
The eye cannot weary of its pure white flame. Fashion dictates cannot outmode it.
And its value, like its beauty, grows with each passing year.
Shown are a few of today's exquisite, eminently wearable designs in diamonds.
Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

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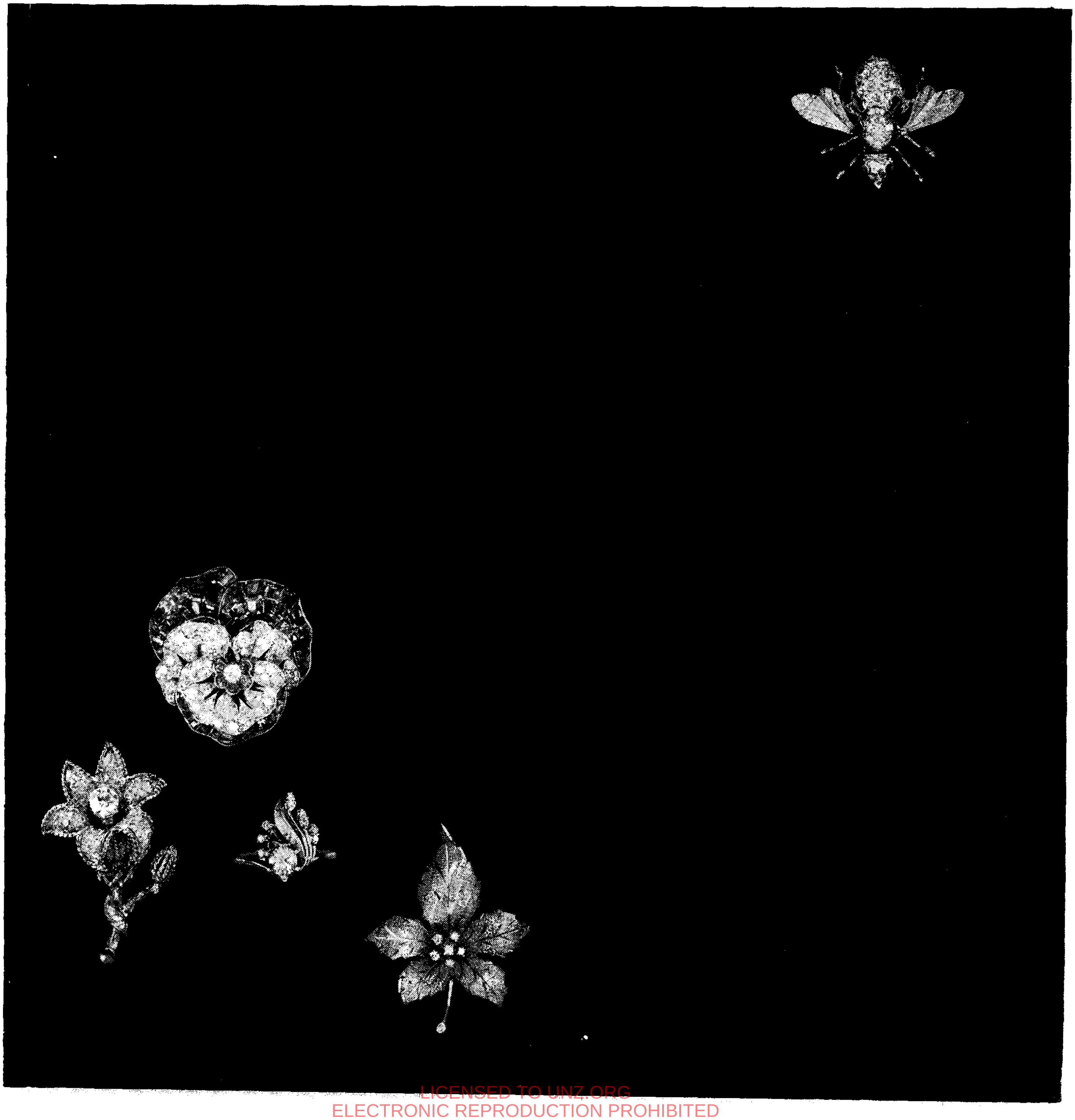

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—new york city center light opera company: A revival of "Guys and Dolls," with Alan King, Sheila MacRae, Jerry Orbach, and Anita Gillette. The first in a series of four musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—incident at vichy, Arthur Miller's examination of the processes that sent Jews to slaughter in 1942. With Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne. Final performances Thursday and Friday, April 29-30, at 8:30; Sunday, May 2, at 2 and 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, at 8:30. . . . Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's **tartuffe,** with Michael O'Sullivan, Salome Jens, and Larry Gates. Performances Saturday, May 1, at 2 and 8:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 4-5, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 8, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Shaw's **man and superman:** Thursday, April 29, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 4-5, all at 8. . . . Giraudoux's **judith:** Friday, April 30, at 8:30; Saturday, May 1, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, May 2, at 2:30 and 7:30. . . . Tolstoy's **war and peace:** Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, and Thursday through Saturday, May 6-8, all at 8:15.)

The Cat and the Canary—A revival of John Willard's good-natured old spook show. Some of the performers appear to be kidding it and others to be playing it straight, which makes the production rather unsettling. Tom Wheatley is an amusing hero and Adale O'Brien a quite appealing heroine. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Do Not Pass Go—This dismal exercise about a perverse lunatic who torments and finally murders an old man is a paste-up of third-hand Pinter and fifth-rate Beckett. It goes on (and on and on) for three acts. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy is being joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Baal": Previews Thursday, April 29, at 8:30; Saturday, May 1, at 7 and 10; and Wednesday, May 5, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 6, at 7:30. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, April 29, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, April 30, at 8:15: "Piège de Lumière," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2:15: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 12:45: "Bugaku," "Ivesiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 5:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Harlequinade," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Shadow'd Ground," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Piège de Lumière," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8:15: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Shadow'd Ground," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 2:15: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Piège de Lumière," and "Ballet Imperial." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 13. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, April 29, at 8:30: "Les Patineurs," "Les Biches" (American première), and "Marguerite and Armand." . . . ¶ Friday, April 30, at 8:30: "Les Biches," "The Dream" (American première), and "Marguerite and Armand." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2:30 and 8:30 "Les Sylphides," "Les Biches," and "The Dream." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 8:30: "The Dream," "Les Sylphides," and "Marguerite and Armand." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 7:30; Friday, May 7, at 8; and Saturday, May 8, at 2:30 and 8: A new production of "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1554. Through Sunday, May 16. No seating at any performance after the curtain is up.)

Percival Borde—With his company, in "Black Rhythm," choreographed by Pearl Primus. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. Monday and Tuesday, May 3-4, at 8:40, and Saturday, May 8, at 3:30. For tickets, call CH 2-0133.)

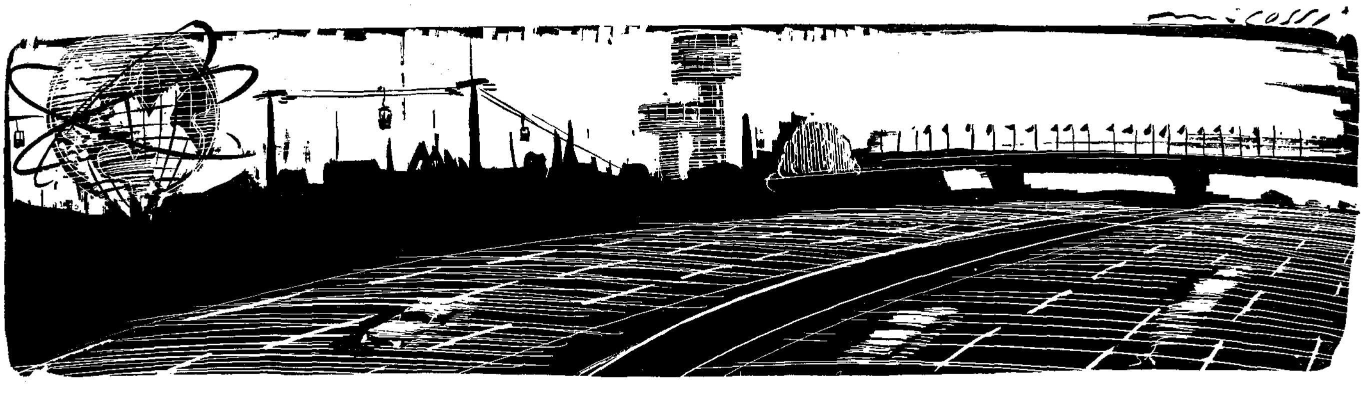
MISCELLANY

Victor Borge—In a benefit performance of his show "Comedy in Music," assisted by Leonid Hambro. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, May 5, at 9.)

Maurice Chevalier at 77—A solo show of songs and monologues. (Alvin Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 9. Final performance Saturday, May 1.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip-teasers. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Circus—A continuous march-past, two by two, of animals, clowns, tumblers, and other rare specimens. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at



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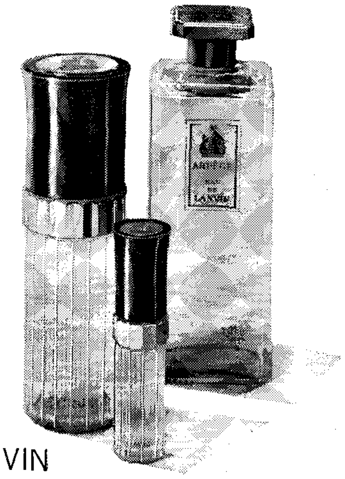
Mommy, don't cry...
I'm sure Daddy's giving you Arpege


ARPEGE
LANVIN

Promise her anything but give her Arpege.....LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 9. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Once in a while, the new Pearl Bailey bursts into a sumptuous *chanson d'amour;* more often, the old P. B. is enunciating her theory that it is the mink (and the wearers thereof) that shall inherit the earth. Both girls, who show up at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, are just great. They are supplemented by the band of Lee Evans, which chips in with some nice work.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—George Anaya's Latinos are in the restaurant, where, after a spate of at-ease music that runs from eight to ten, they turn to the light fantastic. Mondays are their holidays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Some of the latecomers who still do business here during the wee hours report regularly for duty, and—in this burgeoning neighborhood—there are always enough newcomers for them to complain about. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra play industriously for the entrancemakers in the main hall. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome (Ernest Schoen's). Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Just about as far as the eye of Samuel Clemens could reach. The period pretense is enhanced by Stan Rubin and his Tiger Town Five, who are on the dance deck from around dinnertime until after midnight. Sundays, though, when the Rubins are absent, the music is only needle (phonograph-needle) beer.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, the important monument is a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at eight. Curfew is at one, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it is postponed until two. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever be idle here. Yvette Souviron, who chirps at her work, plays solitaire piano every night but Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Juliet Prowse, the principal occupant of the Persian Room at dinner and supper, gets A for Effort in return for her song-and-cavort act, but that's all. Four young men dance attendance on her. On Wednesday, May 5, she will be replaced by Eartha Kitt, a tigress *of a different stripe* and *a cat who walks and* talks and sings by herself. Music for the customers is done by the peppery small band of Mark Monte and the big band now conducted by Emil Coleman, Jr. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into a fashionable watering place in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The top of the evening to you—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor. George Cort's fivesome, which does the dance tunes in the dining room from eight to one every night but Sunday, will be succeeded, on Monday, May 3, by Michael Longo's band.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero, whose dance band brings out the Latin latent in all of us, has the run of the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state, and so does the band of Charles Turecamo, which brings out the Southampton and Water Mill in all of us. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger,* affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

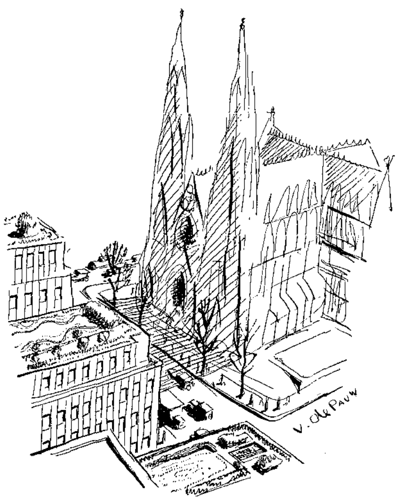
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Egyptian deities are the presiding geniuses of the larking decorative scheme. These gods are never angry at the antic folk dances of the populace, but at times they do look startled. The music comes, between seven and ten, from a trio and after ten off a tape measure, and the nights (except Sundays, which have a 1 A.M. curfew) are long—until four Fridays, until three the rest of the time.

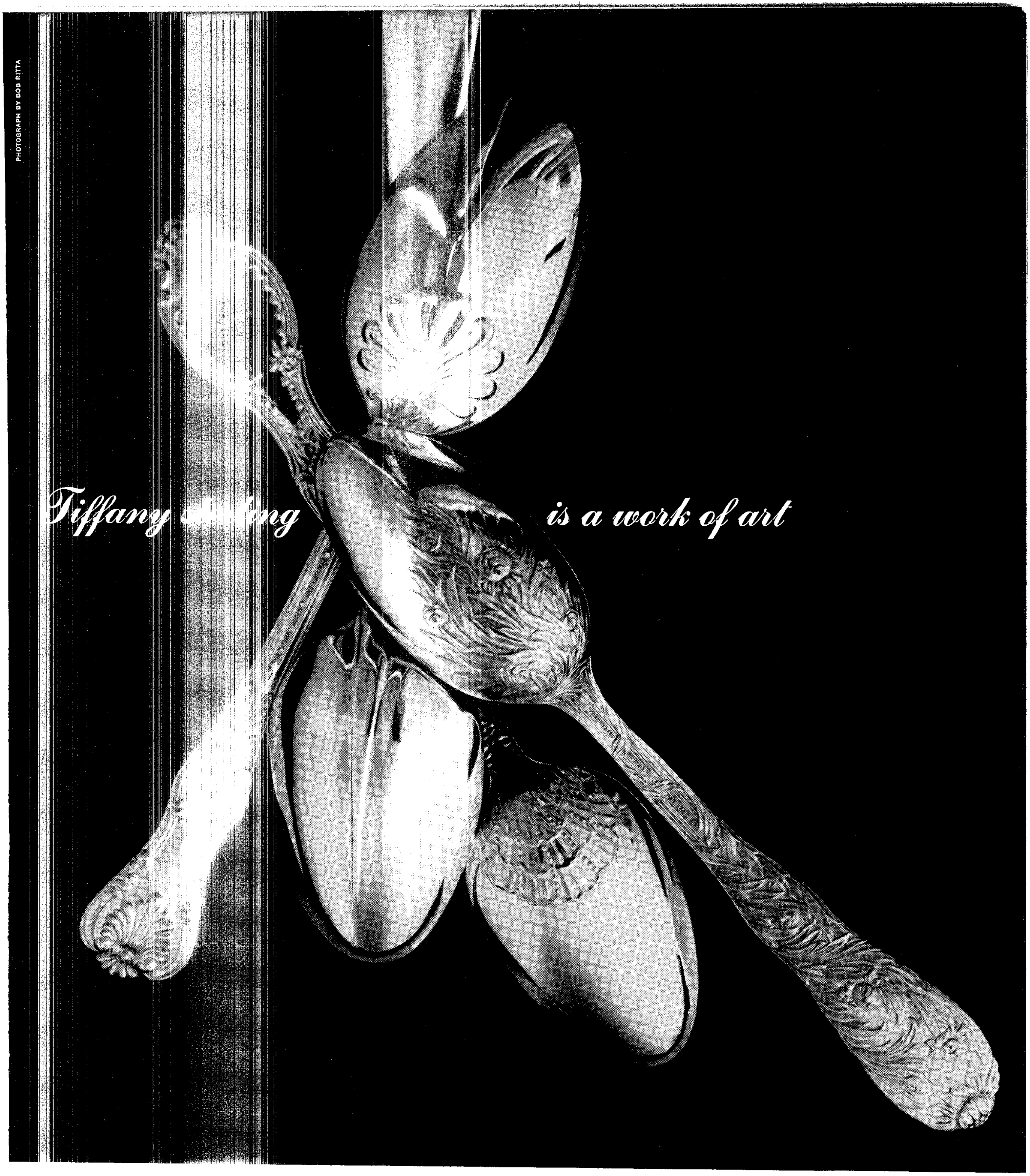
Note—Mass participation is no problem at all in **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Moonlight in the formal gardens of Firenze. The occasional singers are nevertheless engrossed at the moment in "Guys and Dolls," which they will abandon on Tuesday, May 4, in favor of "Kismet." Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Worldly wisdom is the state of mind induced by the paeans of Bobby Short—flights of fancy, of fancy words, of fancy piano. He begins at ten-thirty, which is daybreak for the life and people he sings about. His stalwart aides are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Earlier on (cocktails through dinner), there is sedate piano by Jules Kuti. Closed Sundays. . . . **IL MIO,** 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): The elaborate needlepoint here is done by a record-player that never grows weary, and the free-form, untogetherness dancing it eggs on is led by Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening part of "Fiddler on the Roof." Audience participation, rife and rugged, starts at eight and ends at three. The list of edibles is much more restricted. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, the down-cellar restaurant here, is a little Austria almost armorial in its bearing and ardently devoted to the cuisine and the wine of the country. Hans Hansberg's zither is another appropriate touch. Seven to ten is the running time. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The care, promotion, or prevention of love—aye, there's the rub, but Mabel Mercer's words and music, offered up in her stately, ceremonial fashion, help the inexperienced to make the choice. She sets to at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and *dancing at night. It is legal for the audience* to prance, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): That merry old soul Hans Christian Andersen slept here, and his castle walls still ring in tune to the music of his fiddler one, Norbert Faconi, dean of the tribe of our stringéd friends. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome as it might look from a villa in Frascati. The musicians who march up and down from six until two would be at home in Frascati, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Not all the legions are Roman, but the table talk and some of the cookery could persuade one that he is having a night out on the Via Veneto. A set of dulcet violinists and such are also out at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, a guitar dwells, from seven until twelve, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar that holds forth from eight to one. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old life of the Isle of Jamaica is giving way to something else (tourism, perhaps), but mourners can enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from dinner through supper every night. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The last chance on the way home for those whose workaday lives are passed in the ateliers where wax and film are the tools of the trade. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.,* the hours between five-thirty and twelve-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight the view of any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's Town Hall Tonight every Sunday in this rambling and picturesque *ranchero,* which is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—flamenco singers, dancers, and players on the briskest sort of patrol from one to nine. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Blithe hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp—belonging to Daphne Hellman or Gladys Hubner—in action from seven to ten-thirty every evening. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): St. Petersburg in the irrevocable past, or in a sort of Neva Neva Land. Marina Fedorovskaya, the landed proprietress, sings the great big sad songs of her native heath as the chef puts more chicken à la Kiev on the fire. Brooding violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, from the Golden Era of night life, plays peppery piano and sings bouncy words from six to three. Lynn Richards spells her at the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The uptown drill hall for the palace guard. George Feyer's Venetian-glass piano does the tinkling. His musicales run from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The devilish soubrette of many a Herbert and Romberg operetta comes to life again in the person and performance of Rita Dimitri, who sings at dinner and (Fridays and Saturdays) at supper, too. Dream-sequence dance music happens now and then, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The next voice you hear will be your waiter, your busboy, having a tilt at Verdi, Leoncavallo, or whatever. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Life of ease, with proper attention to décor, part of which is the piano of Muriel Roberts, who owns a carefully guarded inclination toward progressive jazz. She's on duty from six to eleven every evening but Sunday.

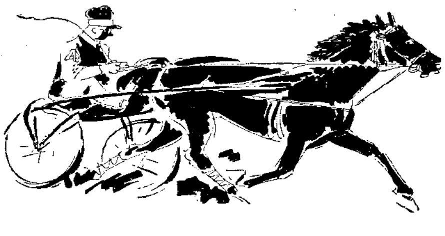
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Gaggles and even galaxies of girls, long, lean, and luxurious, prancing and prattling through a mighty extravaganza called "Tonight's the Night." Along with them go Edie Adams, a *diseuse* and chanteuse of some renown, and the team of François Szony and Nancy Claire, who impart an Olympian grace to their ballet. Dancing for the guests, too. No action Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Leslie Uggams, a very pretty posy, is in a state of electronic exultation (a few of her ditties are hyperthyroid), but she is certainly something to see and hear. This statement does not apply to Pat Henry, the local humorist. On Thursday, May 6, a new cast takes over. It will be headed by Johnny Rivers, a singer made to order for our junior generations. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, one group or another ascends the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four. No dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The mind of Woody Allen is filled with animal spirits, and because they belong mostly to griffons and chimeras, the conversation is not only eclectic but eerie; Danny Meehan serves as his own springboard as he wafts himself through a set of well-to-do lyrics. Ram Ramirez is the intermission pianist. The enterprise shuts down on Saturday, May 1, but reopens on Thursday, May 6, to let Ella Fitzgerald and her invigorating ballads aboard.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

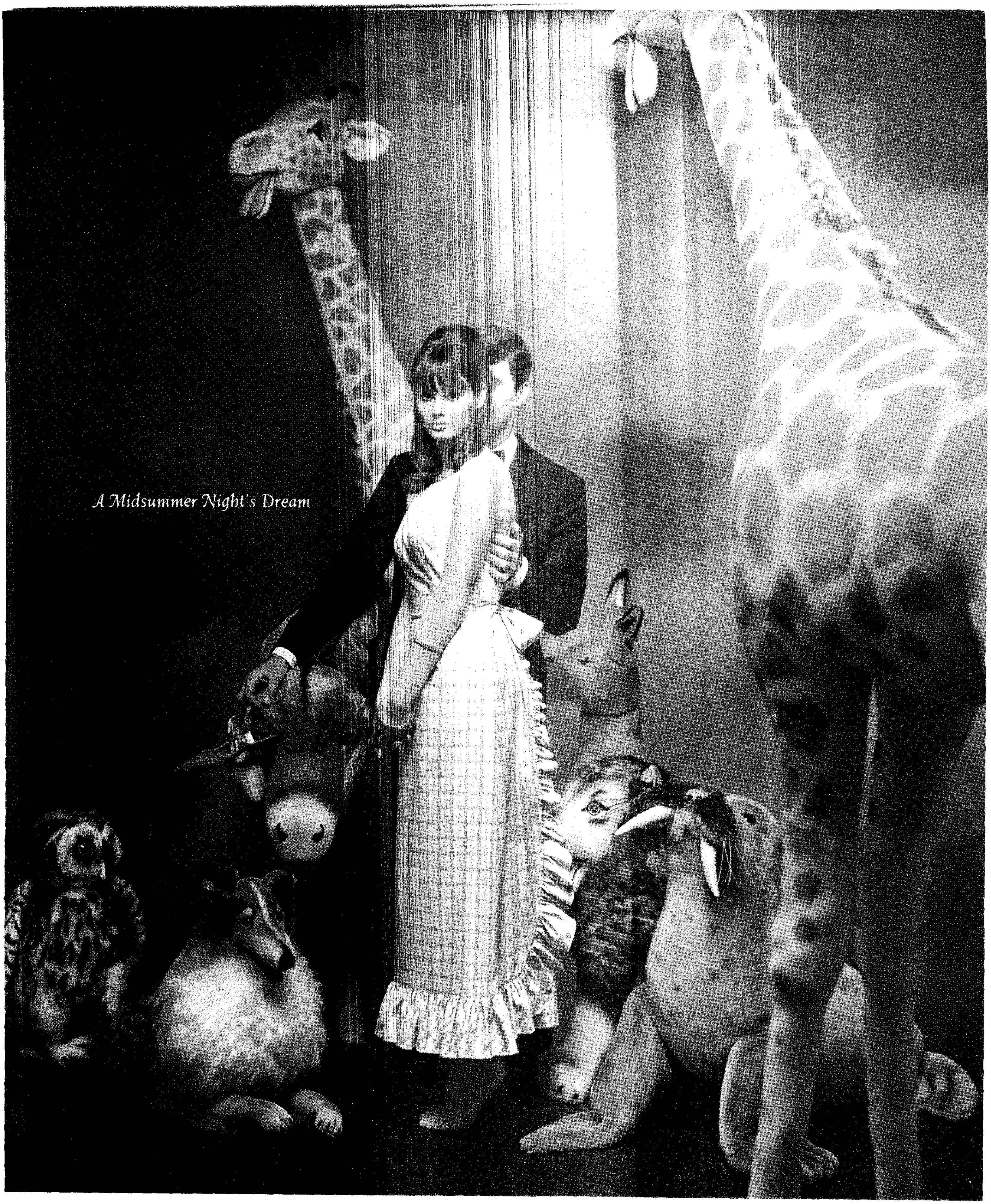
PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): All the truths in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the just about peerless Julius Monk revue, are spoken in the best of jest, not to mention the bitterest of. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the neatest of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest private army, is marching, singing, and gallivanting like mad. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, a ballerina to cozen any eye. These characters give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of the small revue entitled "The Game Is Up" deals with many matters of exceeding inconsequence, and does it with the enthusiasm of a household pet discovering an especially succulent bone to pick. The deal is in the hands of the same editorial staff, led by R. G. Brown, whose patent disbelief in the reality of anything at all places him among the merriest of Andrews. His most valiant accomplices are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. Playtime is nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. A soprano does the singing, a troupe of balletomanes does the stamping. They are turned loose at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night. Dinner and supper go with all this. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited" is a surprise package, for it brings from unmerited obscurity a great many arias that even the Porter partisans don't know. It likewise provides Kaye Ballard, queen of the May, with a regular field night, in which she is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. One small exception: The antics occasionally suggest that the producers have forgotten that nearly everything Mr. Porter wrote was pen-in-cheek to begin with. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Pillar of fire is Felicia Sanders' way with most of her ballads; tender is the night as she approaches others. She has the special advantage of first (and only) call on the songs composed by her accompanist, Irving Joseph. Coincidental are the double piano of Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn, which represents nostalgia at its best. Closed Mondays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quartet of Charlie Mingus, whose search for the perfect mode of expression leads him deep into the tanglewood, should be on the stand at least through Sunday, May 2. Richard Alpert, a bird recently flown from Harvard Yard, is the speechmaker, and he deals in occult matters. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays there are open forums to discuss the matter of whither practically anything. They start off at nine-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Free form and fine fettle are the favorite materials with which Dizzy Gillespie works wonders on that schnorkel of his. Fridays through Sundays he takes turns with the quartet of the declarative Gerry Mulligan. Dancing, too, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. One floor above the showroom, dinner and such are served from five to eleven every night but Monday, on which evening Symphony Sid (dear me!) talks about music and a Latin band plays it. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in its native state. The names in the office directory change swiftly; now they are Ronnie Gilbert, once the soprano of the Weavers, and the Guild, a collection of folk singers, as well as Dick Cavett, a jokester. Miss Gilbert departs on Monday, May 3. Tuesdays are given over to visitors. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Gene Krupa's drumhead quartet and Red Allen's foursome, which seeks and gives no quarter. On Monday, May 3, there will be a complete change in the night force. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The music in this frontier blockhouse comes from Toshiko Mariano's quartet, and Sonny Rollins' foursome will also be present Friday through Sunday, April 30-May 2. On Tuesday, May 4, John Coltrane's group of four will be taking over. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Nothing but live ammunition is used on this old rifle range. The gun club is made up of Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The most recent accession is the trio of Gildo Mahones, now a rarity in this part of the world. The quartet of Roland Kirk, who likes to play three horns at once, is still there. Mondays, Walter Bishop's threesome is the sole occupant of the premises. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A great deal more piano comes these nights from the fingers of Joe Castro, who has set up his trio within the oval bar. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator, gets in good licks, too. Mondays they stay home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Seacoast-of-Maine scenery, seacoast-of-young-Bohemia aura, and a staff outfitted in H.M.S. *Pinafore* uniforms, all of which makes a novel setting for a small, articulate old-school dance band that starts at nine-thirty every night and quits rather late in the morning. On Sundays, a band that is given to rock-and-roil and such is in charge. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The gymnasium of a coeducational college. On a shelf overlooking the



Midnight enchantress, casting a spell over wild animals. Suddenly they love each other. Love her. He does, too. It was an evening that dreams are made of. She supplied the charm, **Dorothy Cox** of Tanner, the flattery, with her dress of a soft, silky, SuPima fabric from **C & J Ryan.** If you're wondering what made it so soft, so silky, so like a midsummer night's dream, it's the superior pima cotton from which it's woven, grown exclusively in our great Southwest. Abercrombie & Fitch, New York; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's, Detroit. SuPima Association of America, Empire State Building, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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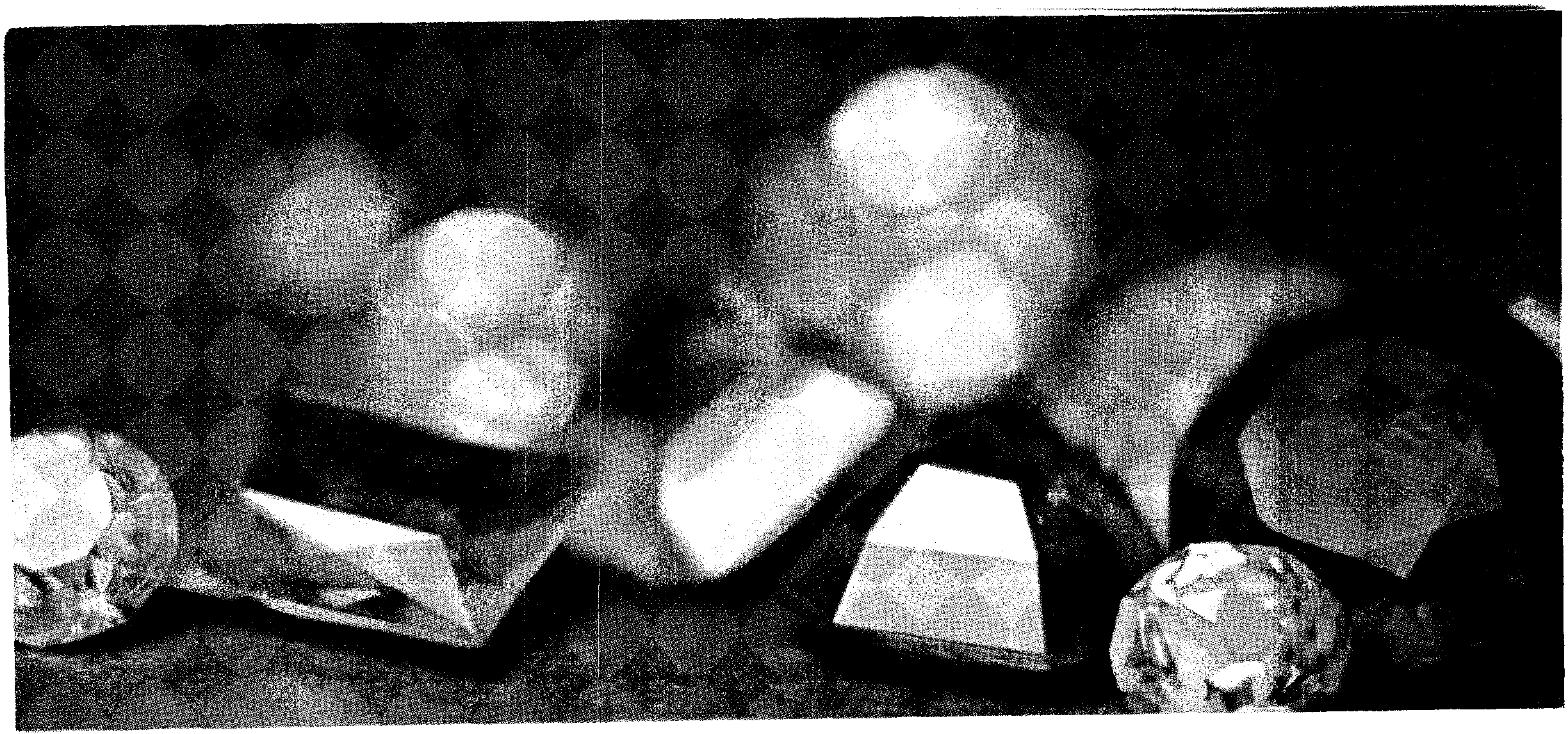
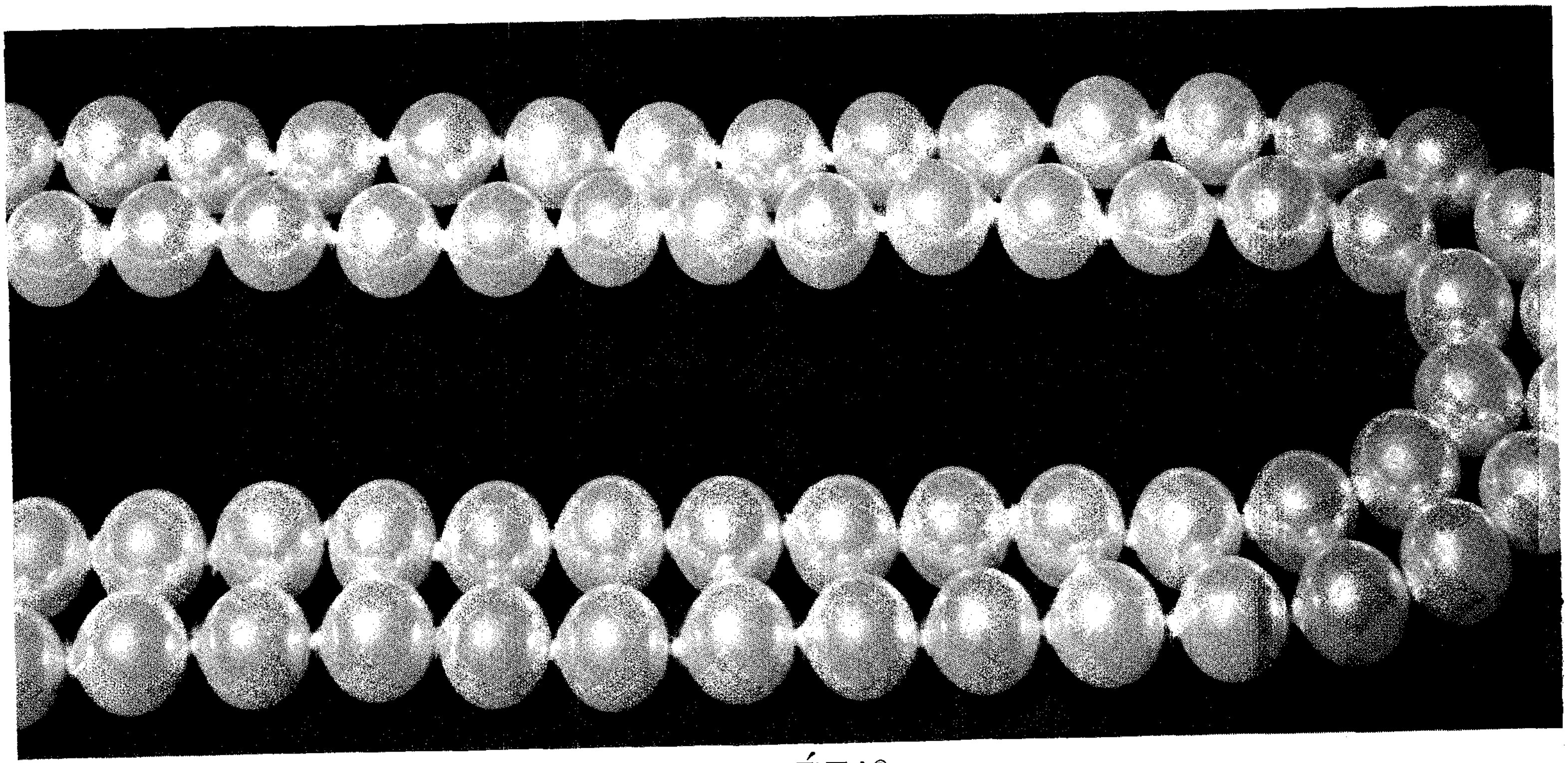


DIAMONDS, RUBIES, EMERALDS AND NOW



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the String Stretchers), who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings and drawings by this Belgian artist who works in Paris; through Saturday, May 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Barnet—Abstract oils; through Saturday, May 1. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gifford Beal (1870-1956)—Paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ben Benn—An exhibition of paintings that is running concurrently with his show at the Jewish Museum; through May 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Bosa—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Stella Buchwald—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure paintings; through Saturday, May 8. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St.)

Paul Burlin—Abstractions; through May 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andrea Cascella—Sculptures; through May 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynn Chadwick—Small bronzes; through Saturday, May 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Paintings 1955-64; through May 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Noche Crist—Nudes with mirrors, mostly; through Saturday, May 1. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Sculptures; through Saturday, May 8. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michel Elia—Semi-abstract marble sculptures; through Saturday, May 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joseph Goto—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, May 8. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hostetler—Wooden-figure sculptures; through May 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernand Léger—"The Figure," an exhibition of paintings (1913-54) commemorating the tenth anniversary of his death; through May 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Lipman-Wulf—Bronzes; through Saturday, May 1. (Tannenbaum, 19 E. 57th St.)

Antonio Lopez—Wood reliefs and paintings by this Spanish artist; through Saturday, May 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

George Luks—Drawings from his sketchbooks, mainly of people and animals, plus several paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (ACA American Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Einar Lunden—Drawings and watercolors of European scenes; through Friday, May 7. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Marcia Marcus—Figure paintings; through Saturday, May 8. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Marino Marini—Bronzes, paintings, and drawings, from the forties and fifties; through May 15. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Agnes Martin—Abstractions; through Friday, April 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Henri Michaux—Inks and watercolors; through May 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Manolo Millares—Oils and gouaches by a Madrid artist; through Saturday, May 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 8. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—A joint exhibition of paintings and reliefs (1955-65) by the English artist. (Marlborough-Gerson and Emmerich galleries, both at 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. The Emmerich show closes Saturday, May 1, the Marlborough-Gerson show May 15.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings; through Saturday, May 1. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings and bronzes; through May 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Rabkin—Constructions; through May 22. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Jesse Reichek—Drawings; through Saturday, May 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Esther Rolick—"The Creation," a series of seven oils; through Saturday, May 8. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Leatrice Rose—Paintings; through May 15. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosenquist—Pop Art; through May 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Rosenthal, Ludwig Sander, and Zao Wou-ki—Sculptures by the first and paintings by the latter two; through Saturday, May 8. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gordon Russell—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through May 22. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Richard Smith—Painted constructions; through Saturday, May 1. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Impressionist landscapes; through Saturday, May 1. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

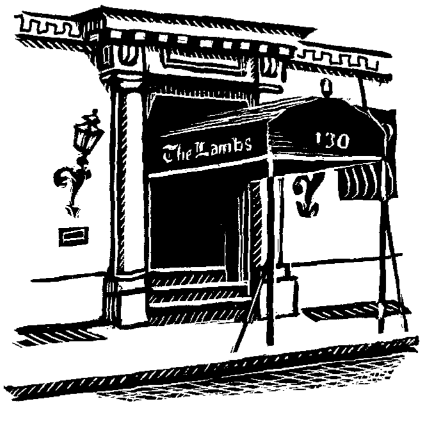
Harry Sternberg—Landscape and figure paintings and drawings; through May 15. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Claude Venard—Paris street scenes; through May 10. (Romanet-Vercel, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings; through Saturday, May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Arline Wingate—Mostly bronzes of plant life; through May 15. (Southampton East, 145 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

National Sculpture Society—The thirty-second annual of small sculptures, bas-reliefs, and medals; through May 9. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)



Americans; Group Shows—At the **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by (for instance) August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and John Sennhauser; through Saturday, May 8.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **GRIFFIN**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through May 29. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Collages and constructions in new materials by Alberto Burri, Louise Nevelson, Antoni Tàpies, and Ernst van Leyden; through Saturday, May 1.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century French masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Miró; through May 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Picasso, Dubuffet, Giacometti, and others; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Thirty works (by twenty artists) selected from the II Bienal Americana de Arte, held last fall at the University of Cordoba, Argentina; through Saturday, May 8. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **SUDAMERICANA**, 10 E. 8th St.: Drawings and prints by young painters from Uruguay; through Saturday, May 8. (Closed Mondays; open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Note—The fourth annual Artists-for-CORE benefit exhibition and sale of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by some two hundred American artists (among them Larry Rivers, Robert Rauschenberg, Alexander Calder, and Helen Frankenthaler) is being held at the Graham Gallery, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St., through Saturday, May 8. (Open Sunday, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946), comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through May 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings (1877-1914) by William Merritt Chase, lent from American and European public and private collections; through June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by, among others, Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and will be housed in new galleries constructed for them. Starts Friday, April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, figures, and portraits by Ben Benn; through May

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Benn showing at the Babcock Galleries, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through July 30. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions; namely, the Morgan volume of "The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," master drawings, bookbindings, and autograph manuscripts; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Hudson River Steamboat Portraits," a loan show of pictures by the nineteenth-century twin brothers James and John Bard; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Views of nineteenth-century New York City, as depicted in engravings, lithographs, watercolors, and photographs. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Manuscripts of American and English novels (from the Library's Berg collection) by forty-four eighteenth- to twentieth-century authors, including Charles Dickens, Samuel Clemens, Max Beerbohm, and Elizabeth Bowen; through Sept. 27. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred nineteenth-century American drawings and watercolors (by such artists as John James Audubon, Ralph Blakelock, and John Frederick Kensett) from the M. and M. Karolik Collection, recently presented to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; through May 19. . . . ¶ "A Decade of American Drawings, 1955-65," the eighth exhibition organized by the Friends of the Whitney Museum, with works by Charles Burchfield, David Smith, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through June 6. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard Opera Theater—Benefit performances of the American première of Hans Werner Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers," with a libretto by Wystan H. Auden and Chester Kallman. Staged by Christopher West, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra directed by the composer. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 29, and Saturday, May 1, both at 8. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, May 1, at 8:30: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Giovanni Consiglio. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Hunter College Opera Association—Benjamin Britten's "Albert Herring," staged by Hugh Thompson and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—A Haydn-Mahler program on Thursday, April 29, at 8:30; Friday, April 30, at 2:15; Saturday, May 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 2, at 3 (no soloists); and a varied program on Thursday, May 6, at 8:30; Friday, May 7, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 8, at 8:30 (all with Van Cliburn, piano).

BBC Symphony Orchestra—The first four in a series of six concerts by this orchestra appearing here for the first time. Friday, April 30: Antal Dorati conducting, with Heather Harper, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1: Pierre Boulez conducting, with Miss Harper. . . . ¶ Friday, May 7: Pierre Boulez conducting, with John Ogdon, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8: Antal Dorati conducting, with Mr. Ogdon. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting a new orchestra, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Mary Beth Peil, soprano; Matthew Raimondi, violin; John Solum, flute; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing an *a cappella* program of music of the fifteenth century to the seventeenth. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, May 2, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Samson," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing a performance of Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" ("The Magic Flute") in concert form, with soloists and an orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 5:15.)

RECITALS

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of programs of piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Sviatoslav Richter—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 1, at 8:30, a benefit concert. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 3, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of sacred and secular music by Josquin des Prés. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Composer's String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-65—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Harvey Sollberger and William Sydeman. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Malcolm Frager—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Arthur Grumiaux and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—A recital of sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Gary Karr, double bass; and Jeffrey Siegel, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, May 1, at 2:30.)

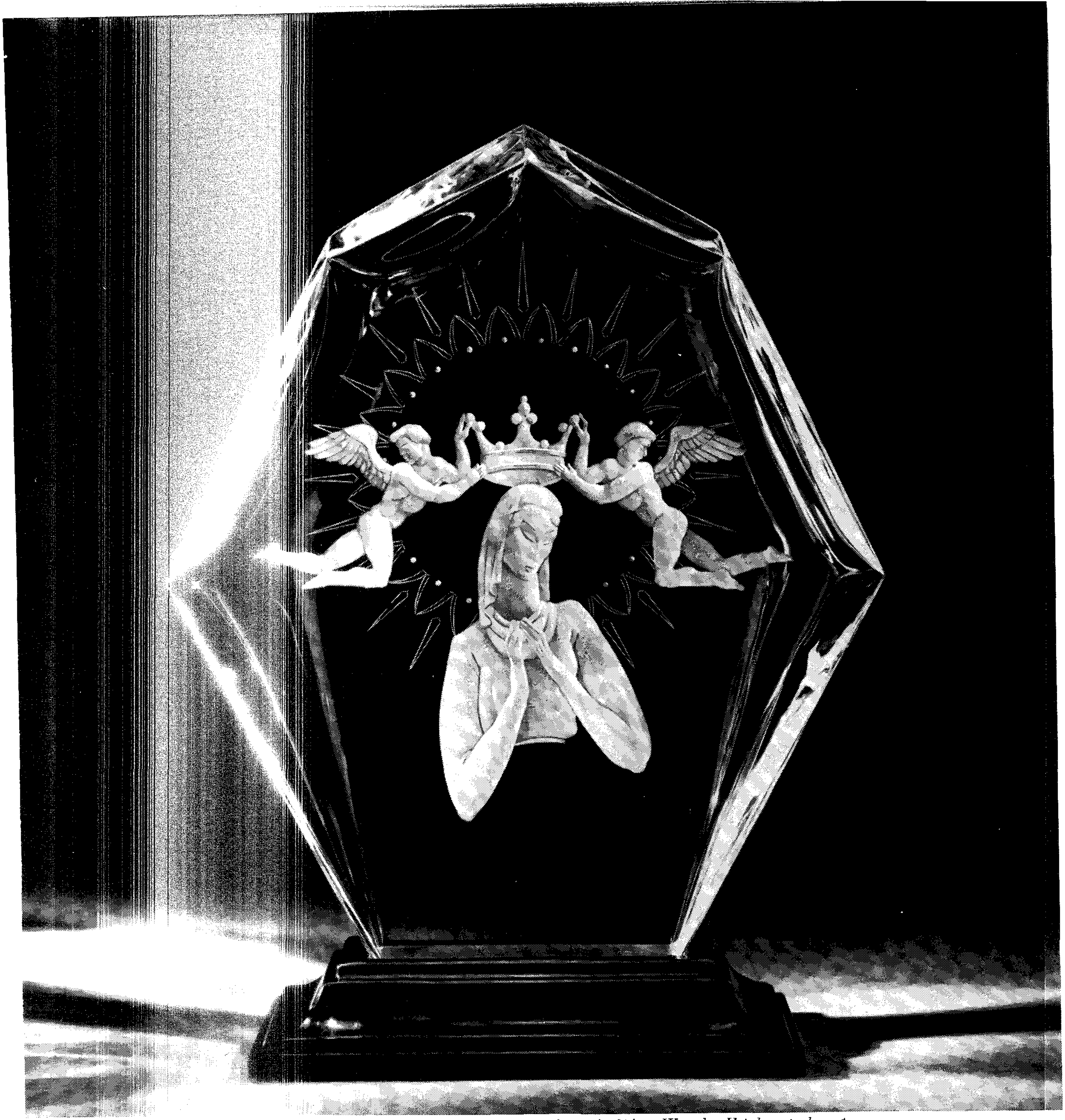
Jazz Concert—Mongo Santamaria, Gerry Mulligan, and Morgana King, plus Woody Allen, the comedian, in a benefit performance. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, April 30, at 8; Saturday, May 1, at 2; and Sunday, May 2, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Mets, Monday, May 3, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 4-5, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, May 7, at 8, and Saturday, May 8, at 2:15.

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 1.). . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 1.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 1.). . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 8.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 8.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (New-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

town Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 1-2.)... ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 7-9.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 1.)... ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 8.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 1; the Youthful, Wednesday, May 5; and the Withers, Saturday, May 8.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Monday, May 31.... CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 1, at 1.

Professional Tennis—Kenneth Rosewall, Rodney Laver, Lew Hoad, Pancho Gonzalez, Earl Buchholz, Mike Davies, Pancho Segura, Malcolm Anderson, Andres Gimeno, and Luis Ayala. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. MU 9-3560. Thursday through Sunday, April 29-May 2, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:05; through Wednesday, May 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 8, at 2:30.)... THE MANY FACES OF MUSIC: A program of music for the theatre, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, May 8, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the CHILDREN'S REPERTORY GROUP: "The Red Ruby." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, May 1, at 3.)... GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Wizard of Oz," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. ... ¶ "Pecos Bill," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) ... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. ... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays at 2:30. ... ¶ "Heidi," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... PALACE PRODUCTIONS: "Sleeping Beauty." (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS: "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... STAGE 73: "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3.... ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.)... THEATRE A LA CARTE: "Emperor's Nightingale." (Riverside Plaza, 253 W. 73rd St. TR 7-1889. Saturdays at 2:30.)... ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE: "King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, May 8, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Six Minutes to Mars." Starting Tuesday, May 4, there will be a new show, "Cities of Stars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," a film with a cast of puppets. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 1, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Once again, the miniature menagerie is offering very small fry a bevy of animals that can be petted as well as admired. There are, for instance, lambs, kids, a skunk, and a new addition, Sugarplum, an Argentine pygmy horse. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Richard Eberhart reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, May 2, at 4. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Sir John Gielgud and Irene Worth reading from the works of Dame Edith Sitwell and T. S. Eliot. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, May 2, and Sunday, May 9, both at 8:30.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—The fourteenth national benefit exhibition includes handbags, tapestries, rugs, pictures, chair covers, ecclesiastical pieces, and other items, in petit-point, gros point, embroidery, and crewelwork. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Thursday, April 29, from 10 to 7:30, and Friday, April 30, from 10 to 5.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 4, and Tuesday, May 11, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 4 belong to Mr. Frederick King Shaw, 1 W. 81st St., Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Levitt, 10 E. 82nd St.; Mr. and Mrs. Tom C. Stix, 158 E. 81st St.; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Little II, 150 E. 81st St.; Mr. Robert S. Taplinger, 223 E. 49th St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Julian S. Bach, Jr., 241 E. 48th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 29, at 1:45: Old-master paintings and Barbizon and other works of the nineteenth century, collected by Mrs. Lottie Zork and others.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 1:45: English and other furniture, Swedish glass and silver, tapestries, Derby and other old porcelains, bibelots, Oriental rugs, and a group of old-master paintings; from the estate of John Motley Morehead.... ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 1:45: Books by modern authors, including Ernest Thompson Seton's journals; political letters of John F. Kennedy; first editions; and other books and manuscripts. The property of Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton and others.... ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 1:45: Queen Anne and Georgian silver, belonging to Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: May 22. ... BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: May 23.... THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: May 29.... INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: May 31.

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: May 9, May 11-12, May 14-16, May 26-30, and June 8-13.... YANKEE STADIUM: May 18-25, May 31, June 2, June 4-6, and June 15.

Boxing—Cassius Clay vs. Sonny Liston, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. May 25.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 15.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 22.)... ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 12.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 28-29 and May 31-June 5.)... ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 6.)... ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 11-13.)...

¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. June 13.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 15.). . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. (Purchase. May 22.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 15. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: June 1-30. The Belmont, June 5. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 2. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: June 4-Aug. 7. . . . ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 15-18.

Soccer—At Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: May 30 and June 6, 9, and 13.

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. June 11-12.). . . ¶ New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. June 12-20.)

Track Meets—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 15.). . . ¶ New York Athletic Club Spring Games. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. June 5.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: May 13-July 28. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: May 20-Oct. 23.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 5-6.)

Music—At PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 30, to be followed by a five-week season of "Promenades," running from June 2 through July 3. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 14. . . . ¶ Virgil Fox, organ, May 24. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Vladimir Horowitz, piano, May 9. . . . ¶ BBC Symphony Orchestra, May 14-15. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, May 21. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Interracial Chorale and Orchestra, May 13.

Dance Programs—Moiseyev Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 18-29.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Revivals by the New York City Center Light Opera Company of "Kiss Me, Kate," with Patricia Morison, Bob Wright, and Nancy Ames, and "South Pacific," with Betsy Palmer. . . . ¶ Ken Murray narrating his program of Hollywood home movies. . . . ¶ "Flora, the Red Menace," a musical adaptation, by George Abbott and Robert Russell, of Lester Atwell's novel "Love Is Just Around the Corner." John Kander is responsible for the music and Fred Ebb for the lyrics; Liza Minnelli has the title role. . . . ¶ A musical by Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse, "The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd," starring Mr. Newley and Cyril Ritchard.

Other Dates—Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 15. . . . ¶ May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 19. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 21-June 13. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting, May 28-June 30. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Sunday, May 30; Monday, May 31, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ Commencements: Barnard and Columbia, June 1; Annapolis, June 4; Smith and Vassar, June 6; N.Y.U. and West Point, June 9; Dartmouth, June 13; Yale, June 14; Princeton, June 15; and Harvard, June 17. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15.

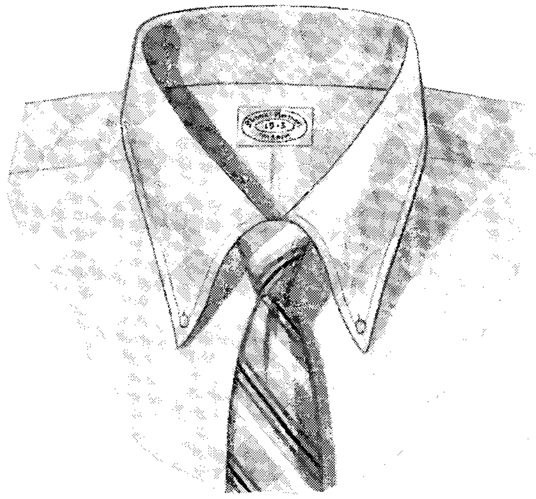
THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., others stay open later.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August.

Pavilions—There have been additions made to some of the exhibits, and there is a new pavilion honoring Winston Churchill. The best exhibits are probably still those of Johnson Wax, IBM, and Africa, and among the best restaurants are those of Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Mexico, and India (all fairly expensive).

Maturity—Those visitors to the Fair who meet the qualifications of the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion, which is devoted to people over fifty-five years old, may obtain passes there enabling them to go to the head of the line at certain other pavilions, provided they are not accompanied by large groups of grandchildren.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 4, tentative.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond thriller, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon stars in George Axelrod's amusing and deeply felt study of the horrors of marriage. Also on hand are Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 5. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting May 5, tentative.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A quasi-documentary study of an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and superbly acted by Peter Kastner. Much less gloomy than it sounds, and not to be missed. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through May 4.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting May 5. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 5, tentative.)

Operation Crossbow—Lots of attractive actors and actresses (George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, Tom Courtenay, Lilli Palmer, and on and on) in a well-written melodrama about the Second World War. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Organizer—Marcello Mastroianni is curiously captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through May 2.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Pumpkin Eater—An odd, delightful examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 5, tentative.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this charming picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. Music by Michel Legrand, screenplay and direction by Jacques Demy. The boy and girl are Nino Castelnuovo and Catherine Deneuve. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of beautiful pictures. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 2-3.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 30-May 3.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 30-May 3.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A survey of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; May 3-4.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 4, tentative.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 29. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 4.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Albert Basserman, and Robert Benchley. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 3, at 7 and 9:30.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 29.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oscar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 30-May 2.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 30-May 1.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; May 3-4.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 4.)

Macbeth (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 2-3, last showing on May 3 at 2:30.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 1 at 1:25 P.M. and May 2 at 1:05 P.M.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 30-May 1.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 3.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 30-May 3.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 4.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 30-May 3.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting May 5, tentative.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 4.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through May 2.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 29.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 29.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 4-5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master"—Through May 1: "A Drunkard's Reformation" (1909), and four other one-reel films. . . . ¶ May 2-5: "Man's Genesis" (1912), with Mae Marsh; and "Judith of Bethulia" (1914), with Blanche Sweet. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through May 4: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**
From May 5: "Synanon," Edmond O'Brien.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through May 4: "Get Yourself a College Girl," Mary Ann Mobley; and "The Rounders," Glenn Ford, Henry Fonda.
From May 5: "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 4: "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page; and "The Naked Kiss," Constance Towers.
From May 5: "Pajama Party," Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk; and "Tomb of Ligeia," Vincent Price.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
April 29: "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From April 30: "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Masquerade," Cliff Robertson, Jack Hawkins.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
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EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 4: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
From May 5: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 4 (tentative): **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
From May 5 (tentative): **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through May 2: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival.
May 3-4: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival; and **DAVID AND LISA**, revival.
From May 5: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Masquerade," Cliff Robertson, Jack Hawkins.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 4: "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page; and "The Naked Kiss," Constance Towers.
From May 5: "Pajama Party," Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk; and "Tomb of Ligeia," Vincent Price.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Across the River," Lou Gilbert.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
April 29: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
April 30-May 2: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
May 3: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival; and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.
From May 4: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 4 (tentative): **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
From May 5 (tentative): **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**

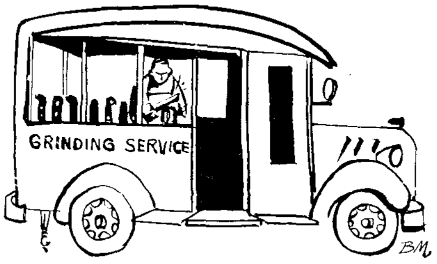
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 3: "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page; and "The Naked Kiss," Constance Towers.
May 4: "Naughty Marietta," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From May 5: "Pajama Party," Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk; and "Tomb of Ligeia," Vincent Price.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 4: "Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale.
From May 5: "Synanon," Edmond O'Brien.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 29: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.
April 30-May 3: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival. (In addition to the regular films, **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, a revival, will be shown at 1:25 P.M. on Saturday, May 1, and at 1:05 P.M. on Sunday, May 2.)
From May 4: **THE THIN MAN**, revival; **M** (in German), revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.



WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MARY POPPINS.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
April 29: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.
April 30-May 1: **KEY LARGO**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
May 2-3: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.
May 4-5: "The Roaring Twenties," revival, James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 4: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
From May 5: "Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale; and "Young Fury," Rory Calhoun, Virginia Mayo.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 4: "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.
From May 5: "Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through May 2: "Love Without End" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From May 3: "Between Tears and Smiles" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 2: "The Overcoat" (in Russian).
From May 3: "The New Angels" (in Italian).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Il Successo" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anouk Aimée.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean-Claude Brialy.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 1: "The Lady from Shanghai," revival, Rita Hayworth, Orson Welles; and "Mr. Arkadin," revival, Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.
May 2-3 (last showing on May 3 at 2:30): **MACBETH**, revival; and "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.
May 3, at 7 and 9:30: **FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT**, revival.
May 4-5: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 4: "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.
From May 5: "The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart; and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 29: "Love with the Proper Stranger," revival, Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
April 30-May 3: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.
From May 4: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 4: "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Simone Signoret.
From May 5: "Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

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SEVEN SEAS slacks are made for your kind of living. They've got "Dacron" to keep them neat, sharply creased. And they've got "Lycra" for extra comfort in action. The luxurious fabric: "Dacron"* polyester, worsted wool, "Lycra"* spandex. Belted style, about $18. Continental style, about $22. Both in five great colors at fine stores. Ask for Seven Seas slacks with "Dacron"—and the stretch comfort of "Lycra."

Kennedy's, Boston and New England; Lytton's, Chicago;
Lamson Brothers Co., Toledo;
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Stetson slip-on of "Corfam" poromeric.
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Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

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One good Scotch deserves another!

Blackie: Some people like traditional Scotch.
Whitey: And some prefer the light.

Blackie: Two different tastes.
Whitey: So how could any one Scotch satisfy both?

Blackie: That's why we have two Scotches.
"BLACK & WHITE," the Great Traditional...
Whitey: And Extra Light "BLACK & WHITE."

Blackie: Both have the character of Scotland in every drop.
Whitey: Equal in quality...

Blackie: Identical in price.
Whitey: Yes, one good Scotch deserves another.

"BLACK & WHITE"

TWO SCOTCHES OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
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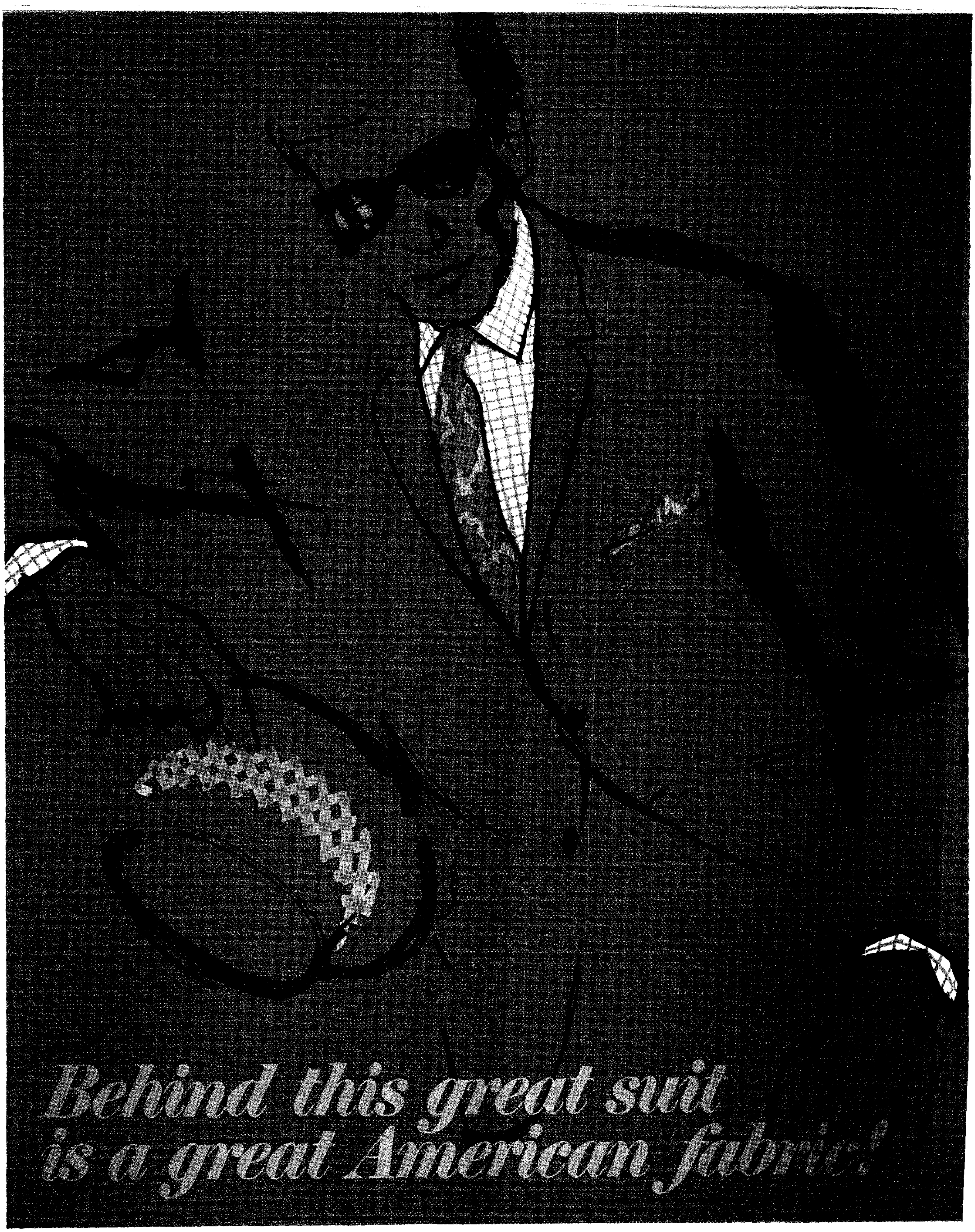
Behind this great suit
is a great American fabric!

SUIT BY TOP-O-MART, TAILORED OF FAMOUS *Raeford 2/80's*

For this exceptional summer suit, Top-O-Mart had in mind the very lightest and most luxurious of tropical fabrics. The choice was an easy one: renowned Raeford 2/80's, a unique blending of Dacron* polyester with superfine wool. No mill anywhere in the world weaves finer fabrics than Raeford. Great fabrics, made by highly skilled American craftsmen, destined for great suits. Raeford Worsted Company. A Division of Burlington Industries.

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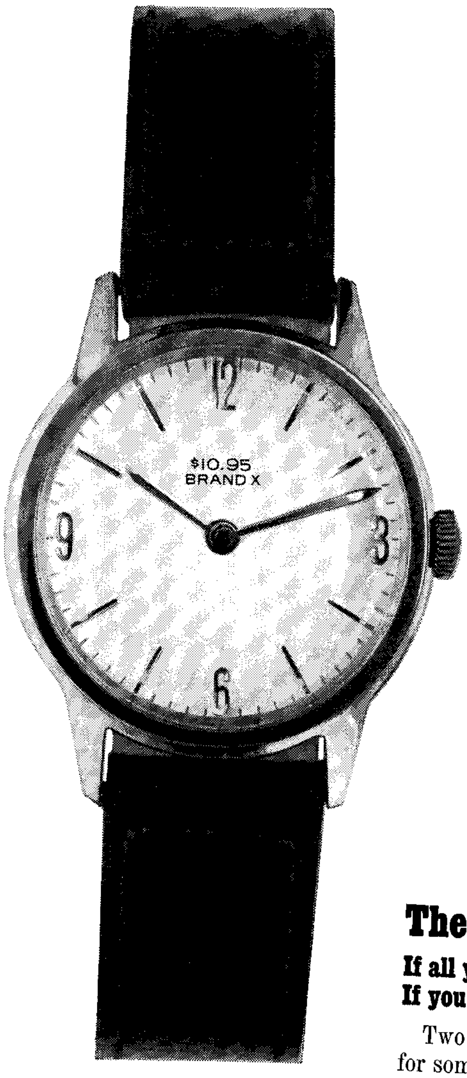
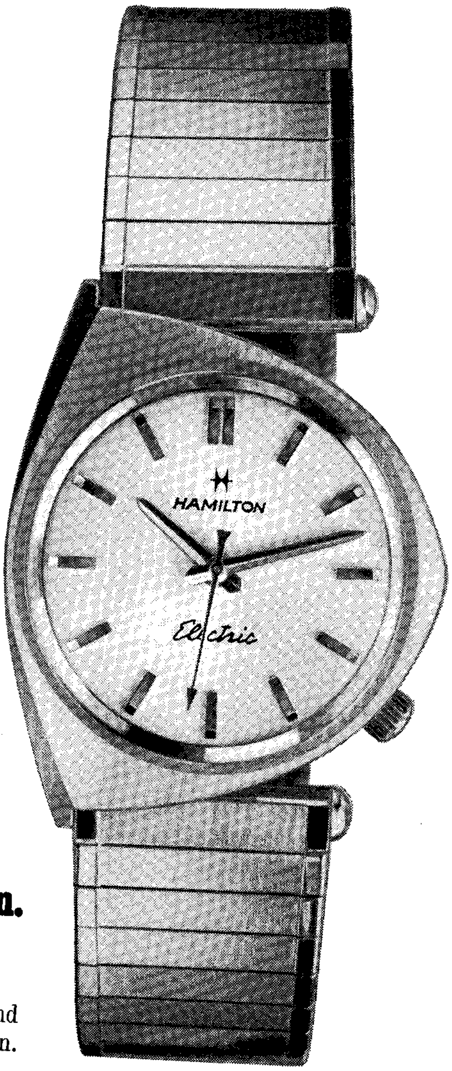
Raeford

*DuPont's t.m. ©1965 Burlington Industries, Inc.

Only two watches make any sense.





There is nothing in between.

If all you want is time, get a $10.95 brand.
If you want a possession, get a Hamilton.

Two kinds of watches have the courage to stand for something. We make one of them. Hamilton. But we admire dandy little Brand X.

Brand X is made for people who just want time. And are honest enough to admit it.

Hamilton is made for people who want more than time. And are honest enough to admit it.

Just $50.00 gets you into the Hamilton league. And what a difference it makes. Hamilton. The great possession. So superbly made that even the oil that lubricates it is a masterpiece. Why? Because we make Hamilton (like the Savitar II Electric, $125.00, on the right) for perfectionists.

If you want time, get it. But if you want a possession, get a Hamilton. Go one way or the other. There is really nothing in between.

If you want more than time, get a
HAMILTON

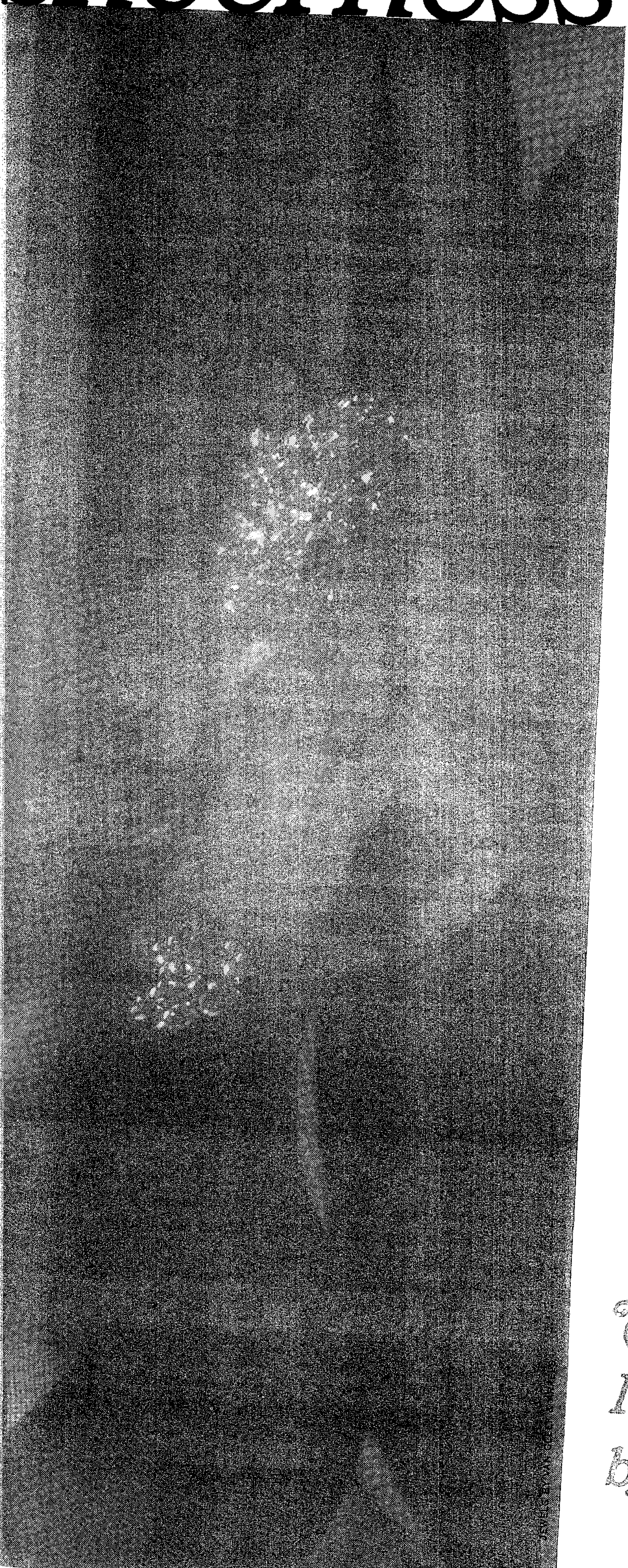
Hamilton Watches are sold by jewelers in the U.S., Canada and 45 other countries. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. All prices plus tax.

In this season of sensational disclosures (when fashion bares nearly everything)..

Revlon reveals 'The

The new Ultima II
'transparesscent'
makeups for skin,
for lips, for eyes...
in the sheerest,
nearest-to-nothing
textures ever...
to evoke a look
of total perfection
without seeming
to be makeup at all!

sheerness of you'



The fashion mists are gathering...in vapors of chiffon, in decolletages that barely take cover, in shapes that disclose the softer side of you. The mood of sheer perfection drifts faceward with new Ultima II cosmetics. Their net effect? A softness-about-face so seductive it's sheer folly to hide behind anything heavier.

CREME FOUNDATION: Unprecedented lightness-plus-coverage...the least iota spins out a complexion like a flawless sweep of silk.

BLUSHING CREME: Raises warmth in your cheeks like an unexpected compliment. So blendable, so edgeless you can do no wrong.

SHADING CREME: Newest way to 'sculpt' great bone structure. 1. Alabaster Creme to highlight. 2. Taupesque Creme for shadowing. Paired in a single compact.

TRANSLUCENT FACE POWDER: An ineffably delicate, see-through finish with no color of its own to change the makeup color beneath.

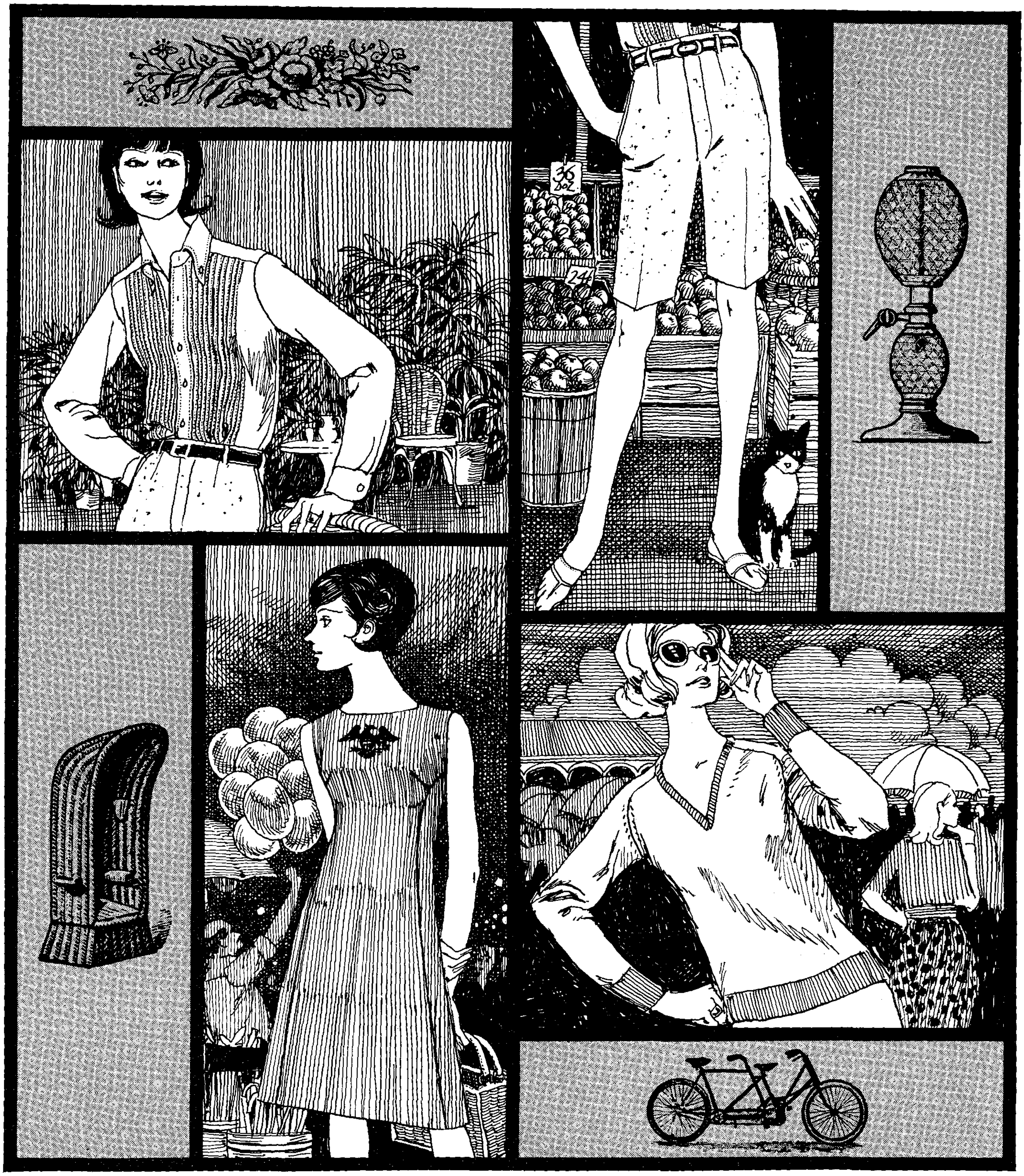
EYELINE CAKE: Gentle new view of the eyeline—in three eye-opening shades. Each with fine-line brush.

CREME EYESHADOW: The most skin-merging shadow ever—in seven soft, subtle, offbeat shades.

CREME-DE-SHEEN LIPSTICKS: The lucid colors hold their own even when lights are low: Ming Pink #3, Aruba Red #5, Costa Rosa #9.

REVLON
ULTIMA
II

The new 'Ultima II'
Makeup Series
by Revlon



THE COUNTRY HOUSE

The Country House family sees a cooler Summer for traditionalists in a warm agreement of fabrics, colors and easy, classic styling • **The Country Shirt** in cotton with stitched tucking, 8-16, about $8 • **Yankee Pedlar, Ltd.,** denim jumper with sash and embroidered eagle, 6-18, about $18 • **Tweedsbury Ltd.,** lamb's wool pullover, full-fashioned saddle shoulders, 34-40, about $13 • **David Ferguson, Ltd.,** fully lined homespun walking shorts, 6-18, about $10 • At finer stores or write The Country House.

The Country Shirt

YANKEE PEDLAR LTD

Tweedsbury

DAVID FERGUSON

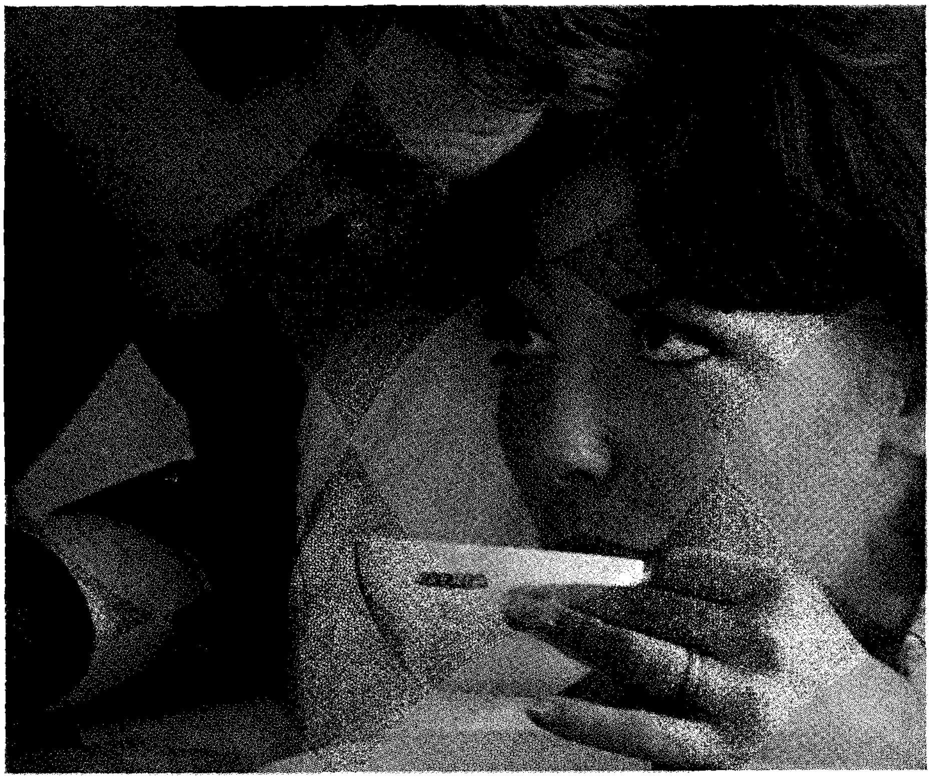
THE COUNTRY HOUSE family • Outfitters to Ladies of Traditional Taste • 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018

DUNDEE TURNS THE BATH INTO A PERSIAN PALACE! WEAVES NEW TOWEL MAGIC WITH THE RICH COLORS OF A PERSIAN MARKET PLACE. AND EVERY INCH OF THIS LUSH, PLUSH TERRY IS SOFT AS A FLOWING VEIL. FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE MUTED GLOW OF KHAI, THE STORIED STRIPES OF ALADDIN AND THE MARVEL OF MARVELS—CALIPH! TO SEE ALL FIVE FABLED COLOR COMBINATIONS—FROM THE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS COLLECTION—IS TO WANT THEM ALL! AVAILABLE AT LORD AND TAYLOR, 424 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

DUNDEE

TOWEL MAKERS SINCE 1888 • DUNDEE MILLS, INC. • SHOWROOMS: 1075 6TH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10018 • MILLS: GRIFFIN, GA.

How do you get to Spain?



Relaxed ...on Iberia, where only the plane gets more attention than you.

There's an old Spanish tradition called contentment. You get your first inkling of it the moment you board an Iberia jet. Things function smoothly, and with happy dignity.

In fact, on Iberia, only the plane gets more attention than you. Our DC-8 Fan Jets (the *extra power* jets) are serviced by highly skilled technicians, and flown by skilled veterans.

Only Iberia flies daily to Madrid with Fan Jets on every flight. For information or reservations, see your Travel Agent or call Iberia. Ticket offices are now in Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.

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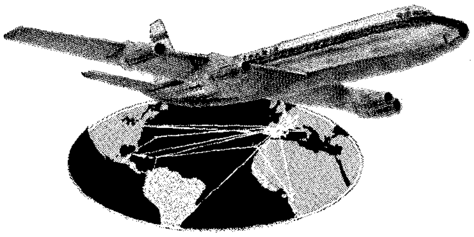
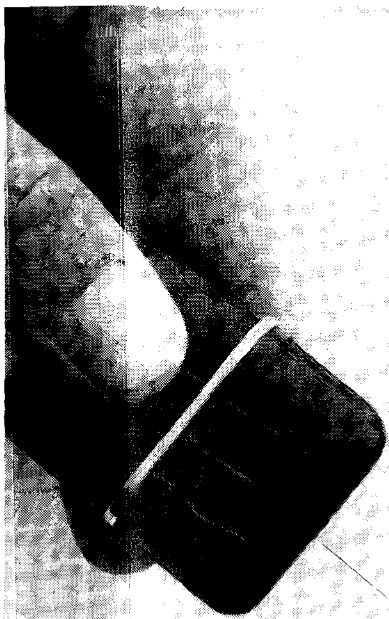
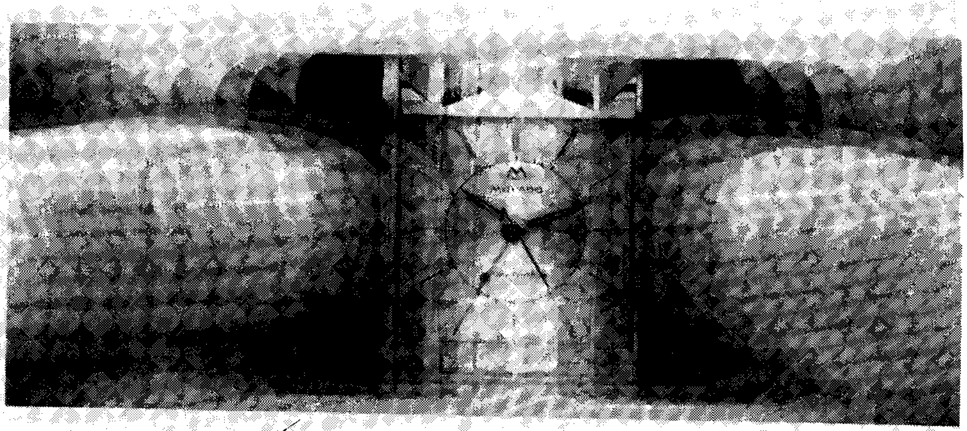


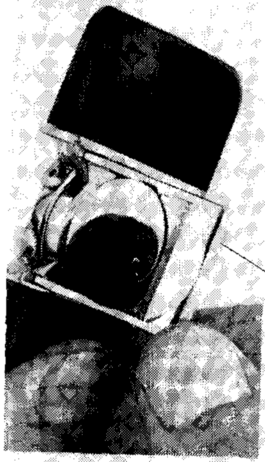
IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN





THE MOST INTERESTING WATCH IN THE WORLD IS AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE

Let us begin by investigating the case. It starts out tightly closed, but not impenetrable. Though with even a long hard look at the Movado Ermetophon you'd never guess what it is. To find out, pull gently from either side of the leather holder and keep your eye on it as the handsome, well-bred face of a watch is revealed to you.



But that's just the beginning: Opening this compact timepiece, and closing it, too, winds it up (but never, mysteriously, overwinds it).

Now it's open.

This is the most interesting watch in the world?

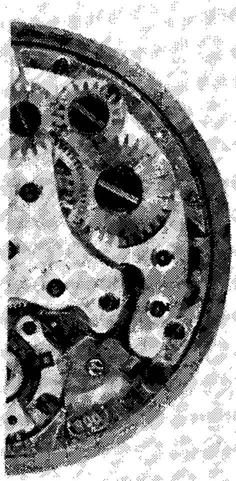
Bear with us.

Turn it over, and there at the back, down at the bottom of this tiny timepiece is a lip. Put your thumbnail under it and lift gently. A slim easel pulls out to convert what looked to be a pocket watch into an exquisite desk or table watch. What began as a closed case is now a pocket watch and a desk watch with its own beautiful holder.

Is that all there is to it?

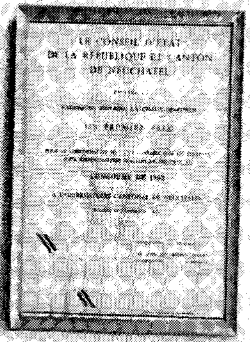
BUZZZZZZZZ

No. There's one more thing, but this you must imagine: It has an alarm. Discreet, genteel. Nothing to turn heads on a street should it go off in your pocket. But insistent enough to waken you if you take it travelling; aggressive enough to convince a visitor to your desk that your time is not his own.

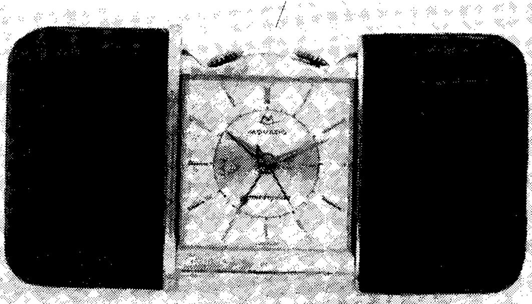


That's about all, except for this: It is a Movado, with four generations of Swiss watchmaking craftsmanship behind it, and more awards for accuracy than would fit the walls of a Swiss chalet. So it keeps unerringly accurate time as well as being interesting.

Its name — the Movado Ermetophon. The 'Ermetophon' part is a stopper, we admit, and if it stops you, or even slows you down, just go to a fine jewelry store, and ask simply for a look at the world's most interesting watch. By Movado. $175.



For a brochure on our men's and women's collection, beginning at $75, write to Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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MOVADO

Model 655—English Country styling, Cherry or Maple $495

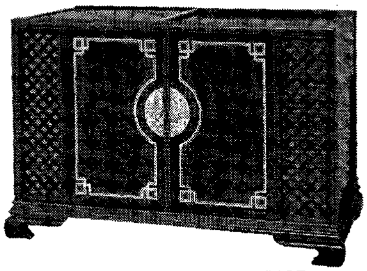
Only Magnavox Astro-Sonic Stereo brings you the full beauty of music...yet costs no more than the tube sets it obsoletes

Astro-Sonic Stereo is so revolutionary it surpasses all previous achievements in the re-creation of music. It is ten times more efficient than tube sets. So magnificent, it flawlessly re-creates the world's most beautiful music...from delicate flute passages to the crescendos of a full symphony orchestra. So reliable, parts are guaranteed for five years, service for one year.* And each model is a furniture masterpiece you will admire and enjoy for years.

The Micromatic pick-up plays at only 1/10 ounce touch, banishing record and stylus wear. The diamond stylus is guaranteed for ten full years*—your favorite records can last a lifetime!

Contemporary Astro-Sonic #631
*Walnut finish only **$298.50***

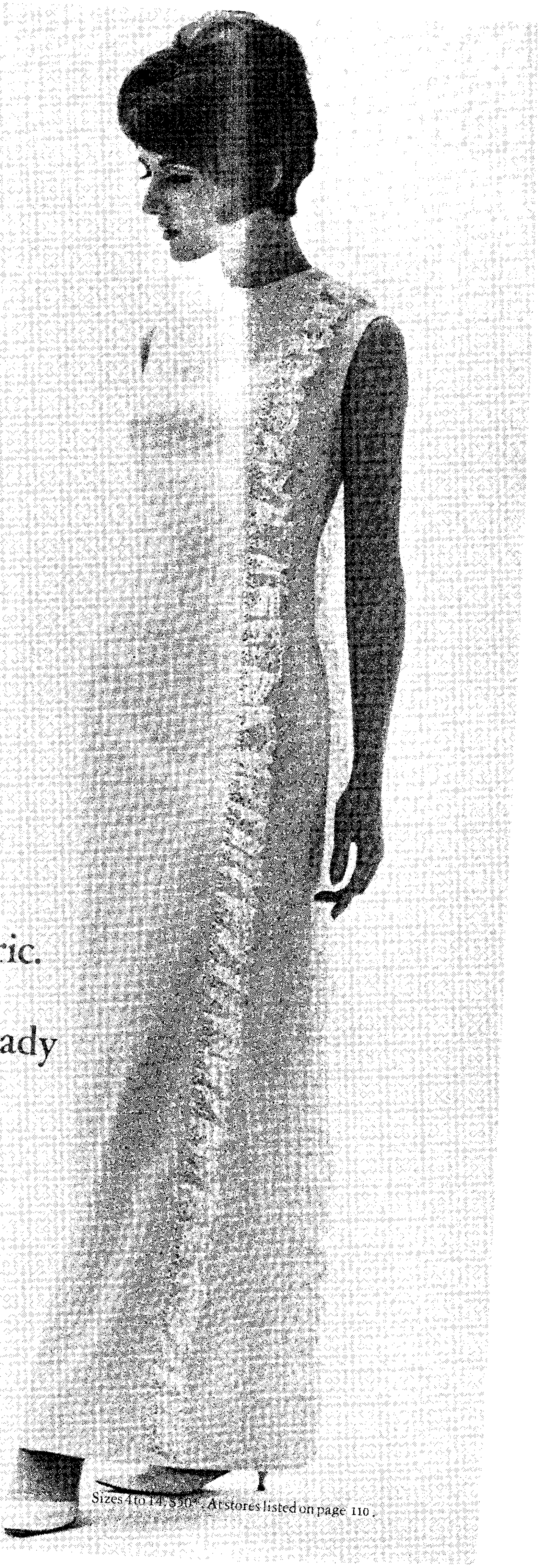
Magnavox is sold direct through franchised dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Color TV from **$399.90,** radio-phonographs from **$198.50** and portable TV from **$99.90.**



Far Eastern Contemporary #627
*Ebony or Walnut **$349.50***

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

*Dealer provides service and parts. Solid-state components replaced if defects develop under normal use.



"White piqué is an innocent fabric.
I wanted to shape it into a
strict, straight, dress in which a lady
could slither and glide."

Anne Fogarty

Zepel† stain protected piqué of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton.
†TM FOR DUPONT'S FABRIC FLUORIDIZER. ®DUPONT'S REG. TM FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. *SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

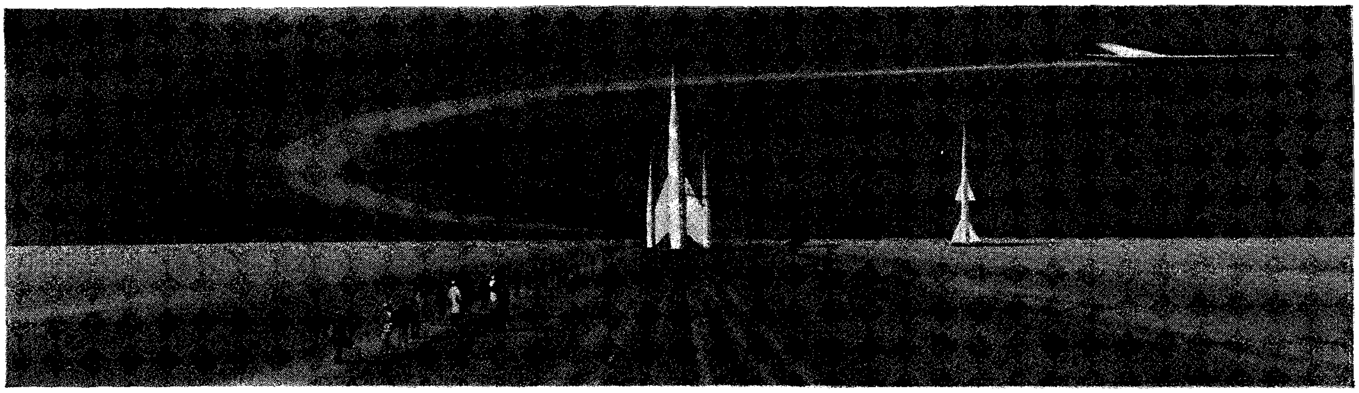
Sizes 4 to 14, $30*. At stores listed on page 110.

DON'T WEAR ONDINE UNLESS YOU MEAN IT.

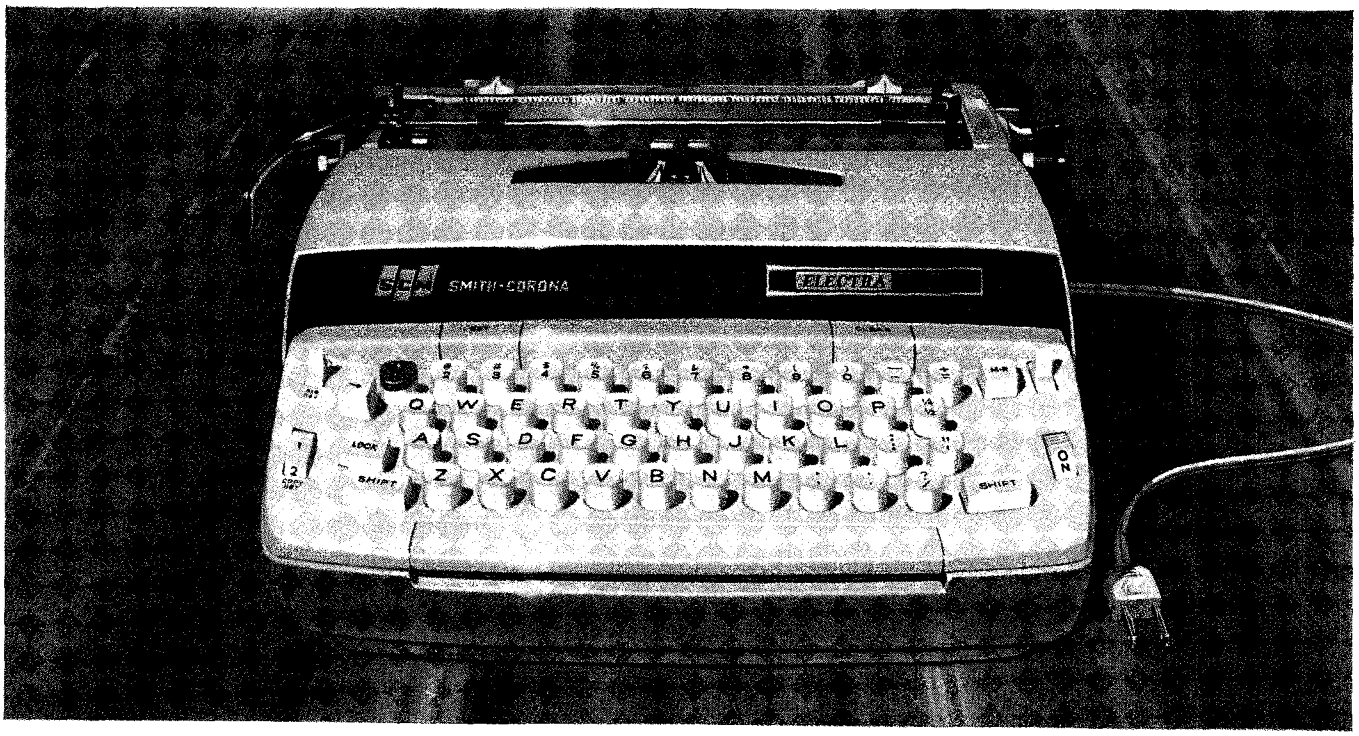
Ondine is as personal
as an unlisted phone number.
Save it for the real
men in your life.
Men who want you
all to themselves.
Who hold your coat
for you. (And button it.)
Who open taxi doors. And
keep you out too late.
Ondine is a decision.
Don't wear it unless you mean it.

Created by Suzanne Thierry in Paris. $30 an ounce plus tax.

© Suzanne Thierry Parfums, Inc. 196



Think ahead-
Only Smith-Corona makes an electric portable today!



Clear, crisp, even results every time. That's the magic of electric typing. And only Smith-Corona manufactures an electric portable. But that's only the beginning of Smith-Corona exclusives. Only Smith-Corona portables have a jeweled main bearing. Only Smith-Corona builds a portable with optional snap-on Changeable Type.™ Smith-Corona has a habit of being first with portable-typewriter innovations that others follow years later. Smith-Corona was first with an all-steel frame, first with an all-steel case, first with a full five-year guarantee. Is it any wonder more people buy Smith-Corona portables than any other brand? Get Smith-Corona — the only portables with a future that's built in!

Think ahead—think SCM

SMITH-CORONA®
ELECTRIC
PORTABLES

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GUARANTEE: ANY SMITH-CORONA BRANCH OFFICE WILL REPLACE WITHOUT CHARGE (EXCEPT FOR LABOR AND SHIPPING) ANY PART THAT PROVES DEFECTIVE WITHIN 5 YEARS OF PURCHASE DATE. NO LABOR CHARGE WITHIN 90 DAYS OF PURCHASE. WARRANTY COVERS ALL PARTS EXCEPT MOTOR, RUBBER PARTS, ENERGY CELL OR CHARGER AFTER 90 DAYS. DOES NOT COVER DAMAGE FROM ACCIDENT OR MISUSE AND EXTENDS ONLY TO ORIGINAL OWNER.

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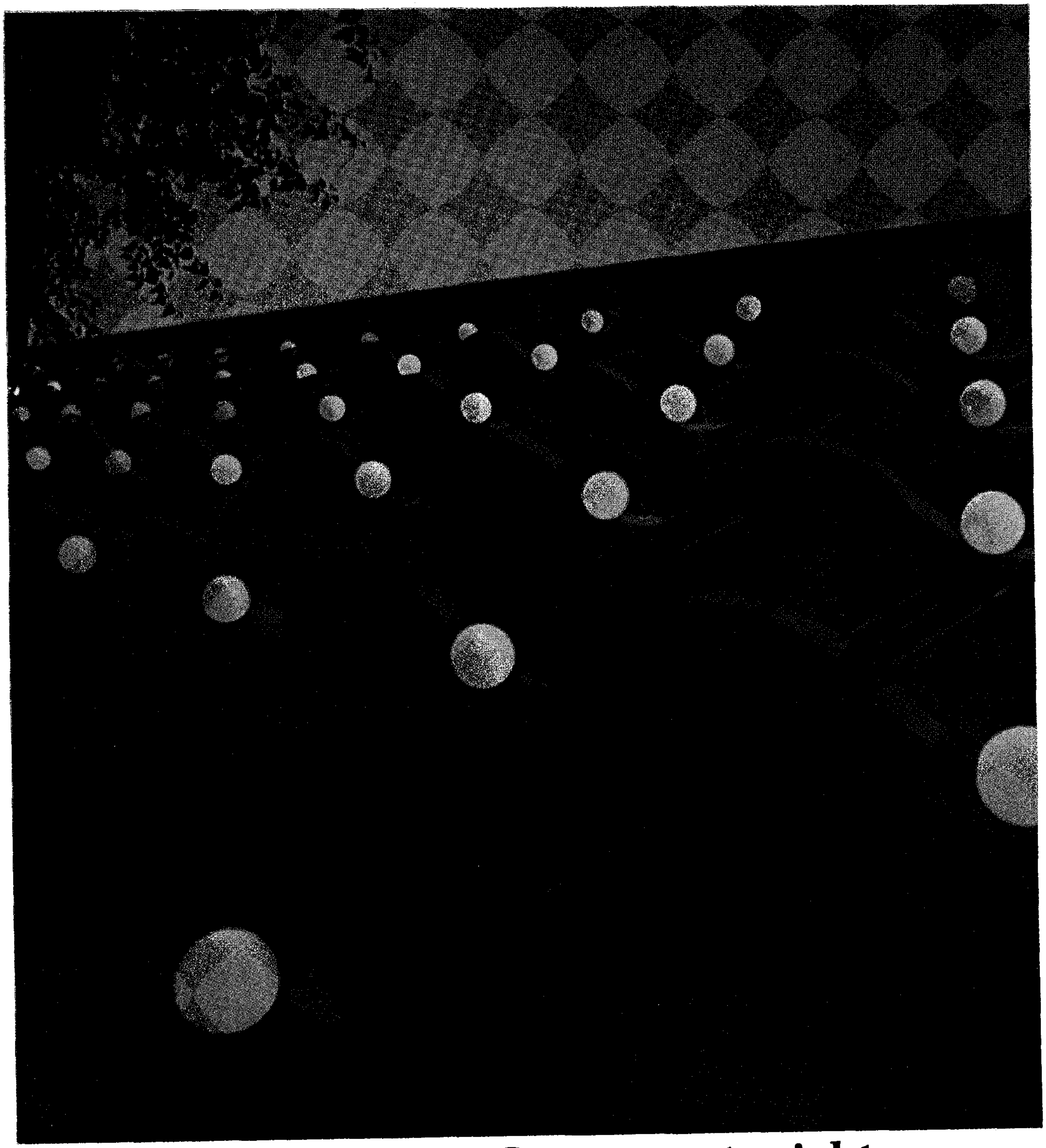

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We're always having Company. The Marriott Motor Hotels are favorite meeting places. Company comes for dinner, stays the night, often stays the week. What kind of Company? The blue-chip type. The organization-man type. The whatever-*you*-are type. (We'd be only too glad to send you a list of our Company the past few months.) Ask them about Marriott service and hospitality. Ask about Marriott meeting rooms, too, and about banquet facilities, gourmet restaurants, resort-like atmosphere, luxurious guest rooms. Better yet, let us send you our complete convention brochure. We'd love to have *your* Company, too.

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Write: National Sales Office, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, Washington, D. C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200

"I'll call tonight and let you know when I'll be home."

When business takes you away it's a good idea to call home. Long Distance is so easy and fast—you can dial most calls. And it's a big comfort to your wife. To you, too.

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

Bell System

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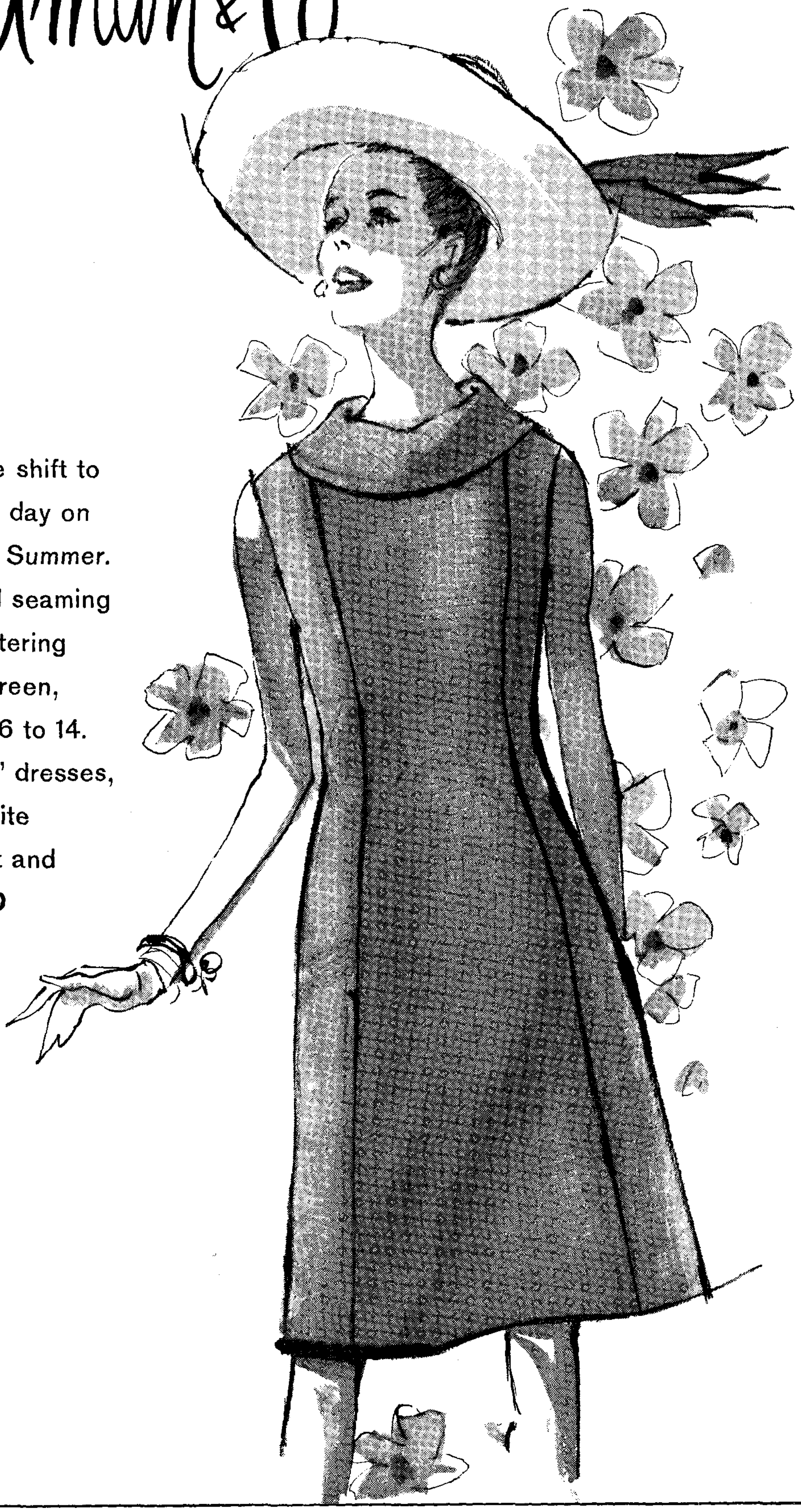


A beautiful

gem in linen!

Slightly fitted little shift to treasure from this day on ... *and all through Summer.* Note the diamond seaming ... wonderfully flattering roll collar. Moss green, coffee or black ... 6 to 14. Third floor misses' dresses, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **45.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

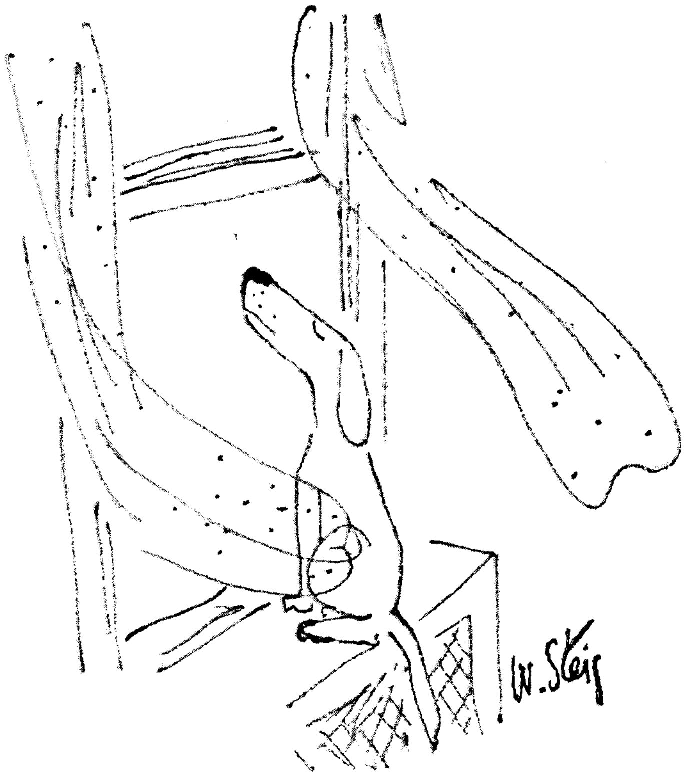
ALL'S WELL NOTE: Seattle's Boeing Company—the Minuteman Ballistic Missile Program, et al.—maintains a Failure Recurrence Prevention Unit.

King

THE headquarters of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York is just a few doors up the street from us, so when we learned that the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was going to speak in the meeting hall there one evening last week, we walked over. The meeting hall—a large rectangular room with white panelled walls, maroon draperies, and a platform at one end—is on the second floor of the Bar Association Building, and by the time we arrived it was filled to capacity with sedately dressed jurists and their wives. It was also liberally sprinkled with Pinkerton guards, wearing gray uniforms and shiny badges, and while we were waiting for Dr. King to appear, we heard one of the Pinkertons assure a lady sitting next to us that he and his confreres carry thirty-two-calibre revolvers beneath their jackets, that they have a reputation for unfailing politeness, and that they may soon be helping the police force keep order in the city's subways. The lady, for her part, assured the Pinkerton man that she wouldn't dream of riding in the subways in any case, but he failed to hear her, for at that moment someone mounted the platform and announced that Dr. King would be a few minutes late. This caused most of the people in the hall to get simultaneously to their feet, as if for the seventh-inning stretch at a ball game, and this, in turn, caused a flurry of consternation among the Pinkerton men, who had to stand on tiptoe in order to maintain the proper kind of crowd surveillance. After a moment, from a far corner of the room there came a few tentative handclaps, which swelled into a ripple of applause and then into an ovation as Dr. King—a short man with a slender body topped by the large, noble head that has become so familiar—entered the hall and, accompanied by Judge Samuel I. Rosenman and a whole bevy of Pinkertons, made his way down an aisle to the platform.

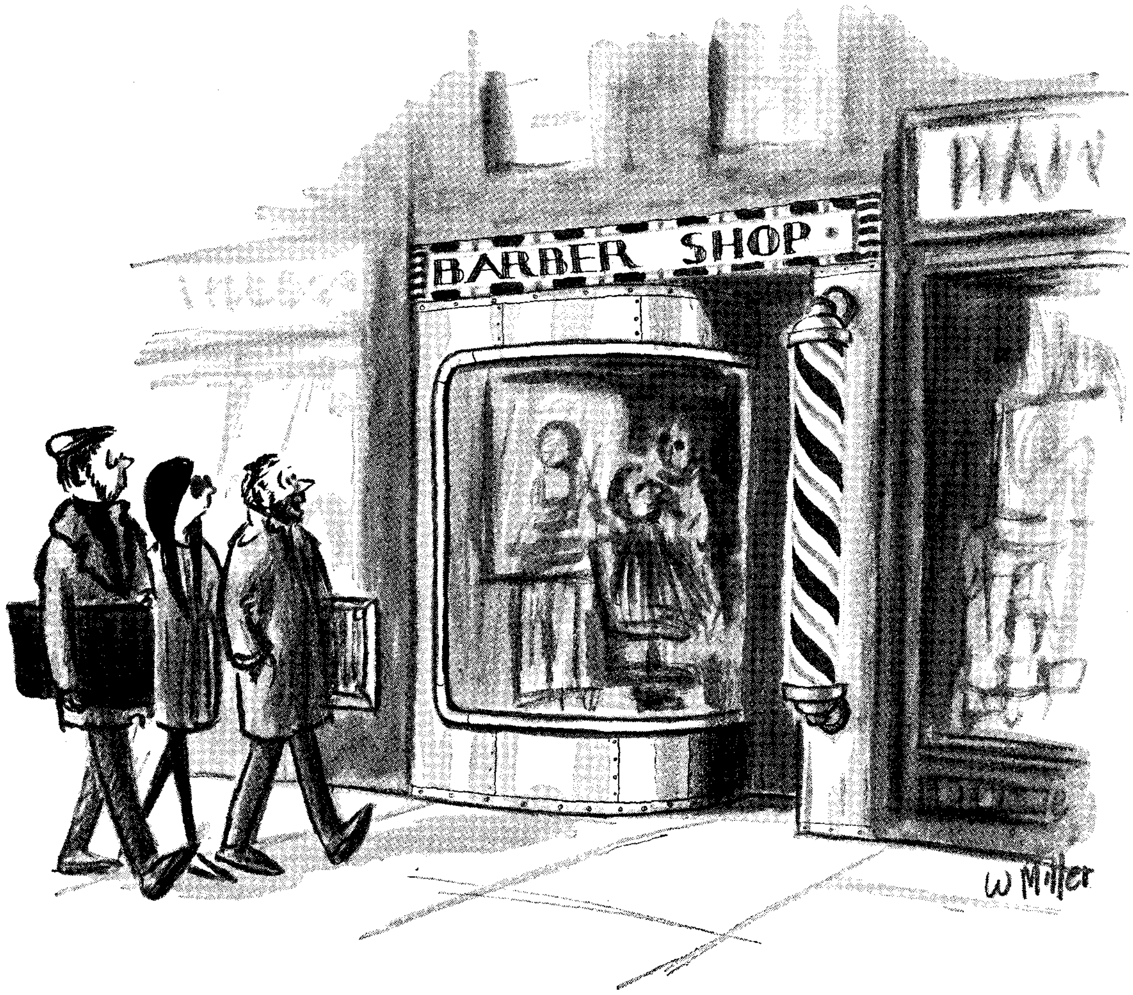
When the audience was seated again, Judge Rosenman, a ruddy, bespectacled man with white hair, stepped up to a lectern and, speaking into a battery of microphones, told Dr. King that out of six thousand people who had wanted to hear him only fifteen hundred could be admitted to the building, and that since the meeting hall seated only six hundred and fifty, eight hundred and fifty others were sitting in five anterooms to listen to his speech over loudspeakers. Dr. King joined his fingertips and held them pensively to his lips as Judge Rosenman went on to praise his leadership of the civil-rights movement, and then threw his head back and laughed as the Judge closed his introduction by thanking him for finding time between jail sentences to address the Association of the Bar of the City of New York.

When Judge Rosenman sat down, Dr. King took his place at the lectern, told the assembled jurists and their guests that he felt honored to appear before them, and then amplified Judge Rosenman's last remark by saying that he had mixed feelings about lawyers.



"It is common knowledge that I have had a little something to do with lawyers since the 1955 Montgomery bus boycott," he continued, with a smile. "I have appeared many times in the criminal courts, I have served time—I guess I could be described as a notorious litigant and frequenter of jails. I was told the other day that my close associates—the Reverend Ralph D. Abernathy and the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth—and I are among the best clients of the Legal Defense Fund, and I assume, because it could not be otherwise, that our description as 'best clients' was earned by our volume of cases, as opposed to fee collections."

Dr. King next told his audience, in his resonant



"Hey, look! Pop Op!"

• •

voice, that he had a deep and abiding faith in the legal profession and was going to appeal to them to exercise their great tradition of public service by helping to perform a task that cried out for their attention and their special competence, and it was clear that he had something extremely serious to communicate. "I appeal to you because your profession, like that of the clergy, enjoys a most salutary influence with the American people," he told the assembled lawyers. "But, unlike the clergy, your profession wields a unique power in the affairs of the business community and in affairs of state. I am told that there are now more than two hundred and sixty thousand lawyers in the United States in private practice and government service, and that there is hardly a large corporation, bank, or insurance company that does not include an attorney among its directors and officials. By virtue of your advisory role, your skill in formulation and articulation, your persuasive advocacy, and your technical expertise, your voice, when raised for justice, will sound forth with clarion strength." Having thus warned his listeners that he was there to make demands on them, Dr. King went on to speak of a dangerous silence in the land, which, if it should be left unbroken, would inevitably encourage evil, lawlessness, and contempt for the legal process. "The nation that heard and applauded President Johnson's eloquent address on March 15th is relaxing its vigilance," he said sternly. "The complexities and legalities of the voting bill provide a convenient smoke screen for such surgery. But yours"—here Dr. King pointed at his audience—"is the voice which can be heard, which will be respected. Yours is the ability to sound the alarm to alert the nation to demand a voting bill which finally redeems the hundred-year-old dishonored pledge of the Fifteenth Amendment. The time is now. I do believe that when your thundering voice of advocacy is insistently heard, it will be heeded. It will speed the end of our denial, the end of discrimination, the end of our second-class citizenship, the end of all inferior education. Yes, it will hasten the end of the whole rotten ugly system of racial relations which for three hundred and fifty years has degraded the doer as well as the victim. If the legal profession would share the passion and action of our times, it has the strength to achieve these magnificent goals."

Gripping the lectern with both hands, Dr. King went on to defend his advocacy of an economic boycott against the State of Alabama, and to explain that devotees of nonviolent action, though they embraced the concept of civil disobedience, also respected the law and felt a moral responsibility to obey just laws. Advocates of nonviolence were justified in disobeying unjust laws, he said, because they did so peacefully and openly, and, most important of all, because they willingly accepted the penalty for their disobedience. Dr. King then told his listeners that in the past ten years thousands and thousands of gallant unarmed men and women of the United States had given living testimony to the moral power and efficacy of nonviolence. "The President was right—Selma and Concord are part of one great tapestry," he said. "We, too, have survived many a cruel winter in current-day Valley Forges—at Jackson, Mississippi; Little Rock, Arkansas; and St. Augustine, Florida. Montgomery, Alabama, in 1965 was a far different place from the city where the bus boycott began just ten years before. One day all of America will be proud of the glorious achievement of the nonviolent heroes during this historic decade."

With these remarks Dr. King concluded his prepared text, which had taken him approximately forty minutes to read, and now, looking directly out at his audience or, sometimes, up toward the ceiling, he went on to speak extemporaneously. He urged his listeners to commit themselves wholly to the rectification of injustice, and to acquire a kind of divine discontent with physical violence, with militarism, and with racial intolerance. In a fervent voice, he cried, "I still have faith in America! I have faith that we Negroes will win our freedom, because our destiny is tied up with America's destiny. I have faith that we will hew out of the mountain of despair the stone of hope, and that we will—all together—achieve a symphony of brotherhood."

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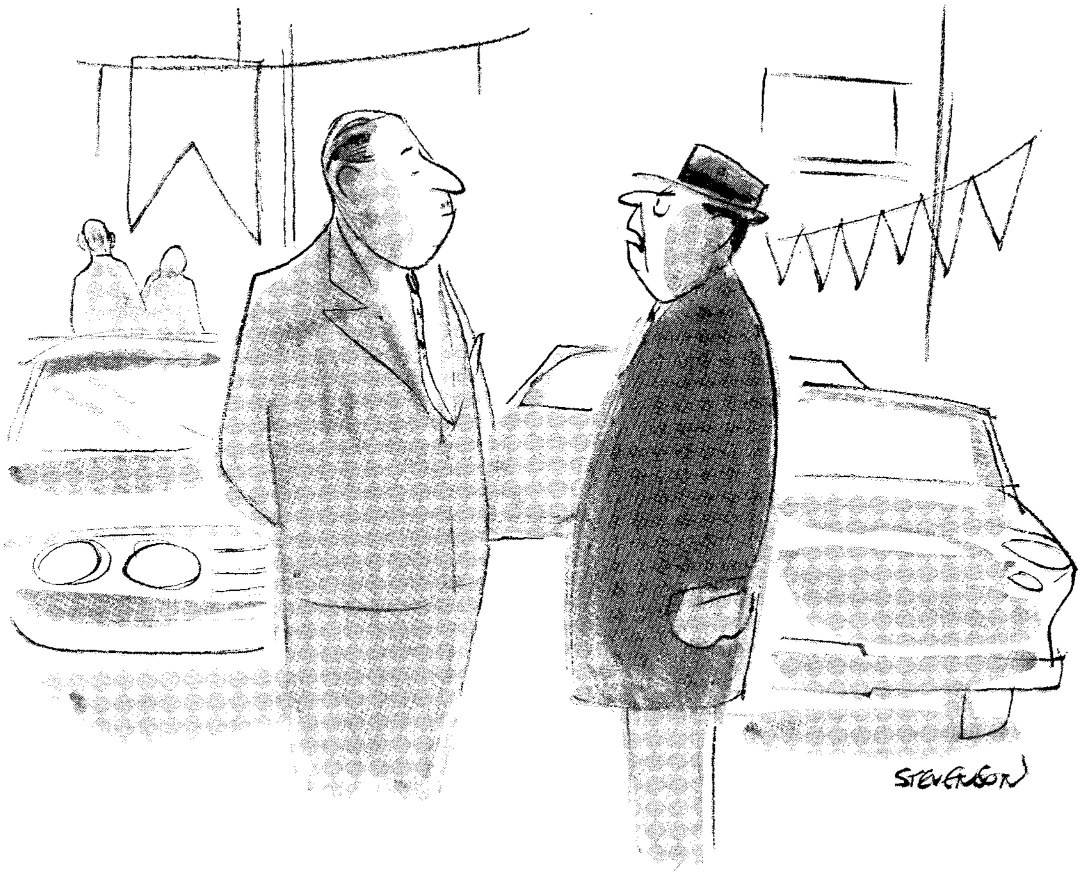
THE taproom of the Hotel Taft recently featured Chicken Chow Mein à l'Orientale.

Reopening

WE took off for the World's Fair at eight-fifteen last Wednesday morning, on a subway train jammed with fellow-Fairgoers—mostly teenagers—plus a few people who were simply going to work. When the train reached Willets Point, almost all the passengers disembarked, shrieking energetically and looking as though they had been hibernating since October, and marched into the sunlight and down the boardwalk to the turnstiles at the main gate. The Reopening Day ribbon had already been cut, and we followed the crowds heading toward the Unisphere to find a good spot from which to watch the Reopening Day parade. We passed a man and a woman trying to open the door to the Masonic Center, which was still locked. Every few feet along the Fair's Avenue of the Americas, boys and girls wearing white Levis, pink stretch pants, quilted battle jackets, tiny Benjamin Franklin glasses, large Audrey Hepburn glasses, desert boots, sling-back shoes, madras kerchiefs, and blond wiglets stopped to take pictures of each other. Everybody at the Unisphere, according to a woman who wore a scarf that said "St. Louis Cathedral," was from Jefferson City, Missouri, except two small boys no one was paying any attention to, who walked back and forth alternately shouting "Martha!" We noticed the General Cigar smoke-ring machine puffing away in the distance. Drums sounded, all the people from Jefferson City poised their cameras for the appearance of the Jefferson City band, a Boy Scout put out his cigarette and stood at attention, and the parade began.

Brass bands were discreetly separated from one another by floats and costumed marchers representing the various pavilions. Guy Lombardo walked by in a feathered busby, and Miss America passed sitting on the back of a white convertible and waving aimlessly but cheerfully. The motorized buffalo from the Montana Pavilion lunged past the spectators. During a half-hour halt in the parade, a band in the contingent from the Vatican Pavilion played "Hello, Dolly!," and a girl from Jefferson City took off her shoes and dipped her feet in the Unisphere pool. We wandered in the direction of the Singer Bowl, and found it being guarded by Secret Service men and the ubiquitous Pinkertons for Vice-President Humphrey, who was to speak there as soon as the parade was over. After stopping for a hot dog and a cup of coffee at a nearby Brass Rail snack bar, we visited the "New Art 1965" show at American Express, where a man in a plaid jacket was explaining one of the exhibits, a piece of sculpture, to anybody who cared to listen. "It's a kinetic sculpture," he said as the piece of sculpture shifted slightly. "It represents the sound and movements of the end of winter in the forest."

People were still pouring in through the main gate when we walked back to the subway a little after noon. The train to the city was nearly empty, and the windows were decorated with recruiting posters for the Transit Police Force ("Rapid Appointments Are Expected"). We sat down next to an empty bottle of cocktail sherry and rode back to Times Square.



"I got a lemon at your Easter Bunny Trade-In Jamboree."

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SIGN observed in a window of the Walgreens Drugstore at the Port Authority Bus Terminal:

Commuters! Leave Your Prescription
Here in the Morning.
When You Pick It Up in the
Afternoon You Will Be
Pleasantly Surprised!

Molto, Molto, Molto

WE have met Angelo Rizzoli, who was just here from Milan, his headquarters, to visit his Rizzoli International Bookstore, on Fifth Avenue; to be presented by the City of New York with "a declaration of commendation for his active participation in New York City's 'diverse and expanding economy;' " and to preside over festivities honoring "White Voices," a movie produced by Signor Rizzoli and released by Rizzoli Film Distributors. Signor Rizzoli, who is seventy-five years old, looks like Julius Caesar, and keeps a cigarette almost constantly dangling, Roman-style, from his mouth, has the complexion of a baby, the build of a soccer player, an expansive sense of humor, a knowing smile, and an air of deep calm. Signor

Rizzoli's bookstore has, in addition to books (including quite a number published by Rizzoli Editore, one of the largest publishing houses in Europe) and magazines (including over a dozen published by Signor Rizzoli, one of which, *Oggi*, has a circulation of a million, the highest weekly-magazine circulation in Italy), upstairs offices for the many Rizzoli enterprises, including the Film Distributors, which has distributed such Rizzoli-produced films as "La Dolce Vita," "8½," and "Red Desert," and a catchall classified as Tourism, which embraces, among other things, a Rizzoli hotel complex on Ischia, where Signor Rizzoli also has one of his homes. The bookstore and offices have such embellishments as a large Renaissance chandelier imported from a cathedral in Zagreb; walls panelled with eighteenth-century *boiserie* imported from France; further wall decoration in the form of hand-carved wooden replicas of Roman coins; a recessed entrance of white Carrara marble; floors of Vicenza marble; antique Venetian cabinets; a Louis Quinze desk; and some silk-upholstered sofas and chairs. We sat on a silk-upholstered sofa in an upstairs reception room and talked with Signor Rizzoli. Nearby, to help in the interview, because Signor Rizzoli speaks only Italian, sat three interpreters: No. 1, an anxious-looking publicity man wearing Mastroianni-style sunglasses; No. 2, an attractive, stylish young woman, who helps manage the bookstore; No. 3, a worldly executive vice-president representing the Rizzoli Corporation as a whole in this country.

We quickly picked up some basic facts about Signor Rizzoli. He was born in Milan to an impoverished widow, who died when he was three; he spent his childhood in an orphanage; he started working as an apprentice printer at the age of twelve; in 1909, when he was twenty, he bought a printing press (now on display in the lobby of the Rizzoli printing plant in Milan) and started a printing business; he was the first Italian to import a rotary printing press from Germany; one of the magazines he then began publishing, *Il Bertoldo*, was satirically anti-Fascist before the Second World War; in 1933 he produced the first of a hundred and fifty movies, "La Signora di Tutti," which was directed by Max Ophuls; he has a son, Andrea, and a grandson, Angelo, who work with him in the Rizzoli enterprises; and the grandfather has more stamina than the son and the grandson put together.

"Why did you want to open this international bookstore in New York?" we asked.

Signor Rizzoli smiled, twinkled, shrugged, puffed on his cigarette, and said (according to one or another of the interpreters, speaking separately or en masse), "It is very difficult to be modest when one is asked about the good things one has the duty to do when one is in a financial position to do them. I am an industrialist who has had the good luck to be very successful, and I feel I have the duty to do good. Although I was born poor, I never bowed to any powers. I am the person who pays the most taxes—*un'onore*—of anyone in Italy. I personally pay two million dollars a year, and for my son, my grandson, and several nephews—for the *famiglia gruppo*—I pay an additional half million dollars a year. I was given the biggest honor in Italy, the Cavaliere del Lavoro, when I was forty. I am very proud of Italy. I am very proud of being an Italian. I must tell about myself in this way so that you will understand why I do what I do."

Signor Rizzoli held up a forefinger, smiled, puffed on his cigarette, and continued, "Three years ago, I was walking on Fifth Avenue with the Italian Consul-General. He was talking about feeling ashamed of the Italians because they had nothing in this country to show of themselves, of their work, of their inventions. Together we said what a shame it was that there was not one single bookstore in the United States of America in which one could find the beautiful books published in Italy. We were just then passing by No. 712 Fifth Avenue—the site of the old building that we have now, as you see, remodelled." Signor Rizzoli looked with obvious pleasure at the Venetian cabinets along the panelled walls. The three interpreters smiled at the cabinets and at the walls and at Signor Rizzoli and at us, and we smiled back at one and all. Signor Rizzoli shook his finger at us paternally and said, "And so I decided to build a bookstore that would be the most beautiful bookstore in the biggest city in the most important country in the world."

"What Mr. Rizzoli decides to do, he does," Interpreter No. 3 said, and repeated it in Italian, and everybody, led by Signor Rizzoli, laughed.

GO RIGH
GO RIGHT
GO RIGH

"*Molto, molto, molto bello*," Signor Rizzoli said, looking around with satisfaction.

We asked Signor Rizzoli to tell us about his daily work schedule in Milan.

He said he has breakfast at eight every morning, arrives at his office promptly at nine-thirty, goes home at one-thirty for lunch, returns to his office at two-thirty, and stays at his desk until eight-thirty at night.

"With these hours, you can see how happy everybody is working with Mr. Rizzoli," Interpreter No. 3 said, and laughed all by himself.

"Since I was twelve years old, I have never had ten days' vacation," Signor Rizzoli said. "I find my vacations at night, when I leave the office. I go to dinner and then to the theatre or to a movie."

"Mr. Rizzoli doesn't like to go to dinner with a great many people," Interpreter No. 2 said. "He never takes more than twenty people to dinner with him. He does not like to be with crowds."

Signor Rizzoli told us that for his publishing enterprises, which represent sixty-five per cent of his industrial activities, he owns an ink factory; two printing plants; a large forest, for pulp; and a paper mill, at Marzabotto, which produces twenty-five per cent of all the newsprint manufactured in Italy.

Interpreter No. 1 added that Signor Rizzoli's company uses fifty-four hundred miles of paper each week for his magazines and books.

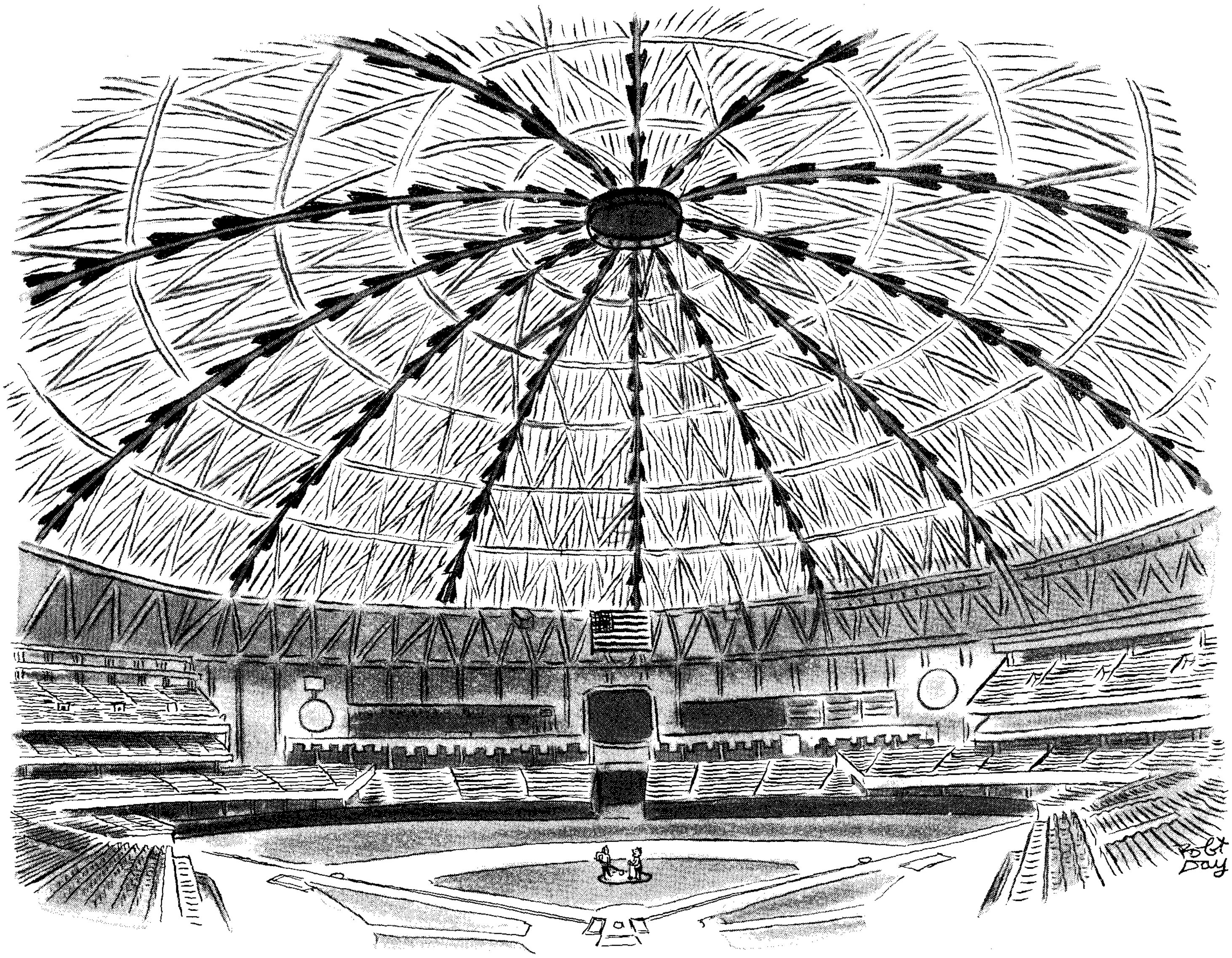
We asked Signor Rizzoli what he had read lately that he liked.

"With sorrow, *sinceramente*, I must tell the truth and say I do not read any of my books or magazines," he said. "I do not have time to read." He shrugged, and threw us a smile.

We asked Signor Rizzoli what he likes about being a producer of movies.

"*Molto semplice*," he said. "Producing movies gives me an opportunity to be with men of talent and with women of beauty."

Signor Rizzoli looked as though he thought he had given us a complete answer, but we urged him to tell us a little more. He shrugged indulgently, and continued, "I like to become older as slowly as possible. Imagine being with serious old bankers, talking and listening only to talk of stocks and of bonds. As a producer, I can be with all the first-class directors in Italy—with Fellini, Antonioni, Rosi, De Sica, Rossellini. When I am with Fellini,



“Do you know what I like? The patter of the rain on the roof.”

you may be sure that I do not talk about boring subjects like stocks and bonds. With Fellini, I talk about everything in life—everything. He is interesting. Most industrialists are not interesting. They are very boring. Fellini is a man of great talent, of good taste, not like somebody on the Stock Exchange. With these men of talent, I am able to forget, at times, the sides of life that are not beautiful.”

While Signor Rizzoli took a breather, Interpreter No. 3 told us, “In Mr. Rizzoli, the very straight human factor shines through in a jolly way and in a straight business way.”

Interpreter No. 1 said, “Mr. Rizzoli is the most important man in the Italian cinema today. He has twenty-eight writers under contract.”

Interpreter No. 2 said, “All people love Mr. Rizzoli.”

We asked Signor Rizzoli how he had happened to meet Fellini, and he said that their meeting occurred at a time when Fellini was trying to make “La Dolce Vita” but wasn’t getting along with the producer he was then working with on the movie.

“Without even knowing the story of ‘La Dolce Vita,’ I immediately said that I would produce it,” Signor Rizzoli told us. “I figured that my maximum loss would be only fifty million lire—only a hundred thousand dollars. But I took the initiative to lose money just for the pleasure and satisfaction of making a film with Fellini. Of course, the film turned out to cost a million dollars, and I have already made a clear profit of two and a half million dollars. A Fellini movie that we have just finished, ‘Juliet of the Spirits,’ may be shown at the Venice Film Festival at the end of the summer and will have its world première in New York in the fall. It is the most beautiful Fellini film of them all.”

“Do you give Fellini a free hand while he is making a movie, or does he tell you what he is doing?” we asked Signor Rizzoli.

Signor Rizzoli shrugged again and gave us a knowing smile. “Our relationship is very friendly,” he said. “But these talented directors, these geniuses, are very difficult about their artistic endeavors. I ask them questions about their movies, and I always get zero per cent in answers. But always with a great deal of cordiality.” Signor Rizzoli beamed, and everybody around him laughed.

Binaural

AT a Frick Collection concert the other day, a neighbor of ours noticed in front of him an especially engrossed woman, who was wearing what he took to be a hearing aid. In the intermission, though, thanks to a remark she made to a man on her left, our neighbor discovered that in fact she was listening, through the earphone of a transistor radio, to the same concert over Station WNYC, and achieving, he believes, do-it-yourself stereo.

THE GAMBLER

THE chief of police said to Marvin, "We'll give you till the first of April to clear out. You'll do your thirty days in the sneezer. That shouldn't be too tough. You've done that before."

"Oh, sure. Like the fellow says, I can do thirty days standing on one foot," said Marvin. He tried to keep the sarcasm out of his voice; there was no use irritating the chief. At the same time, he could not resist saying something. Thirty days in the county jail was thirty days and nights of the jail smell, the jail food, the howls of the prisoners having nightmares.

"Well, it could of been a lot worse," said the chief. "It could just as easily been ninety days."

"I know," said Marvin.

"Where do you figure on going next?" said the chief.

"I don't know. You got any suggestions?"

"One. But you won't pay any attention to that," said the chief.

"You mean get a nice, decent, respectable job."

"Tzright," said the chief.

"Doing what?" Marvin looked at his right shoulder, at his left shoulder, at his frail torso. "What am I built for?"

"It don't have to be, uh, carrying bags of cement. You don't have to swing a pick and shovel."

"You know the only thing I'm good for, Chief."

"Yeah, and where does it get you? Another thirty days up the hill, and I gotta run you out of town. Where do you *think* you'll go?"

"South."

"You ever *been* South?" said the chief.

"You mean those small towns? Hell, I wouldn't spend the night in one of them. I was figuring maybe I'd take a train and go to Miami. I'd send the wife and kid on ahead of me in the car."

"This is after you got out of the cooler?" said the chief.

"Yeah, or before," said Marvin.

The chief thought for a few seconds. "We're going up the hill in about fifteen minutes. I'll sign you in with the warden before twelve noon, and that way you'll get credit for a full day, instead of a half a day."

"Yeah?" said Marvin.

"You do your thirty days," said the chief.

"Yeah?"

"That leaves you three months till the first of April," said the chief. "You gotta be out of town the first of April."

"Yeah."

"Why do you want to hang around here for, those three months? The Miami season is just about over then."

"Well, it was my lawyer. Dunphy. The mayor said he'd give me ninety days on the hill, or if I agreed to leave town when I got out, he'd reduce it to thirty days. Then Dunphy said I needed more time to find someplace to live, for the wife and kid."

"I didn't understand that, either," said the chief. "I don't know why you need three months. If you so much as pick up a pair of dice, I'll throw you in the can again. Does Dunphy want you to do something for him?"

"I don't know. I honestly don't know," said Marvin.

"Why would Dunphy want you around?"

"For that matter, why did the mayor give in to Dunphy?" said Marvin.

"Yeah," said the chief.

"I just as soon leave town when I get out, but them two got something cooked up between them."

"The mayor and Dunphy?"

"Uh-huh," said Marvin.

"How about your wife? Dunphy has a reputation for a ladies' man."

"Four months gone. You can't go near her."

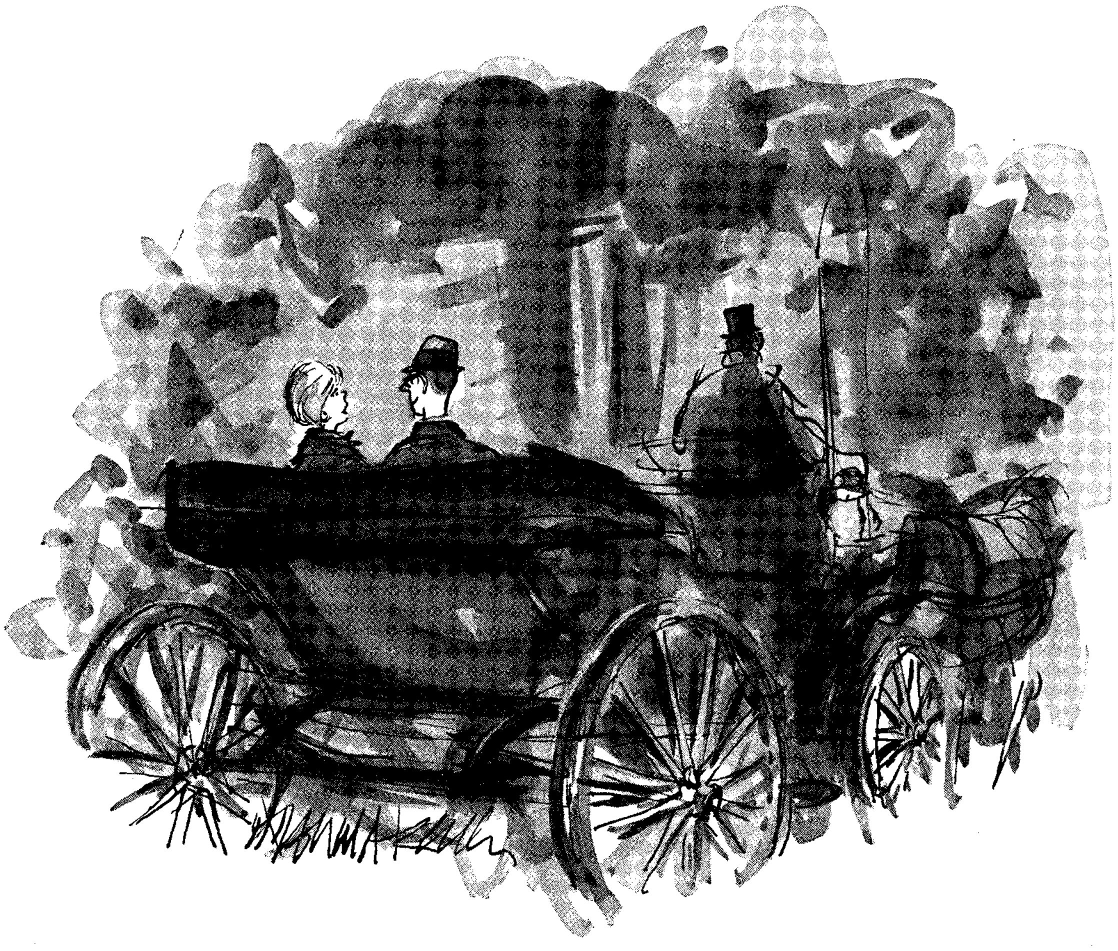
"You're having another kid, huh? You getting to be a family man, Marvin?"

"Well, it looks that way. It wasn't my idea. Hers, either, I guess. But there you are, you know."

"Telling me. I got five," said the chief. "Anyway, they want you to leave town, but they got it cooked up that you stay three months after you do your thirty days. And Dunphy isn't after your wife. I wonder what's the mayor's angle?"

"They both want me to do something, but I don't know what," said Marvin.

"Yeah, all the signs point to that. Does your wife have enough mon-



"I've had a lovely evening, Roger, and I'll always treasure what you've told me about mutual funds."

ey while you're up the hill?"

"We got enough. We got enough if I can go someplace else and start operating. But we don't have enough to hang around here doing nothing for three months, nothing coming in, all going out."

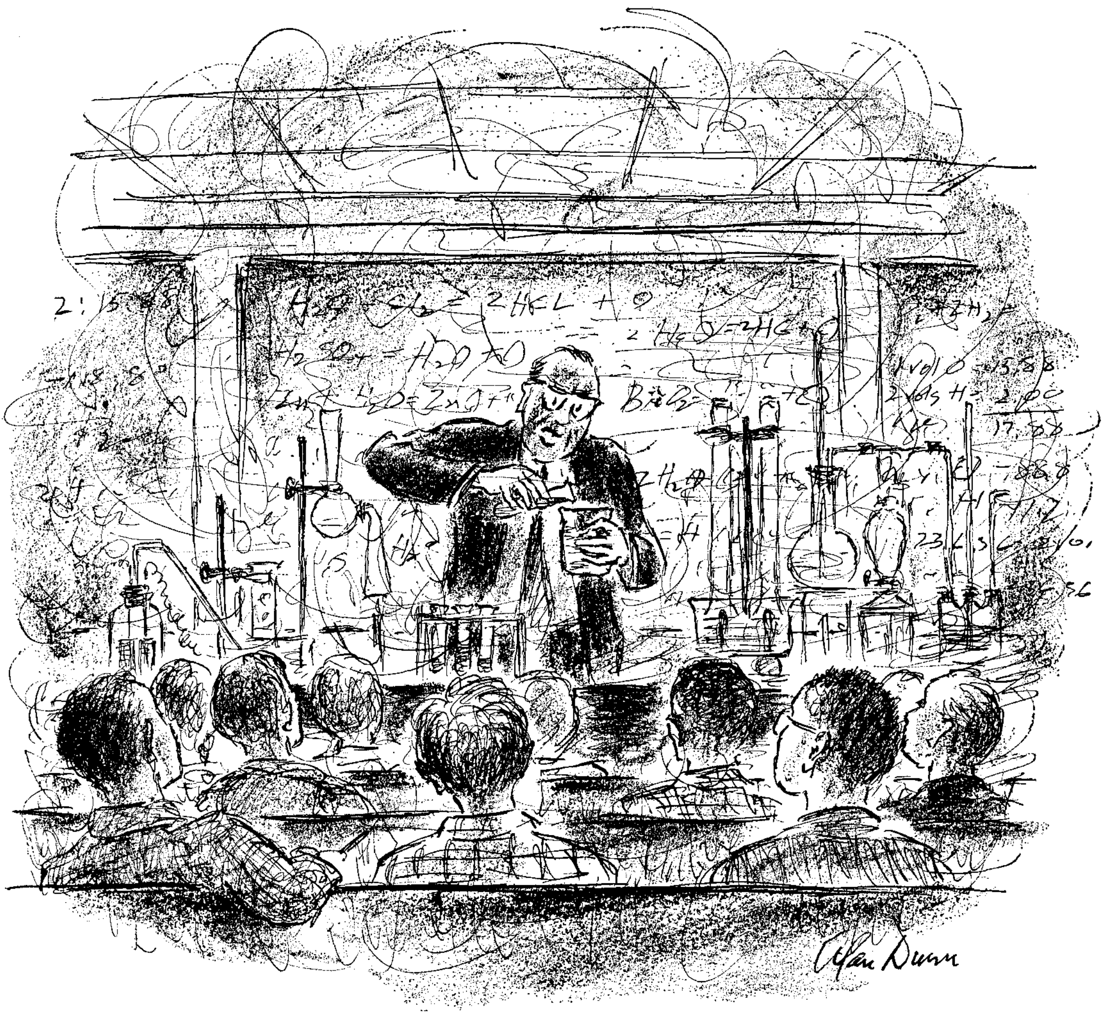
"Well, we'll see what happens," said the chief. "If you're all ready, I'll drive you up the hill and turn you over to the warden."

"I'm ready any time you are," said Marvin.

"You know, you oughtn't to be going up there, a young fellow like you with brains. The tough guys, I don't mind locking them up. As far as I'm concerned, they could throw the key away, when I take some of them up there. But I hate to see a young guy with brains, wasting them. This makes three times they put you away. Twice here, and once in Massachusetts. One of these days it won't be a gambling rap, Marvin. They'll get you on some felony and instead of a month or two, you'll be in for a year or more. So far you only got misdemeanors against you, but once you get in the felony class, we gotta treat you different."

"I know," said Marvin. "I got no complaints against you, Chief."

"I'll say you haven't," said the chief. "Well, take a good breath of fresh air. Fill your lungs with it."



"Now, when we take three hundred millilitres of a compound containing hydrogen and oxygen in a ratio of two to one and add three millilitres of an eight-hundredths-per-cent chlorine solution, one millilitre of a three-ten-thousandths-per-cent stannous-fluoride solution, and fifty millilitres of treated industrial wastes and solids, we get drinking water."

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THEY got in the chief's Dodge sedan and Marvin denied himself a cigarette on the brief ride to the county prison. He was checked in by the warden and the turnkey put him in a cell by himself, a luxury that cost him ten dollars. He lay down on the leather straps that would be his mattress for the next twenty-nine days and stared at the ceiling.

He caught a cold the second day, and it stayed with him a week. The bedbugs and crabs attacked him the first night and were with him the full time of his imprisonment. His wife came to see him on the four Sunday visiting days, but she did not like the visits and neither did he. He could not tell her to stay away and she could not neglect him. There were no long-term prisoners; they were sent to state penitentiaries. Consequently the turnover was steady and neither the prisoners nor the turnkeys were inclined to establish a fixed relationship toward each other. The queers among both discovered each other quickly, and had the only unity that existed in the entire prison. Marvin got through his sentence without a single long conversation with anyone, but he was unable to use his solitude for a successful analysis of the motives of Dunphy and the mayor. In every way the thirty days was a waste of time.

"HOW much money we got left?" he asked his wife on his first day out.

"It's around eight hundred and forty dollars," she said. "I kept pretty good track."

"O.K. Tomorrow we go to Miami."

"That suits me," she said. "This town got nothing for me."

"How do you feel?"

"Oh, all right, I guess. I don't throw up as much. This'd be a good time to leave town. Then I'd have three-four months in Miami before the baby, and maybe we could stay there permanent."

"There's nothing doing there in the summer. I'd have to come back North."

"Unless you got something steady."

"Not that again, Arleen," he said.

"Well, you ought to start thinking about it. Three times you been arrested—"

"*Ten* times I been arrested, but only three times I got locked up. What do I know except gambling?"

"Maybe the next time you get put in jail they'll keep you there long enough to learn a trade."

"What kind of a remark is that? I ought to give you a smack in the mouth."

"Just you try it," she said. "You

don't have the least sense of humor."

"Did I get any mail?"

"Not since Sunday. Oh, Dunphy wants you to phone him."

"I been expecting a letter from Harry Brisbane. Coral Gables. I should of had a letter by this time."

"All you got was a phone call from Dunphy, unless you want to read a letter from my sister. They're moving to Providence. Everybody's moving. My mother's people lived in the same house for over a hundred years."

"Did you talk to Dunphy?"

"His stenographer. He'll be in all afternoon."

HE went to see Dunphy.

"You put on a little weight, if I'm not mistaken," said Dunphy.

"What they feed you. Potatoes and bread is all you can eat."

"Didn't they give you turkey at Christmas?"

"Yeah, it was the only good meal I had the whole thirty days. Christmas dinner in stir. I'm getting out of town."

"Yes, I know."

"I mean right away. Not the first of April," said Marvin.

"Will you close that door behind you? Thanks. Why do you want to get away so fast?"

"I'm going down to Florida."

"Yes, this is the season. I suppose you have something lined up there?"

"I'm waiting to hear from a fellow."

"Well, suppose you don't hear from him?" said Dunphy.

"I'm going anyhow. There's nothing here for me. I can't operate. You know that. Bradley says if he sees me with a pair of dice in my hand, I go up the hill again."

"That's just it. He has to see you, first. He has to see you, and he has to be chief of police. And if he isn't chief of police, it doesn't make any difference if he sees you."

"Oh. You mean Bradley is on the skids?"

"He may be," said Dunphy.

"Well, say he is. Where does that put me?"

"It could put you at Number 112 East Scandinavia Street."

"The old joint? You get rid of Bradley and open up again?"

"That seems to be the general idea," said Dunphy.

"How do you get rid of Bradley? I never heard of him being on the take or anything."

"Not lately, but there's no cop in town that hasn't been on the take at some time or other. They have to be, to live."

"I never shelled out to him, and he pinched me twice."

"Yes, but we have a new mayor now," said Dunphy.

"And the son of a bitch sent me up for thirty days."

"What's thirty days in your young life?"

"Try it, and see," said Marvin.

Dunphy laughed. "Not if I can help it," he said. "Here is the picture, Marvin. Certain people in town expected the new mayor to adopt a more liberal attitude toward gambling and so forth. But George Daimler is no fool. One of the very first things he did was to send you up the hill, much to the surprise of a lot of people. Probably one of the most surprised people was Tom Bradley. I'm sure he fully expected that I could persuade the mayor to get you off with a fine, or a suspended sentence. But lo and behold, you go up the hill for thirty days."

"I was a kind of a fall guy."

"Yes."

"Well, Daimler's a lot smarter than I gave him credit for," said Marvin. "Or is it you?"

"Daimler is no fool, but he isn't all that smart."

"It *was* you, huh?"

"It was I," said Dunphy. "And that's who it will be from now on. Weren't you fortunate that you asked me to handle your legal matters?"

"Yes, I guess I was," said Marvin. "How do you tie a can to Bradley?"

"You'll see," said Dunphy. "Oh, hell, I might as well tell you. We don't go back to when he was pounding a beat and taking a few bananas off the fruit stand. We had to have something more recent than that."

"Yeah, you sure would."

"He has a car. A Dodge sedan. It's registered in his name, and he's the legal owner. But in the two years he's had it, I doubt if he ever bought a single gallon of gas for it. The dealer put two new sets of tires on it and billed the city. Twice it was overhauled at city expense, and he brings it in for a washing once a week. If we wanted to, we could easily prove that he had the tank filled several times before taking out-of-town trips. It adds up to quite a sum. Sheer carelessness on his part. We're going to let him resign, and be eligible for his pension. If he makes a stink, we'll make a stink. He *could* go to jail."

"Boy!"

"Well, do you still want to go to Miami?" said Dunphy.

"You're kidding," said Marvin. "When do we open up?"

"Shortly. Very shortly," said Dunphy.

—JOHN O'HARA

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SPRING CHANGES

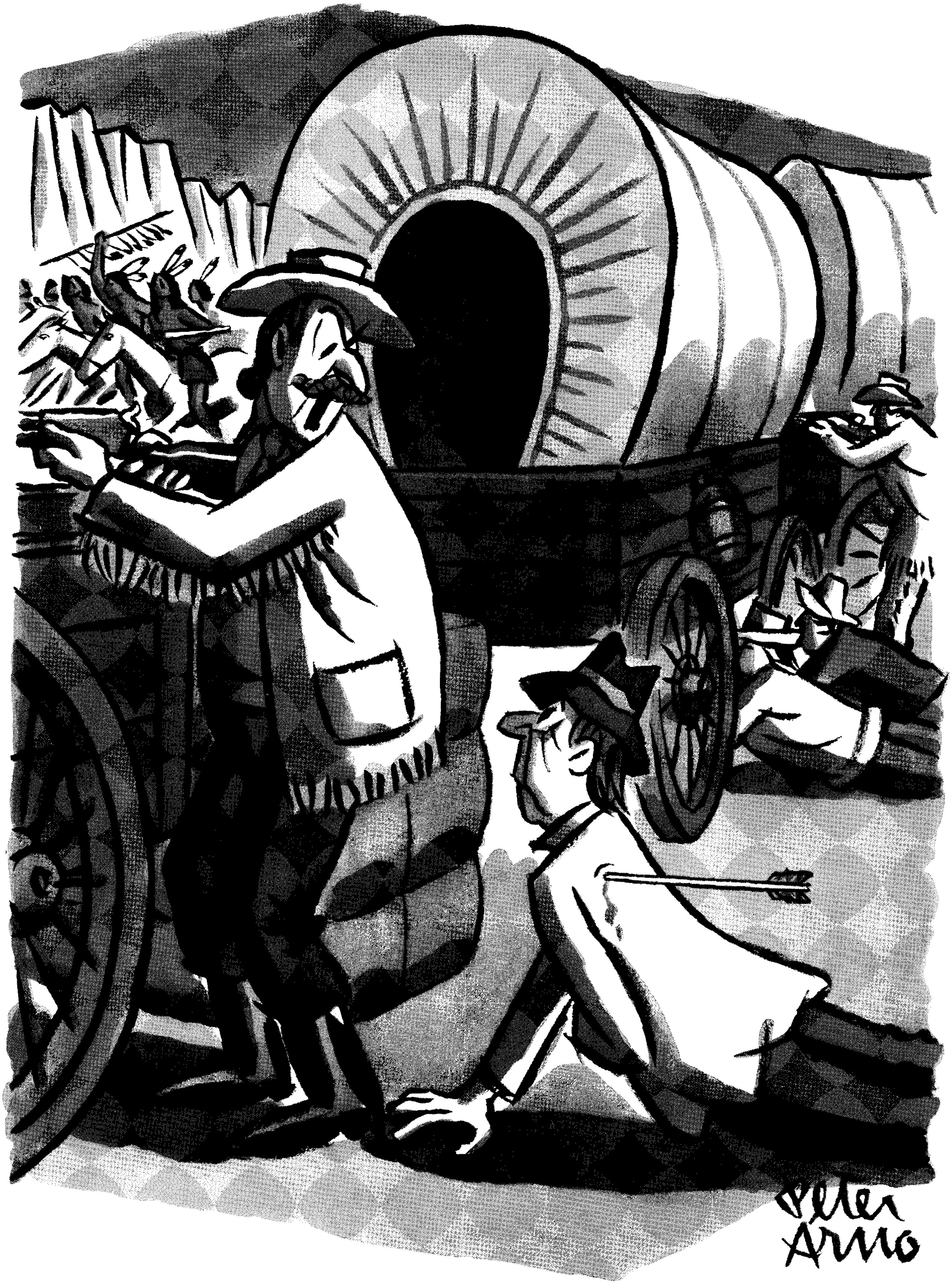
In simple country, slight trees that are naked
In early spring, that are black and a light red—
I was walking by them and was arrested
By that liveliness and dead.

And by their twisted running in a gray air, pleased.
They ran irregular against the green, mazed
And changing as the air strummed and then passed
Them, driven to hills, to graze.

Gray air is brittle, glittering in the network
Of those uneasy trees. Limbs that were black
When they stood still, and red, slip out of dark
Into a quick white when they shake.

Things change in them. The place and air are altered when
They switch, they turn. And I was a restless man
Who stand arrested under a spring sun
Watching the willows run.

—JON SWAN



"Judson, you've done nothing but complain the whole trip!"

BROTHERS AND SISTERS HAVE I NONE

MRS. GUEST was indeed looking forward to this vacation with Mr. Guest, who had the wit, humor, and sense of direction to make him a successful traveller and a delightful travelling companion. It had been years since they had been away together; now both children were safely in boarding school, and she felt the vacation would come none too soon. Mr. Guest had been working hard in his New York office; his commuting hours began early and ended late. Mrs. Guest, in the previous autumn, in the unreal, protracted ripening of the beautiful, sad year, had been in attendance at the bedside of her dying brother, a strong, handsome man, still young, whose death, the day before the two Guest children returned home for the Christmas holidays, had left her the last of her family. In the next two weeks, Mrs. Guest had learned to accept with fortitude the admonitions of her young—namely, that each of us is finally overcome in life's fateful storm and, to get on to matters of more immediate concern, one can of beer per person does not make a party. (The young Guests entertained often in the downstairs playroom.) When, therefore, the children had returned to school, she had been able at last to give way to weariness and deep depression. Friends said, "You must both get away and relax." So plans had been made. Although she was frankly nervous about her first trip on a jet, the travel agent had reminded her that she was safer in a plane than at home, where there is a notably high accident rate. The poodle and the two cats had space reserved at the Animal Motel; the cleaning woman, Estelle, would stop by three times a week on her way to other jobs in the neighborhood to water the gardenia and the orange plant, which were too large to send away; Mrs. Guest had alerted the local police to the impending departure, specifying which lights she would leave on (with new light bulbs, they reminded her); a neighbor would collect the mail; and Mr. Guest had pledged his commuter's ticket, which would still have six rides left, to a friend whose own ticket would expire within the week. And then on Friday night, on his last trip home from the office, Mr. Guest had had his accident.

On that night, Mrs. Guest had opened the refrigerator door and noted with satisfaction its limited perishable contents; there was the small steak for dinner, the remaining salad greens were adequate, and a can of fruit had been chilling since morning. As she removed the steak and placed it on a counter top to permit it to attain room temperature, the telephone rang.

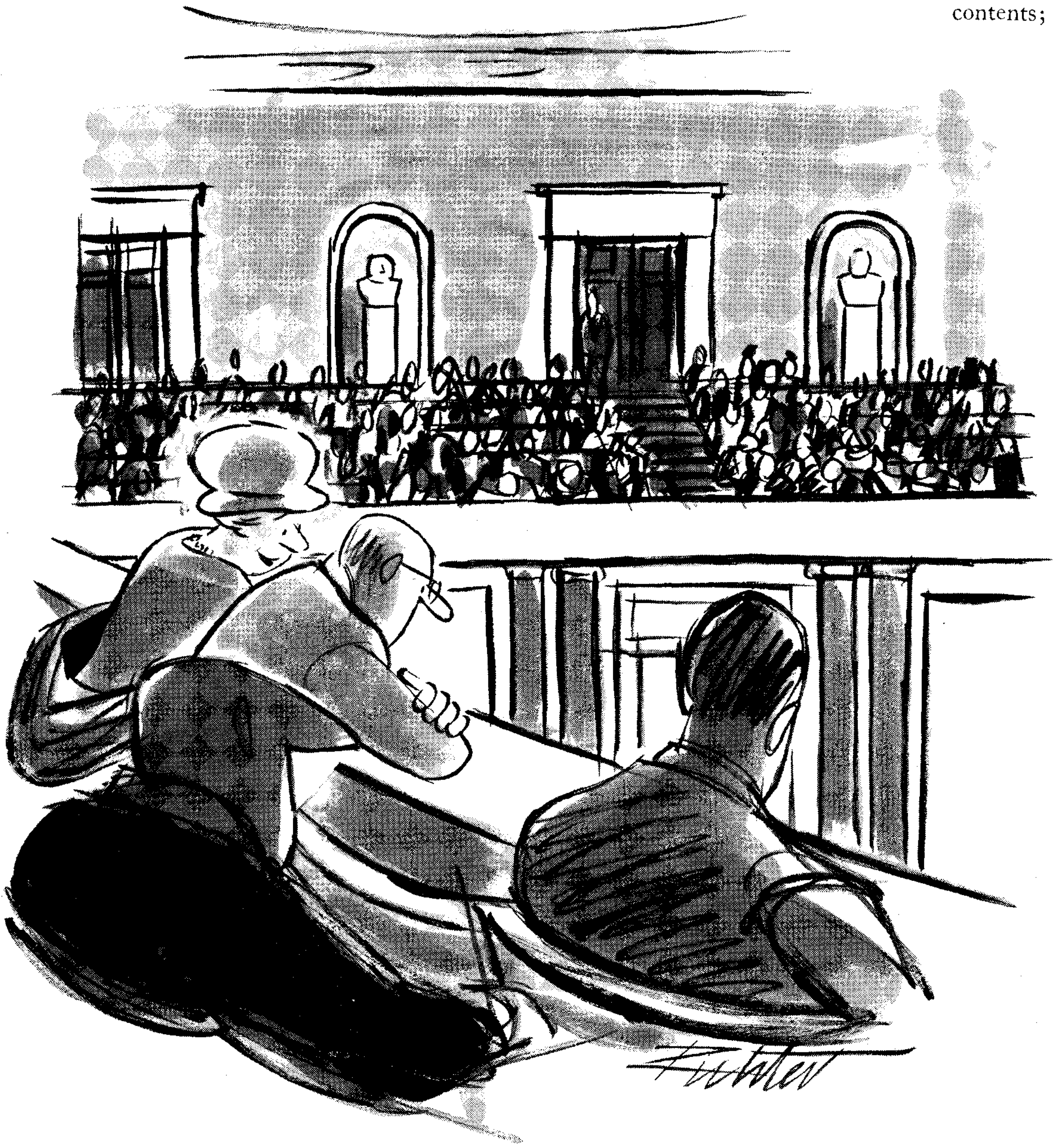
"Hello, Mrs. Guest," a woman's voice said. "This is Miss Jones in Dr. Borden's office."

"Well, hello, Miss Jones," Mrs. Guest said. She had frequently taken the children to the surgeon for X-rays of what invariably turned out to be minor damage.

"There's nothing to be alarmed about," Miss Jones went on. "But we do have Mr. Guest here, and we think he may have sprained his ankle. Doctor is examining him now."

"Oh dear," Mrs. Guest said, after a slight pause to consider a picture of Mr. Guest limping in the warm sands of a sunny island. "What happened?"

"He slipped on a patch of ice," Miss Jones continued, "when he got off the train. Some other commuters brought him down. Doctor will call you shortly. And don't worry. Mr. Guest asked me to call you and say that you were definitely *not* to worry."



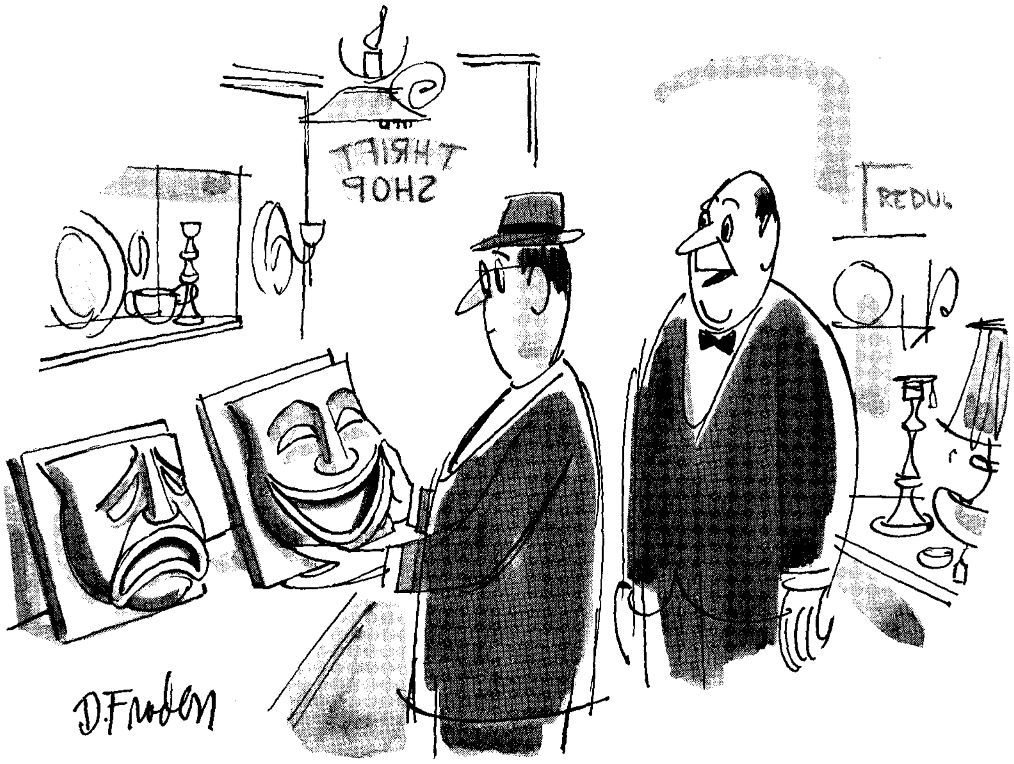
"You know what surprises me? Senators don't look like senators—except for Senator Dirksen."

Mrs. Guest nodded and hung up. "Don't worry," she told herself. She walked over to the knotty-pine portable bar and mixed herself a drink. Sprained ankle. It was not at all like Mr. Guest, always so well groomed and sure-footed, to slip on ice. He was a fabulous skater and understood ice thoroughly. Poor Mr. Guest; he would hate to go away in discomfort. The telephone rang again.

"Miss Jones again, Mrs. Guest," the voice said, and it had a sober quality. "Dr. Borden has asked me to tell you that the X-rays show Mr. Guest's ankle is broken."

Mrs. Guest clutched the telephone tightly. "I'll be right down," she began, but Miss Jones interrupted. "Your husband will need some things from home," she said. "This isn't anything that we are equipped to handle in the office, and Doctor is sending him to the hospital."

Mrs. Guest's hands began to tremble. "What does he need?" she asked. She heard Miss Jones say, ". . . and toilet articles and, of course, p.j.s.," and hang up.



"I'm sorry, sir, but we can't break up the pair."

Mrs. Guest removed a new overnight case from a closet, packed Mr. Guest's new, matching pajamas, the lightweight travelling robe that she had given him for Christmas, and then, because she could not remember instantly where his toilet case was, put his comb, toothbrush, and razor in her own pink-flowered, sweet-smelling cosmetics bag. Snow scattered damply about her as she went out to the car.

When she got to the doctor's office, Mr. Guest was no longer there. "It turned out to be rather a bad break," Miss Jones told her. "Doctor sent Mr. Guest to the hospital in the ambulance. He'll require surgery. You can go right over; they haven't been gone five minutes. Oh, and here," she said, as Mrs. Guest turned to leave, "why don't you just take these things with you; save you a trip back. Mr. Guest didn't need them." She indicated a chair on which lay Mr. Guest's warm overcoat, his trousers, and one shoe, in which was tucked a single discarded sock. Mrs. Guest threw the coat and trousers over her shoulder, slipped the shoe under her arm, picked up the overnight case, and went back to the car.

The admitting office gave her Mr. Guest's room number, on the second floor, and, finding the elevators ascended, she noticed a door marked "STAIRS" and went up. Wandering down the halls of grimy tan and green—with which colors medical science claims to soothe the maimed and hysterical—past mussed old men in dilapidated wheelchairs and neat younger men awkwardly caught between crutches, she finally found the room. Arranging her face, she went in. On the first bed lay a white-haired man sound asleep under an oxygen tent; in the chair beside him, a boy in a black leather jacket and tight slacks dozed with his head on his chest. Beyond a dividing curtain of some heavy hospital fabric lay Mr. Guest, hands clasped behind his head, nodding to a group of white-clad people beside his bed. A young man with a metal-bound book was writing in it; another twirled a stethoscope. Two attractive young ladies were fussing with the pillow and adjusting the sheet, which did not quite cover Mr. Guest, who, as his wife came in, was saying, "So I said to Borden, 'First time in my life I ever got a break!,' " which caused one of the young ladies to laugh aloud.

The young man with the metal-bound book, who seemed quite severely single-minded, said, "Now, any serious illnesses?"

Mr. Guest, as if symbolizing the indomitable human spirit, said, "Yellow jaundice when I was eleven." Then he saw his wife. "God, I am sorry to be such a nuisance," he said, spreading his hands apologetically.

He looked like an old, trapped child, his straight, thin, brown hair tousled, the short hospital gown inadequate on his tall, well-padded frame. Mrs. Guest decided not to kiss him in front of professional people. "I've been chasing you all over town," she said.

"Listen," her husband said, "I'm terribly sorry about all this. It means we won't be able to get away, you know."

Mrs. Guest said, "Some other time. How do you feel? Does it hurt?"

Mr. Guest made a grimace of indifference. "Oh, it hurts, all right," he said. "But I don't feel it, see. They gave me a shot of something at the office."

"Any dentures?" the young man with the book asked, as an orderly came in with a cart.

"Of course not," Mr. Guest said, shocked and resentful, inserting his right hand into his mouth and beginning to mumble. The orderly and a nurse assisted him onto the cart, buckled a belt about his middle, and wheeled him away.

"If you'll wait downstairs, we'll let you know when your husband is back in the room," one of the nurses said. "It won't be more than a sec."

It was eight o'clock, and in the green lobby visitors were leaving, with long strides or rushing little steps, going back to their own well-being. Mrs. Guest sat down on a chintz-covered couch and reached for a magazine, only to find that she had not brought along her reading glasses. She studied the reception desk, on top of which were a flip

ONE OF THEIR KINGS

One of their kings—like managers I've known:
A heavy frame, a balding head, blank eyes,
A sharp, cold nose, and wrinkles in the stone.

Venus? That's our Gertie, to the thighs!
The Roman matron with the marble mind,
A lady whom Back Bay might recognize.

Yeats wrote to Ireland, "Call the muses home!"
If it's history you're looking for, you'll find
Just as much in the wilderness as Rome,

Though ours is simple—as a splintered rail,
A stone wall, and a ditch. That's where Lee sagged;
That's where the lion's strength began to fail.

Out of this wood, Jackson's lean wolves dragged
Their tails back down the hillside—whipped,
Pardoned, reconstructed, carpetbagged.

Our history has been a thin, tight-lipped
Old man who scarcely spoke, and sat apart;
Silence, in which a bloody bandage dripped.

It may be history, but was it art?
If you want culture, educate! "Try, try!"
Each boy with his own penknife carves his heart.

I don't want whittling—I want poetry!
A lightning flash, the front gate clearly seen,
The angel, and the serpent in the tree.

To show you any part of what I mean
I'd have to carve democracy in stone,
The whole caboodle, not one face alone.

—Louis Simpson

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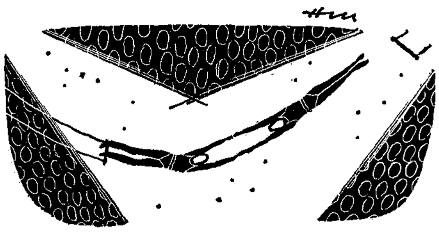
file of patients' names, a box of glossy philodendron, a pot of yellow asters, and a green telephone. On a high stool sat a receptionist, her eyes downcast on what undoubtedly was a book of institutional hieroglyphics. Table lamps sporadically picked out bright patches of the floral carpeting, and from some secret, muted source flowed a compendium of Victor Herbert melodies. In a deep chintz-covered chair, a young man lounged, gazing at the ceiling. All visitors had gone.

At nine o'clock, Mrs. Guest got up and strolled down the dimly lighted hall. She passed two doctors, who were laughing, and she heard one say, "I didn't hear it, but I heard about it; made quite a lot of noise, I understand." Mrs. Guest's knees trembled; she went back to the couch. Perhaps something had exploded in the operating room—and, anyway, how long did it take to set a broken bone? She assured herself that if anything had gone wrong she would have been told. Nothing could go wrong. This was a good hospital; even the philodendron was thriving and well tended. Suddenly she wanted to be by Mr. Guest's side, she wanted him with her, Mr. Guest, who asked only to love and to be loved, who undoubtedly would have sold his watch to buy jewelled combs for her hair, had he possessed a watch of any value and had she indeed not worn her hair quite short. But then again, why hadn't he looked where he was going? A family man, with responsibilities, should be particularly careful in freezing weather. The telephone sounded softly. She got up, but the receptionist nodded toward the young man, who took his eyes off the ceiling and went over to the desk, where he listened in silence to the message. "How much does she weigh?" he said finally. Then he left the hospital and Mrs. Guest was alone. Here is the beginning and the end of human life, she thought, and tears came to her eyes at the mystery and wonder of it all. It began to be a dismal idea, but then one of her favorite old songs, "The Blue Room," came drifting toward her, and she thought, How much better all those old tunes are than the frightful stuff kids these days listen to. Mr. Guest agreed with her; they had often discussed it. Poor Mr. Guest. Why couldn't it have been me, fate's scapegoat, she thought, and instantly realized that that would have been impractical. Mr. Guest was well-intentioned but not too effective around the house, being a man who could not find things, often not even the salt for his breakfast egg, if it happened to be behind the egg. The telephone rang; the receptionist answered and put it down. She looked over at Mrs. Guest. "That was the second floor," she said. "You may go up now. Your husband is back in his room."

Mr. Guest lay supine in bed, his arms crossed on his chest, his hair wispy and damp, a large white plaster foot ending in a row of five real toes emerging from the sheet, which did not quite cover the large, slippery cast. Another girl in white stood by the bed, her hands on the side rails, which were up. "Mr. Guest," she said. "Mr. Guest, wake up. Here's your wife."

Mr. Guest muttered.

"Shouldn't he sleep?" Mrs. Guest asked, noting with stupefaction that the cast was not just on her husband's foot but went all the way up his leg and thigh.



The girl nodded and laughed as she pulled the sheet back over Mr. Guest. "Oh, he should sleep," she said. "I'm going to give him something to make him sleep. But first he has to wake up. Mr. Guest, wake up and say good night to your wife."

Mr. Guest frowned, pursed his lips, and waved his arms.

"Listen, snap out of it," his wife said.

Mr. Guest opened his eyes and tried to wrap one of his long arms around Mrs. Guest. "M'wife," he explained.

Mrs. Guest returned the arm to his side, where it lay still.

"Guess he's O.K. now," the girl said, and then Dr. Borden, all in green and with a cloth pillbox hat on his head, strolled in, in a cloud of surgical scents.

"Well, there," he said brightly to Mrs. Guest. "You still here?" She nodded. He glanced sharply at Mr. Guest, who was now grinning broadly

WEBER
TRYLON DEMOLITION CORP.

"Have a little respect now, you guys. This here's a landmark."

with his eyes closed. "A brave man, your husband," the Doctor said. "It was a nasty break. Very nasty. Comminuted tri-malleolar fracture, requiring open reduction," he explained. Mrs. Guest reached for the side rails and shook her head as if she had received a blow. Dr. Borden rummaged briefly in the bed linen and turned away. "Come on with me," he said. "I'll show you the X-rays." He was a lean, intense man, obviously wrapped up in his work. Mrs. Guest matched his quick stride down the hall, down the stairs, and into the laboratory. "A really brave fellow," Dr. Borden continued. "Had us all in stitches up there. Told us a funny story; can't remember it now. Something to do with broken bones. Well, now we've got *him* in stitches." He chuckled, turned on a large lightbox, and placed a negative on it. "Now, this is 'before,' " he said. "And here you can see where the ankle is broken. Here, here—and here." Mrs. Guest stared obligingly at the picture, understanding as much about Mr. Guest's broken bones as she did about her own tooth decay when her dentist happily pointed out to her the unmistakable evidence in his X-rays, and depressed now as then by personal interior views. "And *now*," the Doctor continued, slipping another negative on the lightbox, "this is what we did. An incision on either side of the ankle? Here, here, and here? Those are steel pins." Mrs. Guest stared at the second picture. This is the "after" one, she thought.

"Oh, well, he'll be out of here in a few days," Dr. Borden said.

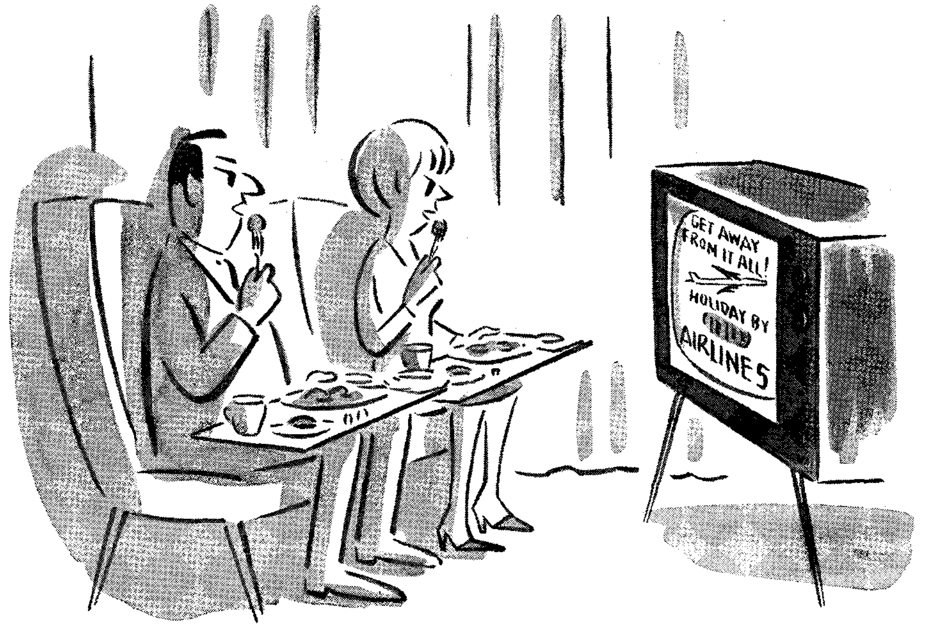
"Days?" Mrs. Guest said.

"We want to keep him here to control the pain," the Doctor said. "And then, of course, we want to be sure he knows how to use his crutches, don't we? Don't want any more falling, do we?"

Mrs. Guest shook her head.

"Especially at his age," Dr. Borden said. "No, we can't turn back the clock." He laughed and switched off the light.

IN the next three days, Mr. Guest's pain diminished, and he exhibited an astonishing skill with crutches. The white-haired man in the oxygen tent slept through it all, making faint plaintive noises from time to time. ("Pneumonia, the old man's friend," Mr. Guest whispered wisely one day.) On Tuesday morning, Dr. Borden ordered the town ambulance to pick up Mr. Guest and take him home. "He could go in the car," the Doctor told Mrs. Guest as he reported by telephone. "But in that heavy cast he'd need more room



than you have in that little car. Anyway, I want to be sure that he gets in the house all right. Once there, he's your responsibility." Mrs. Guest started to say that there was a station wagon in their garage, too, but didn't.

At eleven o'clock, the ambulance came down the driveway, followed by a police car. The driver and the sturdy policeman lifted Mr. Guest on his rolling stretcher to the ground and slid him into the house. "Glad to get home again, I'll bet," the driver said as the two men tipped Mr. Guest onto the couch. Mr. Guest nodded, looking around the living room as if he had never been in that particular house before but was willing to give it a try. And then, quite suddenly, with the closing of the front door, Mr. and Mrs. Guest were alone.

"Well, how do you feel?" Mrs. Guest asked, sitting down and folding her hands on her lap, feeling, herself, like a hostess. She had not noticed before how terribly small the living room was; Mr. Guest's leg extended almost halfway across it. "Comfortable?"

Mr. Guest shrugged. "I need something to rest my leg on," he said. "I'm supposed to keep it *up*." Mrs. Guest pushed a hassock close to the couch. With both hands, Mr. Guest picked up his leg and laid it on the hassock. "*Up*," he said again. He turned and picked up an assortment of velveteen-covered sofa pillows, piling them on the hassock and replacing his leg. "Better," he said. Then he glanced around the room. "Wonder what time it is?" he said, as if missing a clock that had never been there. "I'm about due for another pain pill, I think."

"I'll see," Mrs. Guest said, getting up.

"By the way, while you're up," Mr. Guest said, smiling, "what's for lunch?"

"It's only eleven o'clock," Mrs. Guest reported, coming in from the kitchen. "I hadn't planned lunch so early. Shall I get your pills and a glass of water?"

Mr. Guest nodded. "I hate to put you to any extra trouble," he said as she handed him the bottle and the glass. "I guess I'm just used to eating early. Like, at the hospital, it's lunchtime now." He swallowed a pill, rapped his knuckles on his cast, and sighed. "Have you got a little snack out there?"

"There's fruit," Mrs. Guest said.

Her husband shook his head. "I think I may have a spot of acid indigestion," he explained. "And I want to take it easy just to see which way this little upset is headed. You, uh—you don't happen to have any doughnuts, do you?"

"Why, no," Mrs. Guest said. "I'm sorry, but I didn't think of doughnuts. You never eat them since you've been watching your weight."

"Oh, you're absolutely right," Mr. Guest said. "But, a funny thing—all the time in the hospital, I kept thinking about doughnuts. I can't explain it. I don't suppose one or two would make that much difference. All the time I was there. By the way, you know that man next to me in the room?"

"Of course. The old fellow," Mrs. Guest said, sitting down again. "Getting along fine, isn't he?"

Mr. Guest looked at his wife as if she had suddenly become the enemy. "You keep saying *old* fellow," he said. "Now, why in God's name do you do that?"

Mrs. Guest stared at her husband. "I saw him," she said. "I passed him every day when I went to see you, and I couldn't help noticing him. I didn't say he was ancient; I just said old."

Mr. Guest looked resentful still. "Want to know how old he was?"

Mrs. Guest assumed the question was rhetorical and said nothing.

"He was my age," her husband went on. "Exactly my age."

"Was?" Mrs. Guest said.

Her husband nodded. "I said 'was.' He died last night. They came in and wheeled him out, and then they wheeled some other stuff out, and *then* they started cleaning up the room. Doesn't take them long, does it? Here today and—swept out tonight." He bowed his head.

"Poor old— Poor fellow," Mrs. Guest said. "I suppose he just couldn't fight the pneumonia any longer."

Mr. Guest raised his head. "It wasn't pneumonia," he said clearly. "So far, you seem to have everything wrong. Women are always jumping to conclusions. It happened to be d.t.s."

"But you can't die from *those*, can you?" Mrs. Guest exclaimed.

"Indeed you can," her husband said. "You can and you do. If they affect the heart. Or the liver. Or something. Which in this case they did." He frowned. "You can *die*," he continued, "from anything."

"Oh, well, at least not from that," Mrs. Guest said cheerfully, indicating his cast.

"Oh, you think not," her husband said. "Ever hear of clots? Infections? And do we have a thermometer, or do you still rely on feeling people's foreheads?"

Mrs. Guest got up. "I'd better start the soufflé if we're ever going to have lunch," she said. "How about a Martini? Just to celebrate."

Mr. Guest looked wistful. "I'm afraid not," he said. "By the way, did you say soufflé?"

His wife nodded. "Cheese," she said.

He looked brighter. "And a little crisp bacon?" he suggested. "And I mean crisp. Not that bendable kind; get all the fat out. You want to kill me with cholesterol, woman?"

"Of course, bacon. And later I'll slip out and get you some doughnuts," Mrs. Guest said. "I'll see you safely in bed, and you'll have the telephone right there by you, and you can get a little rest while I finish my shopping."

"Jelly," Mr. Guest said.

DAVID LANGDON

His wife turned. "I beg your pardon?"

"Jelly," her husband said. "Meaning the doughnuts, of course."

Time passed, and Mr. Guest remained on the couch during his waking hours. He had found that it was not comfortable at the dinner table with his leg deposited on a chair; therefore he took his meals on a corner of the couch, from a new red tray that Mrs. Guest had bought for him, thinking it was a cheerful color, and that she brought to him four times a day—including teatime—and placed on a small table, one of a set she had used for parties. There was a monotonous, hollow sound in the living room, owing to the removal of all Mrs. Guest's bright scatter rugs, which had proved to be hazardous to a person on crutches. Friends dropped in, many of whom had at one time been in a cast under rather ordinary circumstances, and one man came in a cast with what he referred to as a Colles' fracture, known to the lay public as a broken wrist, but it had not required surgery and seemed of no consequence. A trip to the doctor's office, with Mr. Guest extended in the back of the station wagon, had enabled Dr. Borden to state modestly that everything was perfect, although there would have to be another visit soon for the removal of the cast in order to X-ray the progress of calcium deposits. Meanwhile, Mr. Guest had tired of ambulatory people, television, records, and jigsaw puzzles. Mrs. Guest had tried books. "You expect me to read?" Mr. Guest had said restlessly. "In my condition?" He knocked savagely on his cast with his right knuckle; then he looked over at Mrs. Guest, who had been, with his suggestions, preparing a grocery list. "By the way," he said, "Borden asked about you when I was at the office."

Mrs. Guest looked up from her list and allowed her pencil to pause. "Did he?"

Her husband nodded. "Wanted to know if you could wrap an Ace bandage."

"Oh," Mrs. Guest said.

"That's the third step," Mr. Guest explained. "And my knee may be too stiff for me to get at my ankle. But don't worry about it. If you can't, they'll show you how."

AND then one day spring arrived, unofficially and all but unrecorded—spring, glittering upon the scarred winter lawn beyond the windows; spring, alive with songbirds carolling and curtsying to the new season. Mr. Guest, his ankle correctly wrapped in an Ace bandage but his crutches at his side, because he was not permitted to put any weight on his foot, sat by the window with Roger Tory Peterson's guidebook on his left knee. "I wish I could get down there," he said, indicating the woods beyond the house. "I'd like to get a little closer. And I wish to God the children hadn't broken my binoculars. I could swear I see a purple finch. Looks like it had been dipped in red wine?" He looked toward Mrs. Guest. "Ha, hum," he said. "Almost there, aren't we?" Mrs. Guest raised her eyebrows. He went on. "I mean, as soon as the hospital calls to say they've got a bed for me, and I get these pins out, I'll be as good as new. Twenty years ago—say, ten years ago—you can't tell what would have happened to me. I wouldn't have given two cents for my chances of being able to walk again. Medical science is making rapid advances."

Mrs. Guest put down the magazine she had been looking at and got up. "You can't stop progress, I guess," she said. "I think I'll go out in the yard."

It was late afternoon and might be coolish, so she stopped to put on a sweater. Her slacks, her old red ones, seemed tight at the waist, owing, possibly, to three sturdy meals a day over the past few weeks. But she would exercise more now that spring was on the way—was here. She had hoped the warm sun would have brought the hyacinths to bloom, but it hadn't. One bird does not make a spring, she remembered haphazardly, nor does one fine day. A red haze hung over the sugar maples, however, and the forsythia buds were fat. It would be nice to force some forsythia; she went into the garage for her clippers. She nipped several long trailing branches and stood for a moment breathing in the sweet warm smell of spring, which comes mostly from the ground, from the earth itself. But then a rough little breeze caught her sweater. You can't rush the season, she thought, and went back into the house. As she opened the door, the sun disappeared.

Mr. Guest regarded with disfavor what was left of the day. "I think now that it was not a purple finch. Probably too cold for them still. God, this winter has been endless." He reached for his crutches and smacked the floor with them. "What's for dinner?"

Mrs. Guest stood by the table on which she had placed the tall vase of forsythia, which looked as if it would never bloom. "I was thinking of a story Agnes Ferguson told me once," she said. She stared out the window at the woods. "When Tom had decided to move them all to the country because it was a better place to bring up children? No neighbors, and Agnes right from the city, with those two little boys who were two and three at the time, and she had never even seen a washing machine before. And *no* neighbors. Just day after day with that washing machine and the two little boys and Tom away from early morning till late at night. One day, she said, she couldn't stand it anymore, so she dressed the children in warm clothes and ran out to the car with them. She got in and put them in their car seats and turned on the ignition, and the car wouldn't start. The battery was dead. She just sat there staring out of the windshield, and then the little boys started blowing up their lips and making noises they thought were like a car in motion, and they sat there bubbling away and laughing, and pretty soon Agnes said she started making noises and bubbling her lips, too."

"And?" Mr. Guest said.

"That's all," Mrs. Guest said.

"I don't get it," Mr. Guest said. "Where was she going?"

"She didn't know," Mrs. Guest said.

There was a silence, and then Mr. Guest said, "What did you say was for dinner?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Guest said.

"You don't *know*?"

Mrs. Guest nodded.

"Well, we have to have dinner. We have to eat, don't we?"

Mrs. Guest shrugged.

Mr. Guest seized his crutches in both hands and sent them scuttling across the floor. "What's the matter with you?" he shouted. "Dammit, this isn't my fault. I didn't ask to fall down. I didn't do it deliberately."

Mrs. Guest, in her old red slacks, turned toward the window. The red haze around the maples had disappeared; they looked cold and unattractive. "I'm sick of dinner," she said. "I'm sick of thinking about food. I'm sick of this house."

"You're not thinking of anything drastic, are you?" Mr. Guest said. He stared at her. "You're not sick of me? You don't want to—leave me, do you?"

She didn't answer.

Mr. Guest started to get up; then he looked helplessly at his wife. "If you are thinking of leaving me," he said carefully, "would you hand me my crutches before you go?"

Mrs. Guest went over to the crutches, picked them up, and handed them to her husband. He put them across his lap and rested his hands on them. "Listen," he said. "I've got an idea. We haven't had any Chinese food for a long time. Why don't you whip on down and get us some for dinner?"

Mrs. Guest stood in front of him, but she was looking back toward the woods. "I miss the children," she said.

"They'll be back," he reminded her.

"My even-dozen dinner plates are chipped," she said.

"I'll buy you a new set," he said.

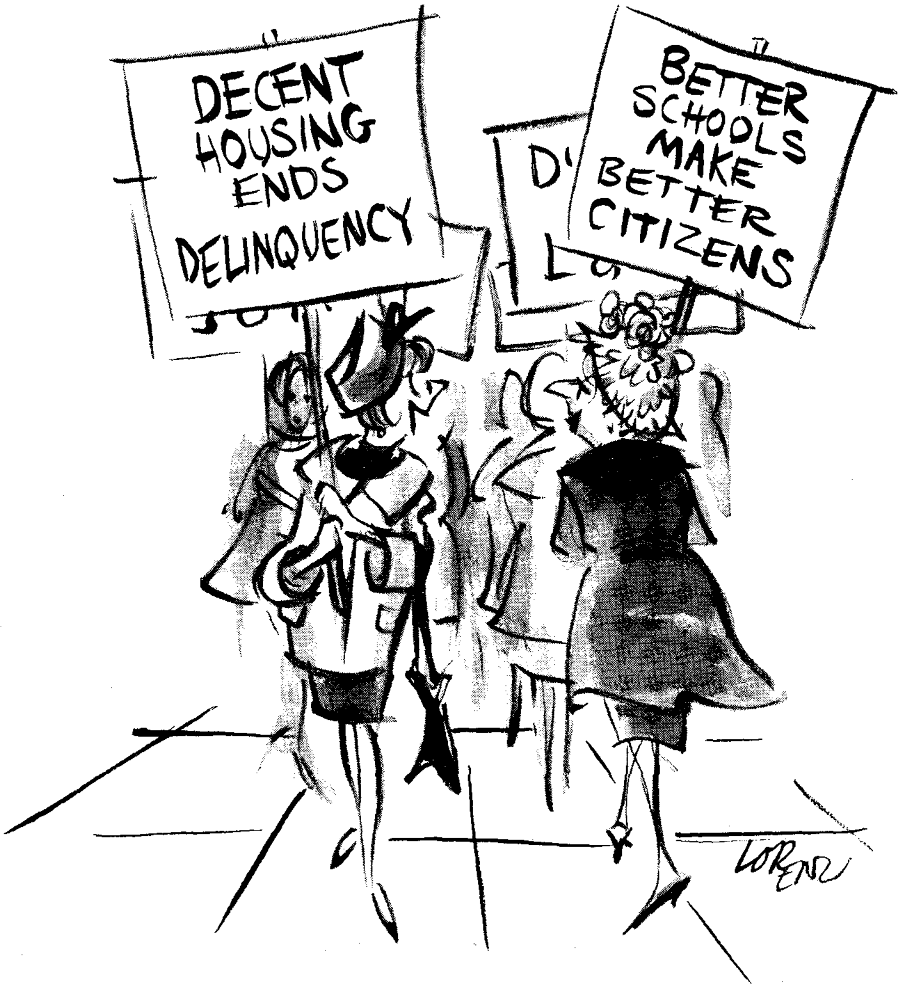
She took a deep breath. "Yes," she said. "I suppose so. Well, all right. What would you like from the Chinese restaurant?"

Mr. Guest bit his lip. "I think an order of egg rolls," he said. "And the No. 3 Special. And some barbecued ribs to nibble on. And you order what you want."

Mrs. Guest telephoned the order. She went to the hall closet, took out a raincoat, which she slipped on over her sweater, and went out to the car. There was still warmth in the air. She drove slowly down to the village and stopped in the community parking lot.

She went into the restaurant and sat down at a small table in the dark little cocktail lounge, where she was alone, and ordered a dry Martini, which came cold and clear with a sliver of lemon peel. When her order was ready, she paid and went out to the parking lot. She put the big brown bag filled with cartons of hot food on the front seat beside her, started the car, and turned into Main Street to go home. Again she drove slowly, with the driver's window down. She noted store windows and the changing scene: the dress shop where resort wear had been replaced by northern spring styles, the drugstores where vaporizers, called croup kettles, had given way to masses of cosmetics and poison-ivy lotions, the hardware store where, on the sidewalk, a lawnmower stood next to snow-removal equipment, the grocery where California strawberries bloomed in the dusk. A light spring rain, like a cloud of baby's breath, blossomed high in the evening air. A nurse from one of the doctor's offices strolled back to work with a carton of coffee, gazing into the wet air without alarm, accustomed to her daily routine of recording the urgency of life and death, messages that would not astonish her, and now scraping the thin air, before night, for wraithlike words, which she would never quite find. Mrs. Guest thought of Main Street and the panorama of her own life—of how, in a cold climate, one goes from the gorgeous fruits of fall to the season of mercy, and then to the season of joy, and finally, with any luck, into summer. She drew a deep breath of the steaming fragrance from the spicy food beside her, seeing without looking at them the little bloated bags of soy sauce, and duck sauce, and hot mustard.

—KATINKA LOESER


DECENT HOUSING ENDS DELINQUENCY
BETTER SCHOOLS MAKE BETTER CITIZENS
LORENZ

"Love your hat."

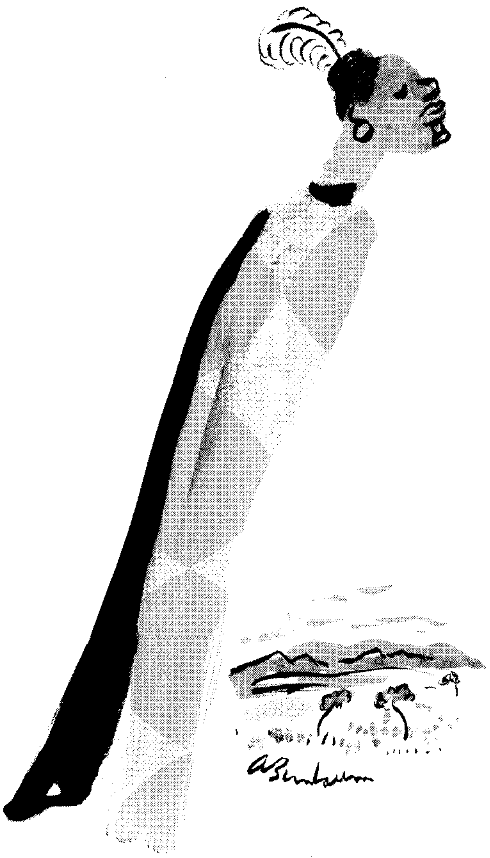
•

Republicans, he boasted, can take pride in the fact that "we are a party of principle and not of political experience."—*Washington Post.*

No need to shout about it.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HERDSMEN—I



MORUKORE, which is not shown on any map, is a neighborhood in southeast Dodoth, a high green land that is today the northernmost county of Uganda. The neighborhood takes its name from a hill called Morukore, and the name is related to a word for cattle that have markings like giraffes. The hill is called Giraffe-Spotted Mountain, in effect, because it has yellow stones lying on its pale sides which make it, from a distance, as clearly spotted as any ox or bull or cow. Its name is not to be wondered at, for the Dodoth who named it are Nilo-Hamitic pastoralists—proud warrior herdsmen whose numbers also include the Masai. The Dodoth have existed as a people from the time, perhaps two centuries ago, when a band of colonists broke from a parent tribe living to the south—a tribe that today numbers fifty-five thousand and is called Karamojong. The name Dodoth is said to come from the Karamojong word for "yolk," perhaps in memory of the colonizing nucleus. The colonizing band has increased to more than twenty thousand people in the last two centuries, and at no time have its people chosen to change their customary ways for new ways. Most of the changes in Dodoth have been evolutionary and internal, for the people have resisted efforts of police or missionaries to pacify or convert them, and today these conservative pastoralists, though they are Ugandans now, live with their herds as they have always lived.

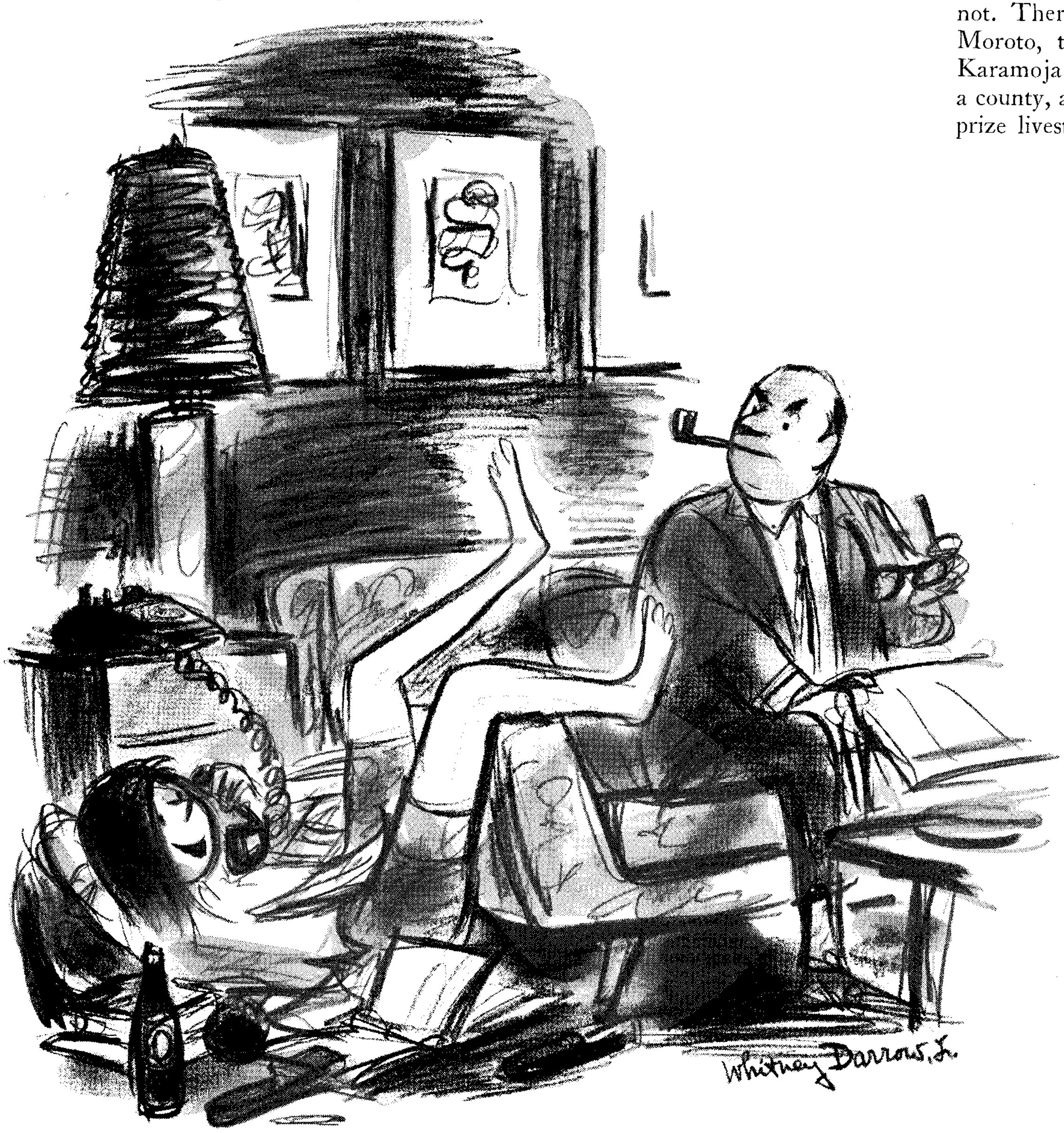
As a people, the Dodoth are formidable. Most of the men are enormous; they stand six feet tall or taller and have long arms and legs, yet they are not lanky, as some East Africans are, but husky, heavy-boned, broad-shouldered, and strong. Most of the women are somewhat shorter, but also heavy-boned; though they are graceful, they are handsome rather than soft and pretty, having a characteristic strong jaw, lean face, and deep, wide eyes, which create a beauty that lasts into old age. A group of Dodoth seems larger than life, for everyone speaks very loudly and ornaments glitter in the crowd. The men decorate their ears with earrings, wear bracelets, belts, necklaces, and anklets, and increase their height with headdresses, the young men's headdresses being long red baskets in the shape of sugar loaves, and the older men wearing buns of their own felted hair plastered with stippled sacred clay, above which stand ostrich plumes or cock feathers, and below which bright chains sway. Apart from their ornaments, Dodoth men usually wear nothing—except, occasionally, sandals and, over their backs, cloth capes. The women have their hair in tightly coiled ringlets arranged in the form of a Dutch bob; they wear leather capes, ankle-slapping fluted leather skirts, towers of loose neck rings, and a great many earrings, anklets, bracelets, chain belts, and bib necklaces. Both sexes wear the lip plug, a small bone or metal disc, or a knob of precious ivory, that fits in a hole below the membrane of the lower lip. To accommodate the plug, the lower incisor teeth are pried out of a child. A woman who wants to be rude may remove the plug and thrust her tongue out through the hole at you.

The Dodoth ornament their persons beautifully but ornament almost nothing else. They are austere, and not artistic, and, in the case of the men, even the ornaments are sometimes put aside. It is not unusual to meet a Dodoth man far from home and wearing nothing—no headdress, not a feather, nothing on his feet. Of weapons the Dodoth have almost too many. The primary weapon is a nine-foot spear, which, made with a metal foreshaft and leaf-shaped blade, a short wooden centerpiece, and a tapered metal tail, is straight and light and perfectly balanced, but there are many kinds of bows, arrows, slingshots, and axes, as well as sticks, clubs, and shields, for different kinds of fighting, and at least four kinds of knives—hooked knives worn as rings on the fingers, round knives worn as bracelets, ordinary daggers worn around the neck, and thin stilettos thrust in the hair—but the owners paint no pictures, carve no figures, weave no fabrics, and make no dishes, baskets, or jars. Halves of dry calabashes serve as containers until they become worn and are thrown away as trash, and no one bothers to draw designs on these. The great music of Africa—the contrapuntal singing, the intricate, weaving thirty-beat and forty-beat rhythm periods—is not found in Dodoth, where there are no musical instruments, not even drums. The religion itself seems austere compared to religions that embody saints or heroes, ancestors or angels, or a hierarchy of gods, for the Dodoth have but one god, whose name is God—Akuj. He is so remote and vague a figure that very little is known about him, except that he inhabits the air and sometimes settles in the tops of certain trees; he has no kingdom populous with spirits, and maintains no paradise for the dead.

Yet the culture of the Dodoth is complex, and the people are highly imaginative. The care and passion, the artistic expression and the materialism that other people devote to other things are fixed by the Dodoth on their cattle. The owner of a herd does not have to paint or sing. For him, it is enough to watch his cattle come home in the evening, and stand chest deep among them as in a slow, deep stream. It is enough to watch the gentle, ambling cows and oxen and see the herd bulls jostling each other, to rub a spotted back or to touch a ticklish ear or a lyre-shaped warm horn, to know the cattle all by sight, to hear their bawling voices, to smell the rising dust mixed with the grassy, milky scent, to see them pass and pass as if the herd would never end, to be their owner.

It is said that among African people the most resistant to change are some of those who own and value cattle. These include the Dodoth, who are proud of themselves because of their cattle, who hold people without cattle in contempt, and who see no reason to change as the government wishes them to by reducing the size of their herds to improve the stock and to increase the grazing. Every few months, a government cattle buyer comes to Kaabong, the administrative center of Dodoth, to buy any cull, any rack of bones that can walk to the auction. There is a tax in cash in Dodoth, and people must sell cattle to pay it. There is also a serious need to reduce overgrazing. For the Dodoth, however, cattle are not items to be bought and sold, or beasts to be slaughtered. Dr. Neville Dyson-Hudson, an anthropologist who has studied the related Karamojong, says of these pastoralists that to ask a man to cull his herd is like asking a man of the West to destroy the dirty dollar bills in his pockets, for cattle do not represent wealth, they *are* wealth. For the Dodoth, cattle are the warp of life. They are the only wealth, the foundation of economic and social stability, the origin of all human ties. If drought comes, if the gardens and the grain crops fail, cattle provide food. Cows give milk. This is drunk daily, and churned into butter, and curdled with cow's urine into a salty cheese. Oxen give their blood. A man wishing to bleed an ox tightens a cord around its neck until its eyes and veins are bulging. While his sons hold the ox by the tongue, tail, and horns, he shoots a blocked arrow into its bulging neck vein. Blood pours in a steaming arch and is caught in a basin. When there is a quart or two in the basin, the cord around the ox's neck is jerked away, the vein collapses, and as the bleeding stops, the sons let go of the ox and it runs off, shaking its head, and the blood is eaten. People drink the blood raw after squeezing it with their fingers to break the clots, or they cook it with green millet flour into a delicate, delicious pudding, as airy as a soufflé. Cowhides make sleeping mats and clothing. Cow dung makes flooring. Fresh cow urine, in its sterile stream, washes dirty hands or cleans utensils or softens leather or curdles milk for clabber or speeds the making of ghee. The first morsel a baby eats in his life is a drop of butter. From then on, he will be involved with cattle; every day and night of his life his nostrils will be filled with their sweet odor, his ears with their vibrant voices; to tend his herd will be his life's occupation; and when he dies, if he dies at home, his body may be wrapped in the hide of one of his oxen and buried in the soft earth of their pen.

If a cow or an ox dies, it is eaten. But no one would kill such a highly valued creature just for meat when it already gives milk or blood. No matter how small or poor a cow is, she can bear a calf yearly and increase the herd. Thus, while numbers of cattle are important, the condition of each cow is not. There is a government farm in Moroto, the administrative center of Karamoja District, of which Dodoth is a county, and on the farm are beautiful prize livestock—just a few, in pasture that is not overgrazed. But those who uphold the farm as a good example are regarded by pastoralists with the same superiority with which we regard a person who prefers a nickel to a dime because the nickel is larger. With cattle, men marry. The Dodoth are polygamous, and a man gives twenty or fifty or a hundred and fifty cattle for each wife, wanting to pay as much as he can instead of searching for a bargain, because he not only gains a woman to live with him and bear his children but also forms a strong and deep connection with her family, especially her father. When a man dies, his widows can become the wives of his brother, if they like, and usually they do, because cattle have been given to join the women to their husband's family. By exchanging cattle with friends, a man can gain supporters. When they marry, he contributes to their bridewealth, and when he marries, they contribute to his; in this


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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way an indestructible network involving friendship, marriage, and property is formed to last for the rest of his life.

Cattle are admired. Derogatory words on the order of "moo" do not exist in the Dodoth language, Ngadodotho. The sounds that people make in imitation of cattle are majestic, deep loud cries, exactly like cows' voices. And the songs that young men sing while dancing—songs about cattle—begin and end with muffled cries like those of bulls or oxen bellowing. Cattle are part of the Dodoth's religious life. During all important ceremonies, an ox or many oxen are speared as sacrifices. Cattle are part of the Dodoth's emotional, personal life. Every man owns a special ox, from which he takes one of his names, being called that ox's father. He burns stripes upon his ox's hide and beats its horns into extraordinary shapes with a stone. He ties a necklace around its neck and composes songs in its honor—songs that confide to it his fears or griefs or victories. In later life, at moments of danger or triumph, a man holds up his arms to represent his ox's horns, and during a battle he cries its name. After the battle, he slits its ears—one slit for each of his victims—so the ox will know that its owner has killed in its name, and will rejoice with him. "A bull is father of the herd," say the Dodoth, "but an ox encourages a man."

People hostile to the Dodoth live at their borders. These people—the Jie, numbering eighteen thousand, to the south, and the Turkana, numbering eighty-five thousand, to the east, occupying most of the northern parts of Kenya—are related to the Dodoth through the fact that the Jie also sprang from Karamoja as the result of a tribal fracture. The name *Jie* comes from "*ejie*"—to fight. The Turkana later rose peacefully from the Jie to form the fourth tribe of what is called the Karamojong Cluster, which has seven tribes in all. All the tribes of the Cluster own and value cattle; when drought and disease deplete the herds of one of these people, the people must have more. Even today there is raiding, the Karamojong and Dodoth against the Jie and Turkana, or any one of these people against some of the less closely related pastoral tribes unfortunate enough to live within a reasonable distance; thus battles are fought, crops and dwellings burned, and human lives risked and lost for the little lyre-horned cattle. Now and then, the *Times* carries an article about the raiding; one in 1962 concerned a raid mounted by a thousand Karamojong

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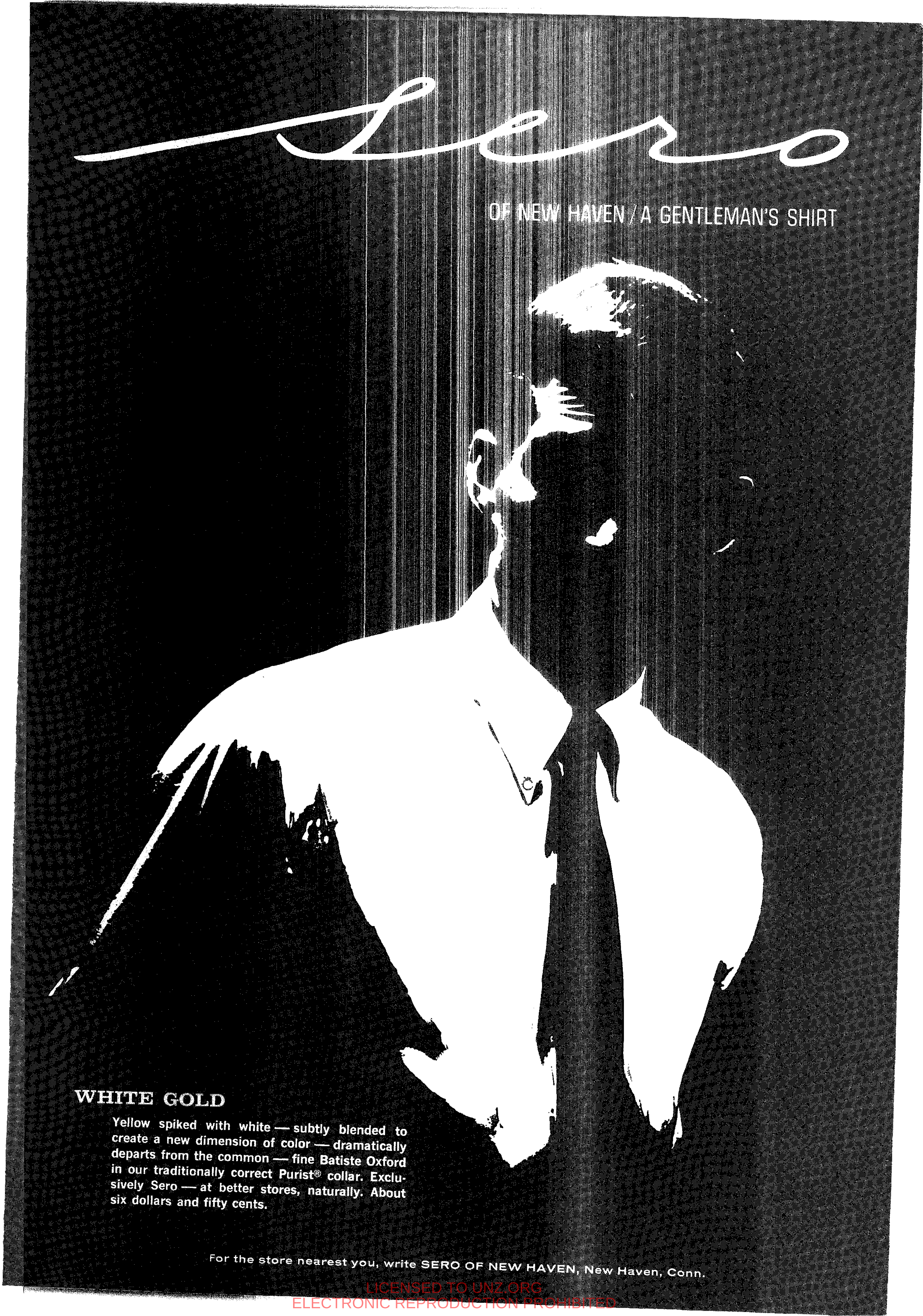
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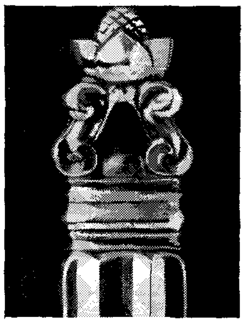

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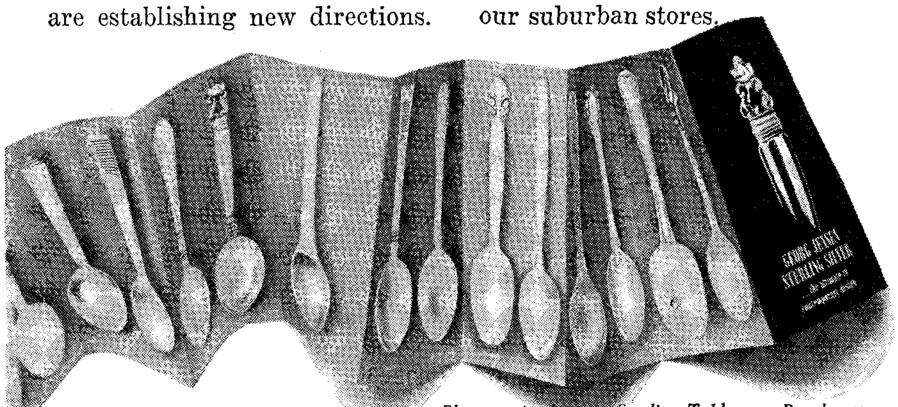

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against a neighboring people, the Suk. That there are only fifty-five thousand Karamojong in all shows the size of the army. More than a hundred people were killed during that raid, which lasted one full day. The government sends police and soldiers to stop the raiding, confiscates cattle as punishment for raiding, calls a curfew, and forbids the carrying of spears, but still raiding goes on.

Early in the summer of 1961, my husband and I went to Uganda in order to live with the Dodoth for six months or so. When we arrived, we were told by an African resident of Kampala, the Ugandan capital, that it was "risky in Dodoth for people with your color skin." This proved not to be so. Raiding is often misunderstood by the more sophisticated people of Uganda; the political complexities and the feeling against Europeans that sometimes affect the emergent state are not to be found in Dodoth. We had an eerie immunity from the pastoral wars, and came and went like birds of the air. Though we possessed vehicles and many other useful and ordinarily desirable things, all this was as nothing to the proud Dodoth pastoralists—nothing in comparison to cattle, and of these we had none. We lived on Morukore, in a camp we made in a grove of trees, with tents and a brush fence to keep the livestock out. It was a nice camp—some of its ruins may be there still—and its site was lovely, because Morukore is the highest hill for miles. A peak on a ridge, it is one of a chain of volcanic escarpment hills, all of them tumbled and rock-strewn, that stand five thousand feet above sea level near the eastern border of Dodoth. A few miles beyond the hills in the east, the high land falls so sharply as to be almost a precipice, dropping two thousand feet to the Rift Valley floor in Kenya. In western Dodoth, the country descends and becomes level, reaching fifty miles to Acholi over great grass plains. The hills begin rising in the south of Dodoth, almost at the Jie border, and, growing higher and wilder, extend eighty miles north into the corner of Dodoth formed by Kenya and the Sudan. Morukore is about fifty miles south of that. Standing on Morukore, one could look north and south along the chain of hills, and to the west one could see a narrow plain—a flat valley with acacia trees in it—and another chain of hills, with forests on their sides. From June to September, during the heaviest rains, small waterfalls showed here and there in the mountains, like white plumes amid the dark green, but in January and Feb-

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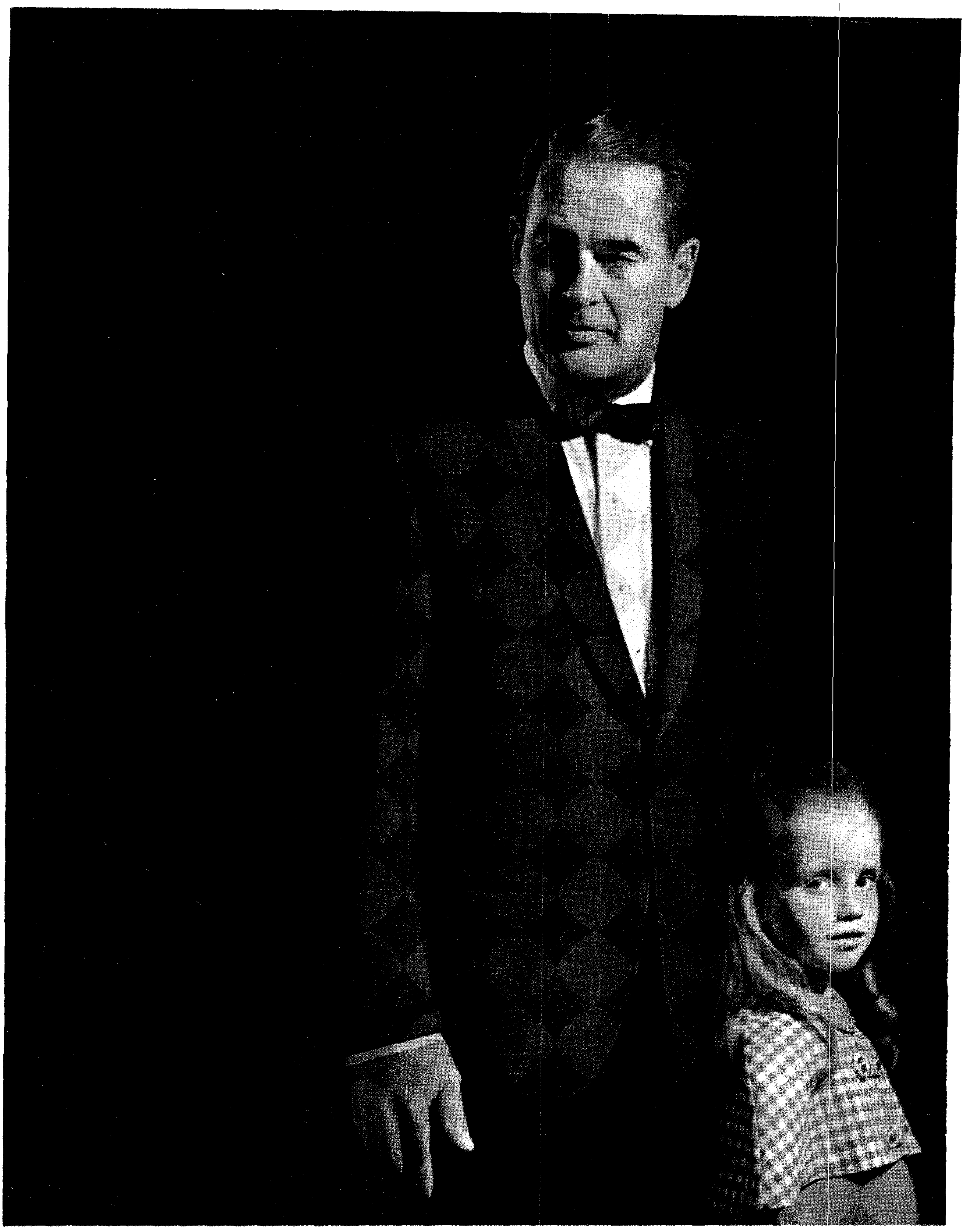

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ruary, during the drought, both the leaves and the waterfalls were gone, and the slopes were red. East of Morukore was a forest. It stretched for miles, over rolling land, to the edge of the escarpment. No one lived in the forest—at least, no Dodoth—but the Dodoth would graze their cattle in its green shade and water them in a river that wound there. In the dry season, when the river held nothing but sand, its bed served as a roadway for cattle, leading to a well the Dodoth had dug to a depth of twenty or thirty feet, where there was always water. During a heavy rain, the river would swell and boil in a brown torrent that broke the banks and drowned the roots of trees. Branches would trail in its current, wetting birds' nests that dangled from them. After the rain, the riverbed would be left damp and bare as the brown water went, by way of larger rivers and of swamps and lakes, to join the River Nile. The forest was a lovely place, still and wild. All day, in the hot season, doves called in its thickets, and hyenas slept in their holes in the dark earth.

Most of the Dodoth population gathers itself in the escarpment hills. The western plains, reaching to Acholi, are not inhabited but are partly reserved for grazing and partly overgrown with elephant grass so coarse and harsh that cattle cannot eat it. There is not enough wood on the plains for building, and besides that the Dodoth like to live with a view. The residential section in the hills is therefore long and thin, extending from a few miles north of the Jie border to perhaps twenty miles south of the Kenya-Sudan corner. The section is divided into districts, and these, in turn, are divided into neighborhoods. The Dodoth do not live in villages. Each household—each large family—occupies its own enormous dwelling, so self-sustaining, so independent as to seem almost autonomous. From the top of Morukore one could see more than thirty of these dwellings, some near, some very far away, standing like crowns on the ridges—like bristling rings, for the dwelling walls are made of heavy poles of uneven length thrust upright in the ground to form vast circles, the walls of the usual dwelling standing perhaps seven feet high and enclosing perhaps ten thousand square feet. These poles are densely wound with branches to form an impenetrable barricade several feet thick, the mass broken by cattle gates of horizontal poles and piled brush, and in several spots by a forked pole thrust, prongs

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The Imperial fetish for absolutes also applies to its upholstery. Where leather is used, it is the finest obtainable. Out of every 1000 hides considered, only 100 are judged acceptable. Then these are carefully scrutinized for wire and worm marks.

Each hide is chrome- and bark-tanned. Then, treated with Tahitian coconut and whale oils to make it unusually supple.

Rain reigns no more

The Imperial undergoes a 13-step rust-preventive treatment.

Some of the solutions are so potent, they actually strengthen the steel's immunity to corrosion by rearranging the molecular structure of its surface.

The special finish on each Imperial is six layers deep. The final coats of acrylic enamel retain their high gloss longer; resist scratches, nicks and abrasions better; and can be restored to original showroom luster by machine buffing.

In all, these greatly enhance the basic resale value of an Imperial, and make it equally desirable as a used automobile.

Impressive 0 to 60 m.p.h.

Imperial's 413 cu. in. V-8 is awesome. It not only delivers a full 470 ft. lbs. of torque, it is also the most efficient Imperial engine ever built. Tappet plungers are chrome-plated to better resist wear. Pistons and pins are assembled in matched sets for precise engine balance. A new camshaft design delivers improved acceleration.

In fact, Imperial has been timed repeatedly from 0 to 60 m.p.h. in approximately 12 seconds; a rather remarkable feat for an automobile weighing in excess of 5,000 pounds.

A penchant for engineering

Imperial's sterling performance is not limited to mere get-up-and-go. Its handling ease and general roadability are usually sufficient to leave automotive experts awestruck.

The suspension system employs torsion-bar front springing, synchronized with widely-spaced rear leaf springs. So, even at maximum turnpike speeds, Imperial effectively resists the strongest crosswinds.

Only Imperial among America's fine luxury automobiles has a hydraulic system to aid and abet the mechanical steering reaction. The result is a remarkably smooth and precise feel of the road.

Inspectors inspecting inspectors

Separate corps of inspectors subject Imperial to more than 1,650 quality-control evaluations in final assembly phases alone.

Then, at a special road-test and inspection center, another team conducts still further trial-runs and inspections before the car is approved.

Silence almost "eerie"

Imperial engineers use the new electronic techniques of acoustics engineering (detection of sound transmission through materials and metals) to appraise the uncanny silence of Imperial's performance.

As a result of this obsessive attention to detail, the 1965 Imperial is the quietest luxury car built in America, if not the world.

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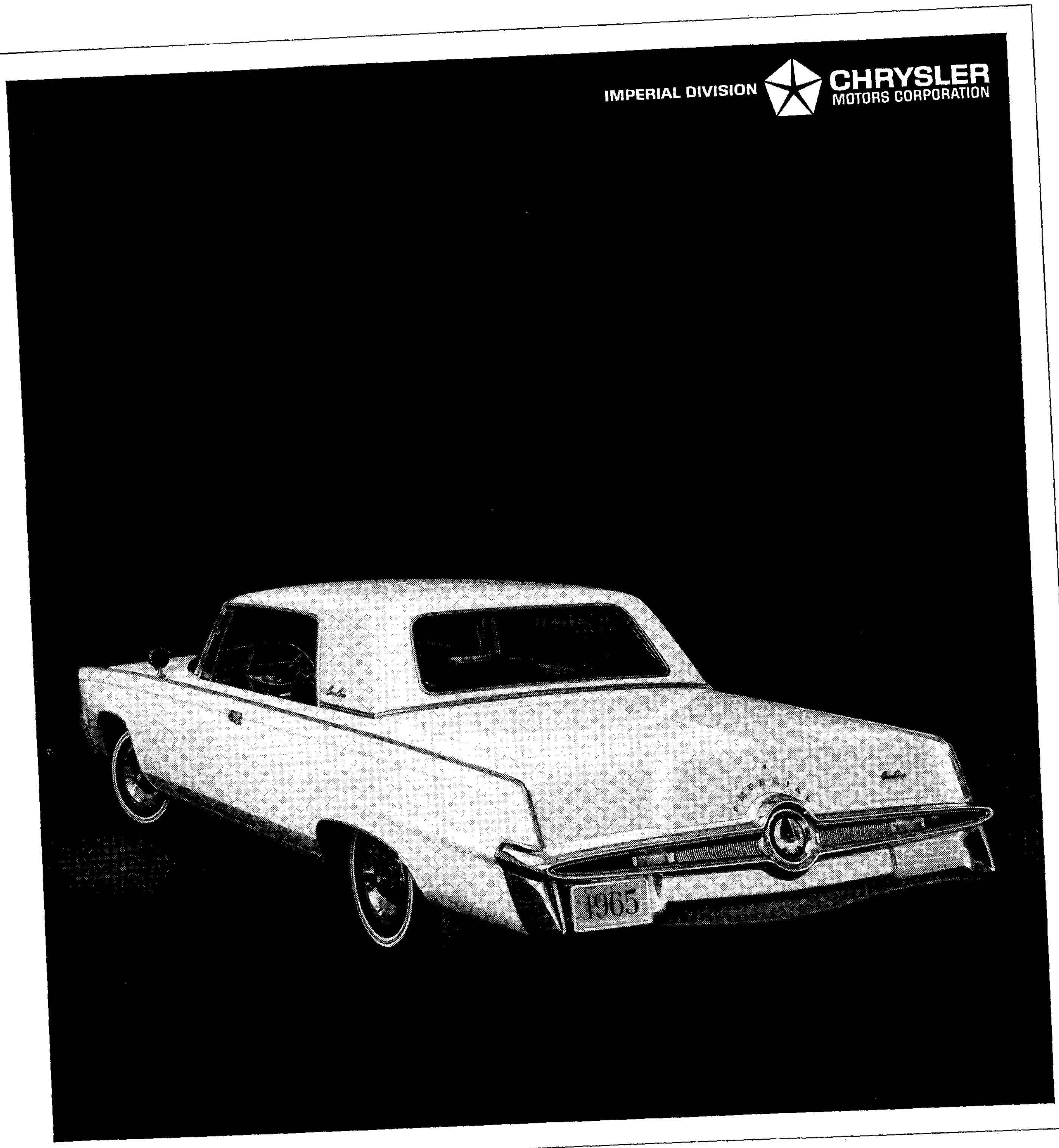
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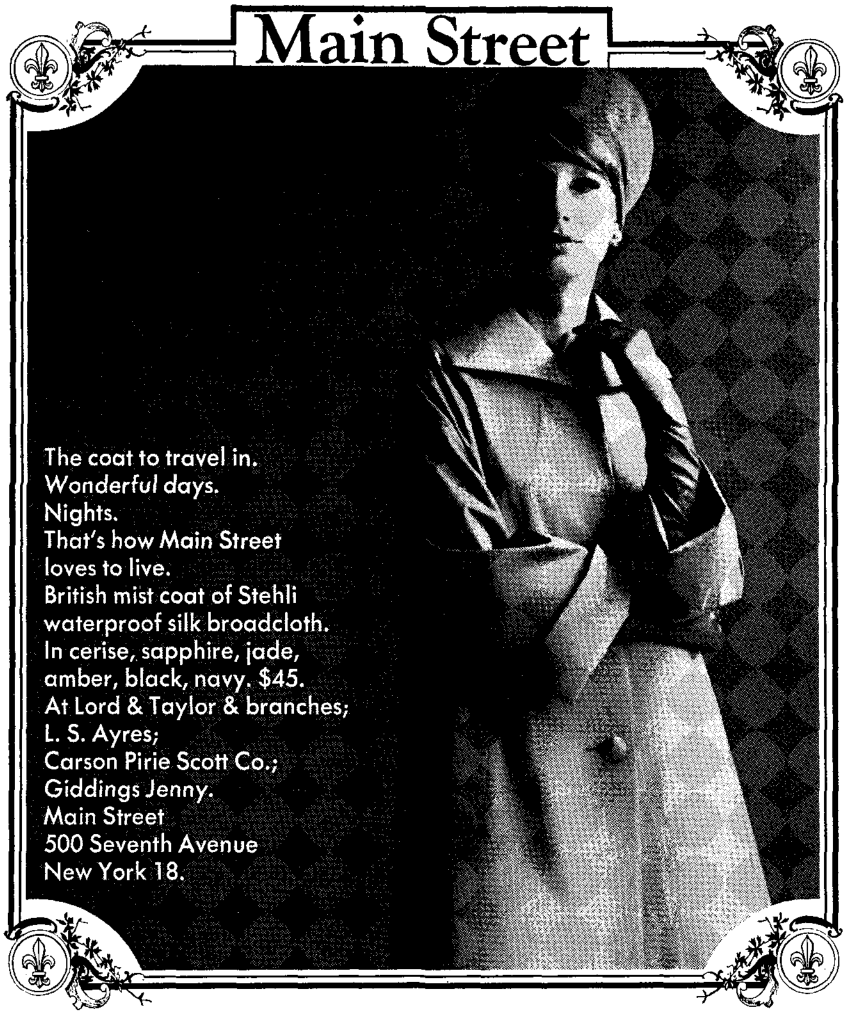

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down, into the earth to form a tiny door, so low and narrow that the broad-shouldered occupants must crawl and squeeze to enter. The low doorways keep the livestock out by day, as the heavy fences keep them in at night. But also each dwelling is a fort. Spears cannot penetrate the bristling walls, and a person wishing to enter a dwelling must enter alone on hands and knees, presenting the back of his neck.

One dwelling stood at the foot of Morukore, and from the top of the hill one could see inside, for the encircling ring was open to the sky. Though not exceptionally large, the dwelling was the home of forty people. Sturdy inner walls, delineating courtyards, divided its uphill half into pie-shaped sections, and in the courtyards the thatched roofs of houses clustered, so that, like a fortified village that had swollen inside its walls, the dwelling seemed crowded. The houses were round and were made of a hard, almost rainproof red plaster that had been dug from white-ant hills. The thatches, grass bundles sewn tightly to wooden frames, were tiered. There were no courts or houses in the downhill half. This was the cattle pen. It was empty during the day, while the cattle were grazing, but in the evening, all night, and just before dawn the cattle pen was crowded, too, with white and red and spotted backs. The cattle pen was divided from the area for people by a low rail fence, which in the very center forked into a circle to form a small round pen for calves—the heart of the house. The rail fence is called *arii*. The watershed of East Africa, which divides the rivers that feed the Nile from those that feed the Indian Ocean, is also called Arii, and so is the Milky Way.

Early in the morning, when the sky was cold and pale and the wind was rising, the heavy poles that closed the cattle gate would be moved away, and the cattle would emerge in procession, one or two at a time, until fifty of them stood outside. They were very small, and of all colors and combinations of colors: red-brown, black, white; dappled, brindle, and roan. The cattle had humps on their shoulders, the little bulls were humped like walruses, and bulls and cows alike bore the graceful lyre horns, like the horns of the little cattle depicted in Egyptian tombs—which may have been of the same species, having a zebu strain. With the cattle would come a family of tiny Isabella donkeys—a mother, a father, and a fuzzy long-eared colt—and always the herd was followed by its herdboys. They were naked little sons of the

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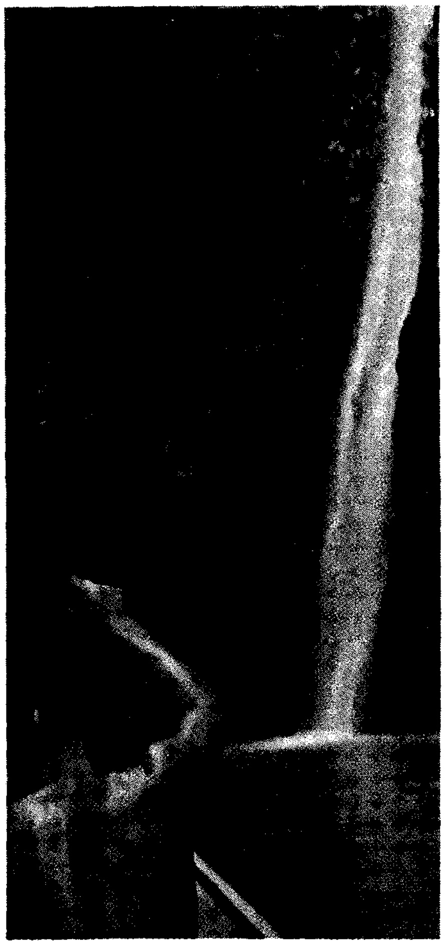

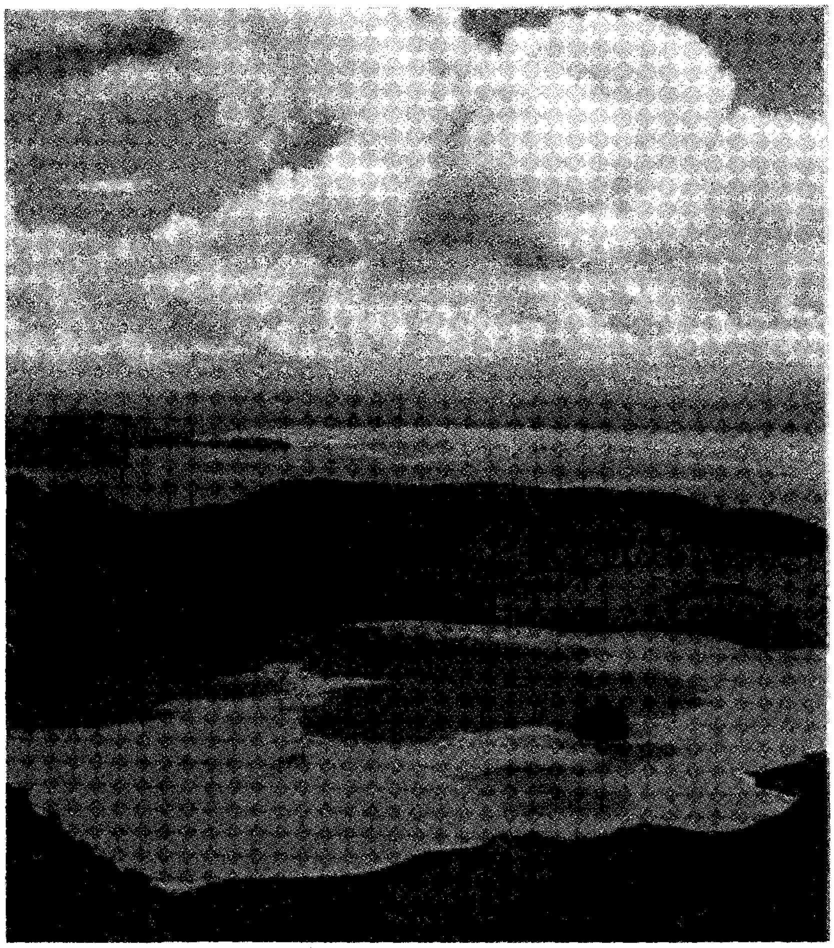

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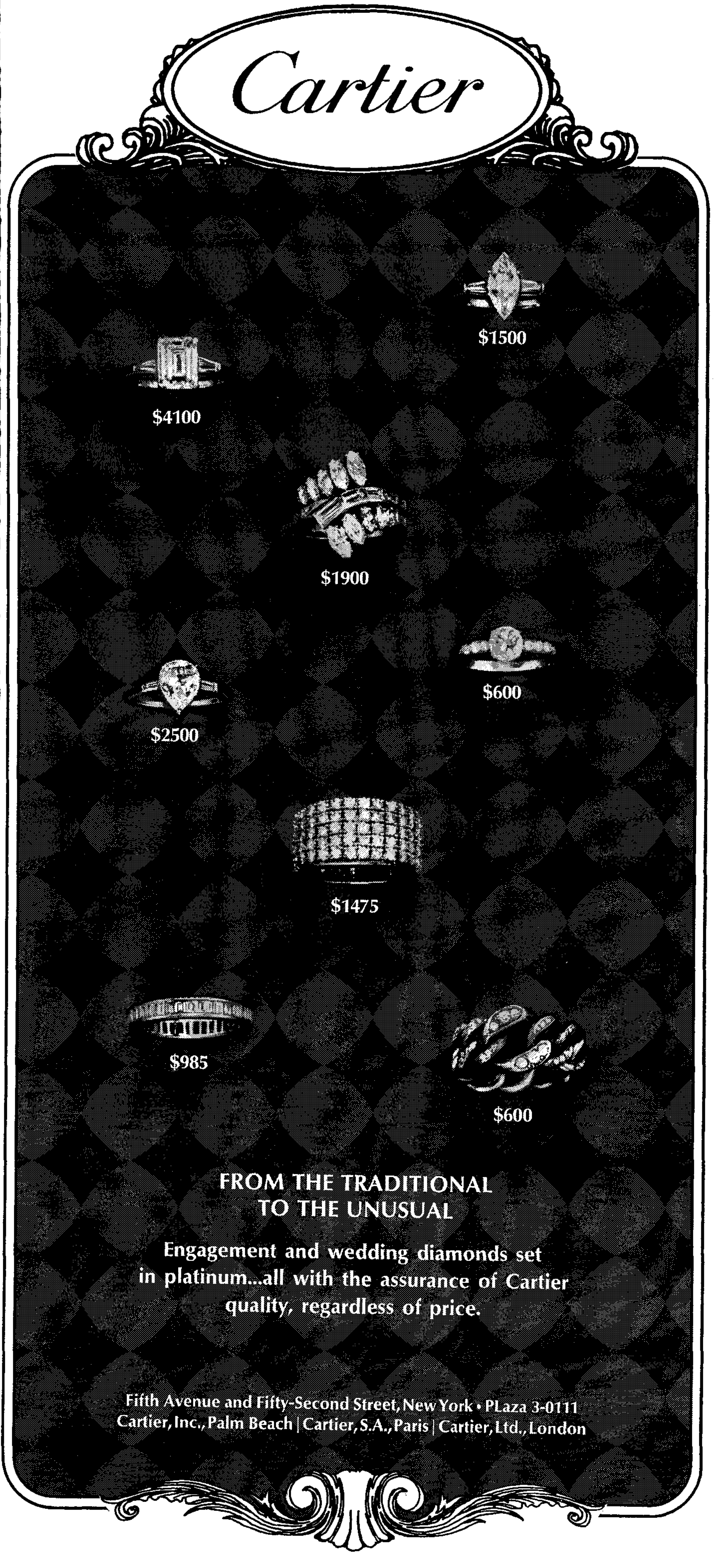
household, each carrying the smoldering end of a log, a remnant of his mother's nighttime fire. Warm smoke would blow back over the little boys to mix with the cold gray mist rising from the earth around them. They were like little boys in clouds. The boys would flourish sticks at the cattle, and the cattle would start their slow procession toward pasture, eating as they went. Their warm breath would be rising; the warm dung they dropped would make steam; and the little boys, their protectors, would follow the track they left in the dew-covered grass. To defend the cattle against wild creatures, the oldest boy carried a short, sharp spear. The cattle, perhaps following two little gray brindle cows, a mother and daughter, who often led the herd, would take a cattle road that went east to the forest or west past the round, cultivated fields and the valley below, out toward the open plain, where there were no fields or dwellings, only the blowing grass. It was a wide path, hard and dusty, trampled by many sharp feet. It wound between thornbush fences, with stiles instead of gates, that protected the fields, and past huge old trees with deep, round shadows, and through ravines, and it was crossed by footpaths, some leading from Morukore through the fields to other nearby dwellings, some leading across the plain to the far mountains, the paths being joined as they went by other footpaths, which you could follow to any settled part of Dodoth.

Later in the day, as their schedules required, the household's women, their many metal earrings chiming on their neck rings, and their leather skirts asway, would go to the fields to spend some hours gardening. There were nine industrious women in the house, who had many acres under cultivation and many different crops. They grew a type of corn that stands ten or fifteen feet high and bears huge ears with tough yellow kernels. They grew finger millet, which bears small, tender heads of grain, and bulrush millet, for all the world like huge cattails. They grew sorghum, whose stalks are sweet and wet, and can be eaten like sugar cane, and whose heads, large clusters of round kernels in beautiful combinations of red, orange, purple, and white, can be ground into flour. Among the grain crops, pumpkins grew, and gourds, and many types of beans and squashes. There is a great deal of work to be done to maintain a Dodoth household and to feed all its members. Little boys too young to tend cattle herd sheep and calves and goats around the ragged



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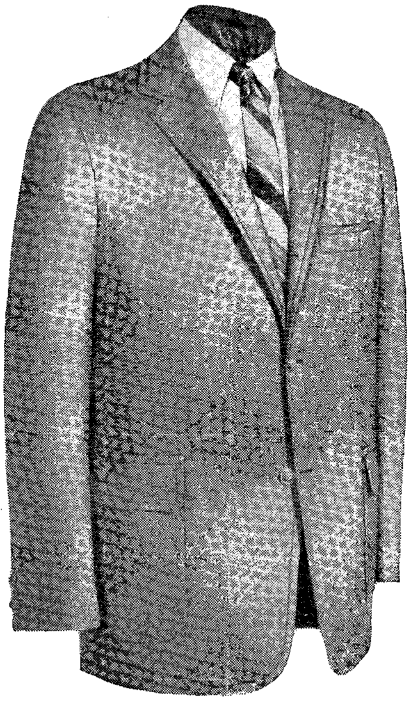

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walls of the dwelling. Little girls help their mothers with the digging, planting, hoeing, and weeding in the fields, and three-year-olds are not too young to chase birds out of the grain. So for most of the day the dwelling stood empty and quiet in the warm sun. Brown hawks balanced in the air above it, descending now and then for rats or lizards—each dwelling's unseen population; sometimes ravens flew from nearby hilltops to sit on the roofs and, if no one was at home, to drop to the hard earth floor of the courtyards and eat spilled grain.

But in the evening, when the low sun was casting shadows from the peaks of the hills, when the valleys were cold and blue, and the hawks and ravens had flown away, the women would come home, each with a load of firewood on her head, or a pumpkin, or a bowl of string beans or tomatoes for the evening meal; each woman would crawl through one of the dwelling's low doors, follow the maze of passageways to her courtyard, fling or set down her load as she entered, sweep the earth floor with a twig broom, and build her fire; and when the hungry little boys had driven home the cattle, each woman would send her children with clean gourds to milk those cattle that were assigned to her. Soon the gates would be closed, and stuffed tight with poles and branches; the cattle in the pen would bawl and crowd together; the goat pen would be filled and closed; and the many people would then eat and talk, each woman with her children in her own court, and through the straw roofs gray smoke would lift to the sky as the nighttime fires were kindled in the houses to keep the sleepers warm.

ALL this in the dwelling below Morukore—the house, with its crowded courts and rooftops, the women, the children, the cattle, calves, goats, sheep, and donkeys, the crops in the round fields, even the hills and trees around the dwelling—was the domain of a tall man named Lokwal Lopore. He had built the house, married four women, who bore him many children, found husbands for his daughters, named his grandchildren, and taken in two families of his wives' relatives, whom he now protected and fed from his herd. Lopore was a fierce old man. Though he was in his sixties, and had short iron-gray hair, his body was tall and muscular. Veins and sinews stood out on his arms, ribbed muscles showed on his belly. His arms and legs were long, and his strength

Progress.

The funny-looking box on the right is what station wagons looked like in 1920.

This one sat 12 people comfortably, had 11 huge windows, and walk-in doors.

The box shape held 174 cubic feet. (About twice as much as most modern wagons.)

And the wheel base was only 97 inches, so you could park it in small spots.

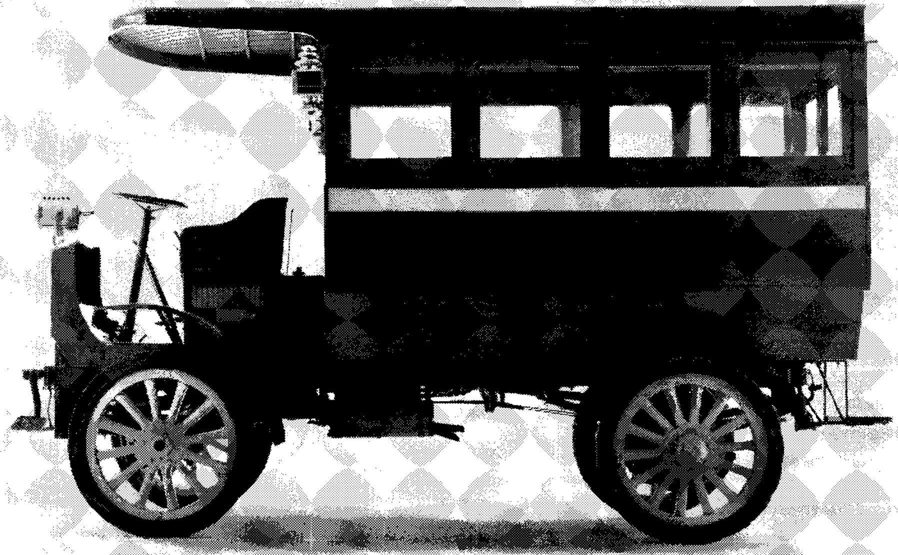
It was a sensible machine; too bad somebody didn't quit while they were ahead.

The object below is what station wagons look like today.

Most of them only hold about half the people and load of the old timer.

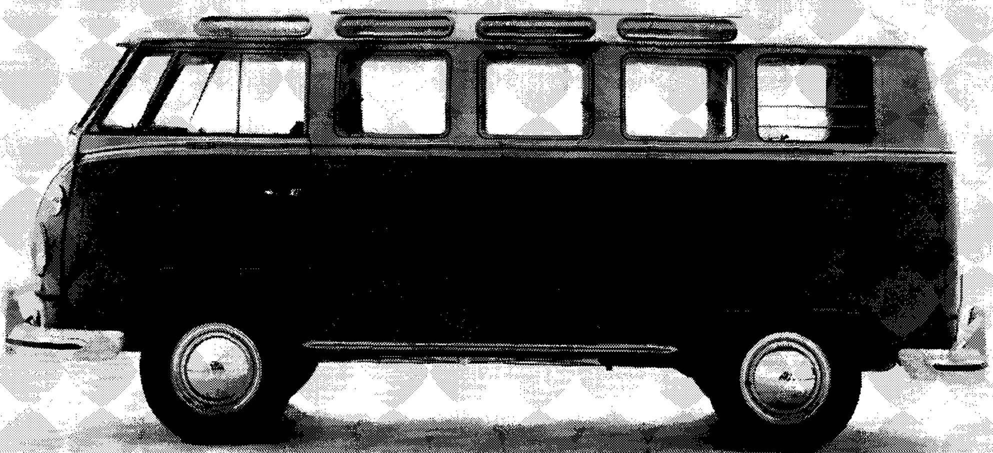
They take a lot of room to park, and a lot of gas to run.

But then you get lots of shiny chrome and sculptured lines to polish.



The first box held an even dozen.

They should've quit while they were ahead.



Where do you go from here?

The funny-looking box on the left is a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

It seats 9 people comfortably, has 21 windows, and 5 doors.

The box shape holds 170 cubic feet. (About twice the load of most regular wagons.)

And the wheel base is only 94.5 inches, so it parks in small spots.

We've improved everything on the Volkswagen from the engine to the turn signals.

But it still looks almost the same.

(Sometimes you make progress by *standing perfectly still.*)

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was obvious. He could walk sixty miles in a day, if he wanted to, or throw an ox down, if he wanted to doctor it, or throw a spear so that it flew with an eerie hum into the distance to stand up just where he had said it would, trembling in the ground. For a man of property, even in Dodoth, Lopore was austere. He often wore no more on his body than an amulet on a string around his neck, and the amulet's invisible enveloping charm—a spell against witches. He also wore a lip plug—a flat bone disc. Resistance to its weight for fifty years had made his face muscular and his mouth severe—a deceptive expression, for he was a person whose moods changed easily. If one of his grandchildren ran up behind him to take his finger, a great softness would come over his face as he smiled down. But his own sons feared him. If one of the younger sons lost a calf or a goat during the day, Lopore might fly into a rage and beat the child; on the other hand, if his mood was milder, he might wait to hear the explanation, then excuse the child entirely and help him find the lost animal. Remembering their childhood, his grown sons respected him, his married daughters obeyed him. And, of his wives, two loved him and one adored him, but one no longer cared for him and today merely resided in his house.

Lopore spent a good deal of time at home. He would sit amid a pile of boulders near his dwelling. It was his *etem*—his sitting place. Every household has one, because each court or group of courts, each house, within the uphill portion of a dwelling's walls, is the place of a woman, while the lower portion is for cattle. The man who owns it all has no place inside, so he sits outside and oversees it. Lopore's *etem* was just above a small cliff dividing the hill's edge from the fields below. Like an eagle in his aerie, he watched his domain, seeing that no harm came to it and that everyone in it who ought to be was working. If he saw that his youngest wife had not gone to the river for water, he might come down from his rocks to catch her by the arm and scold her, and if he noticed that one of his little daughters, in the valley below, was playing when she should have been on the sod platform of her mother's field house throwing stones at birds, he would shout out such a loud scolding that the small girl in the distance would leap to her feet, climb quickly onto the platform, and fling so many pebbles into her mother's grain that birds would fly out in all directions.

Lopore liked the work of his dwell-

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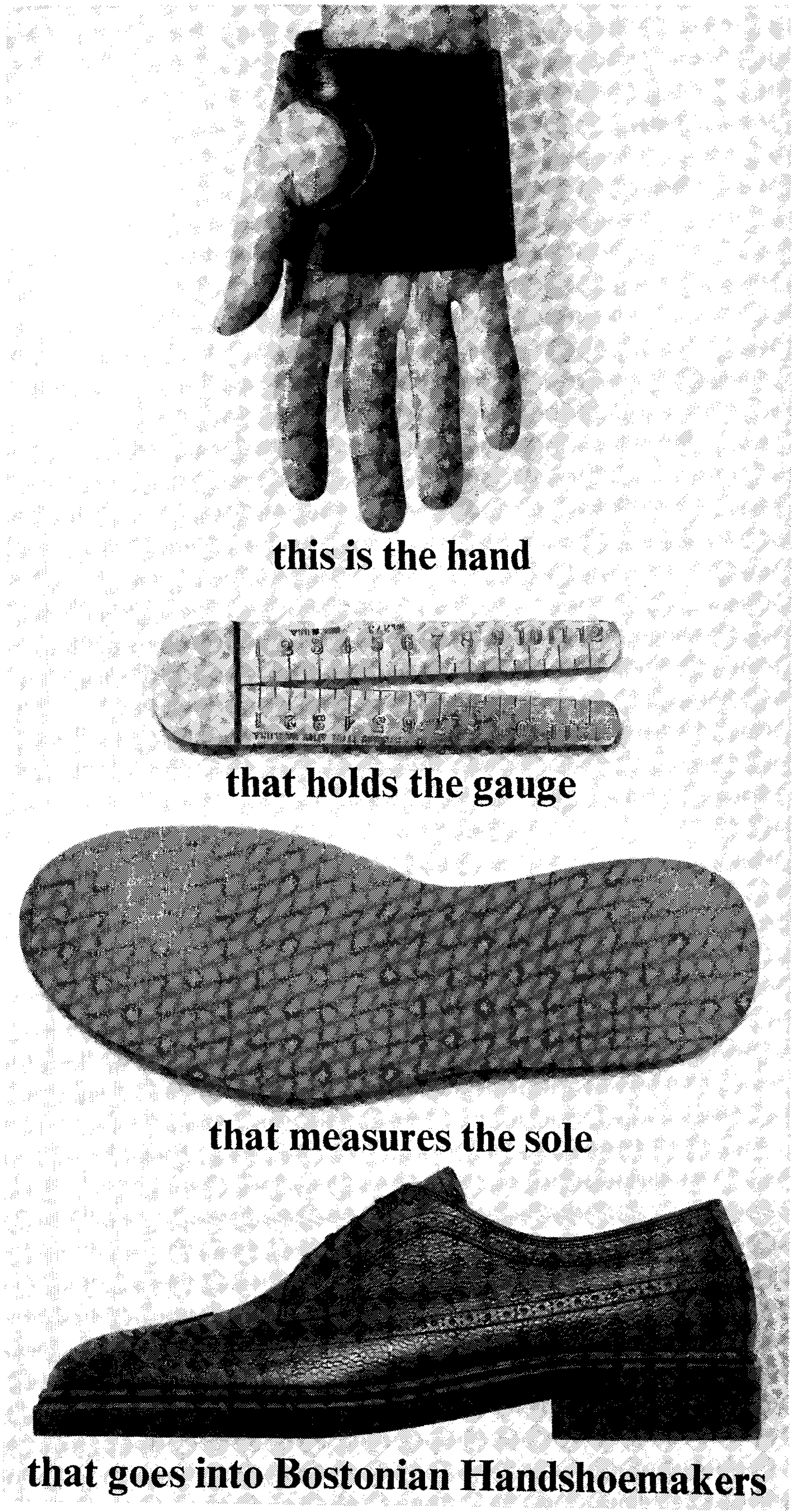
ing to be done well, but if he was harsh he was also passionately protective. He would, for instance, challenge any strange passerby in a rather insulting way, assuming, often wrongly, that the stranger was up to mischief. When the surprised stranger had humiliated himself by explaining his presence—he would have to explain or fight, for no one could ignore Lopore—Lopore would dismiss him with an impolite grunt and watch him out of sight. (By no means all Dodoth act this way.) In his protectiveness, Lopore could be frightening. One night, he rushed without hesitation into the darkness of his cattle pen, where he thought he heard a hyena, and, finding a leopard, clubbed it so heavily that he not only killed it but destroyed the skin—a mistake that angered him, because if the skin had not been so ragged he could have worn it himself. Another night, he again heard a noise outside his wall and, looking through a little space between the poles, he saw a strange man standing in the moonlight. The man fell to one knee, stood up, and fell again, and Lopore quietly unwound the branches of his door, crawled out, and, leaping on the stranger, killed him, too, beating and beating him with his club. The stranger cried out and begged him not to, but Lopore knew that the stranger was a witch who, with a heart filled with spite, was trying to kill one of Lopore's children, perhaps, or some of his cattle—surely some creature or person of his house. A witch comes riding on the back of a hyena, and, when he is near the dwelling, dismounts and begins to encircle the walls. People who have seen a witch at his encircling describe the motion as stumbling and rolling, like a dog playing. The witch, they say, moves up and down in a halting, tumbling manner until he has cast his spell. Then he goes away.

The Dodoth bury only some of their dead. Most bodies are placed in the bushes. Lopore, in the morning, carried off the witch's corpse and threw it in the bushes, and before many nights had passed, the body disappeared. It was removed by other witches, Lopore said; he had found the long, splayed footprints of their mounts.

When we first met Lopore, he was trying a thief, whom he had caught robbing his field of a pumpkin. We, who that day were my husband and I and our interpreter, David Lotukei (we had driven out from Moroto), were looking for a place to camp. We were walking in the mist and rain that hung on Morukore—it was July, the rainy season—and searching for a flat



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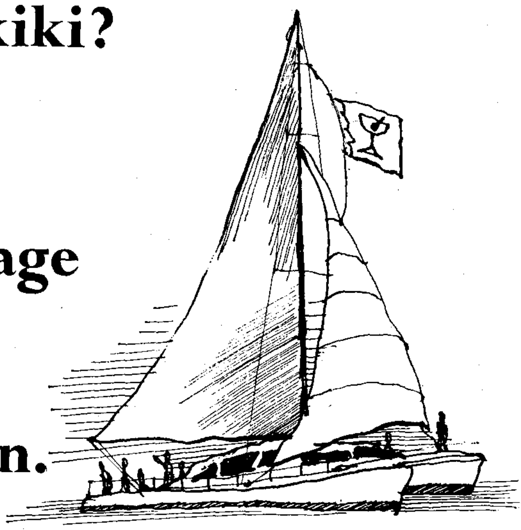

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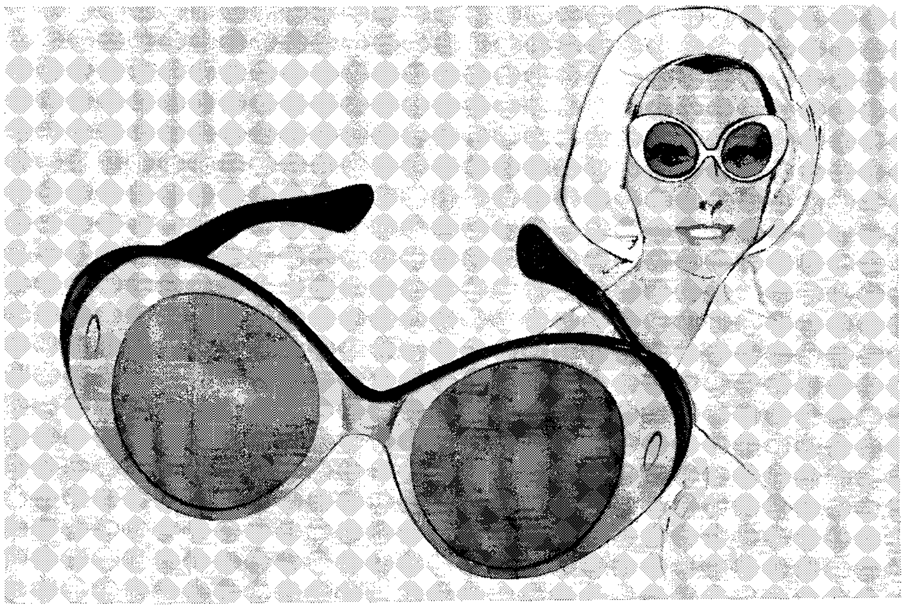

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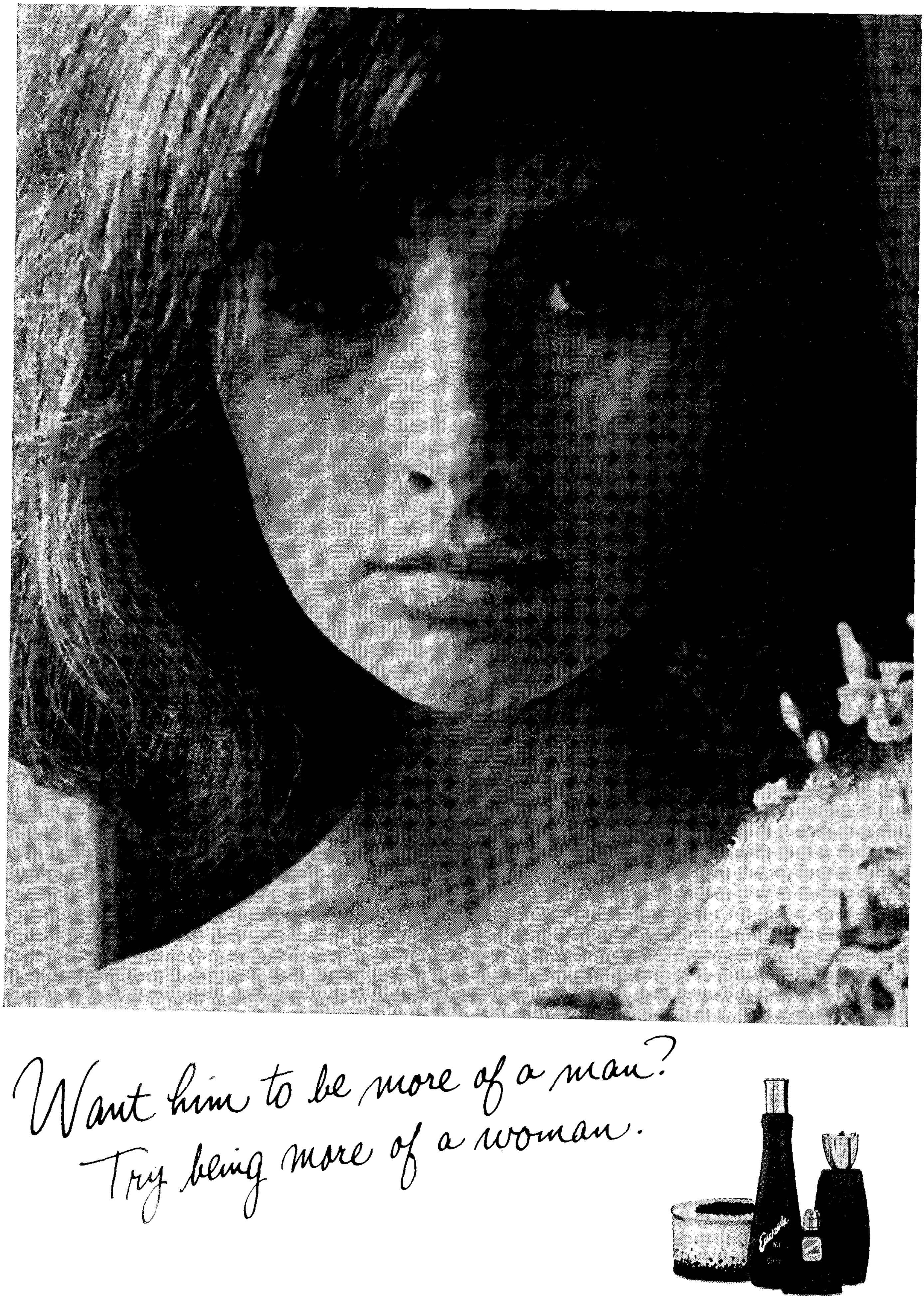
place where we could pitch our tents. Having found one in a grove of trees, we noticed a group of people gathered on the slope below, and went down to ask permission. The group was a large one, made up of men seated on Lopore's boulders, close together in a dark company. Their skins were wet, and their black cloth capes were clinging to their shoulders. Some of the men had removed their capes to fold over their headdresses, because rain would dissolve the clay and mat the feathers; one man wore a bowl upside down over his head. The bowl I took at first to be a helmet, for all the men were armed. They sat in a thicket of clubs and spears, and spear blades and knife blades shone in the gathering, dull gleams against the men's dark skin and clothing. In the midst of all this, a young Dodoth in European clothes was crouching on the ground. His face was composed and he seemed unconcerned, though his arms were bound behind his back so that his shoulders thrust forward awkwardly, and though a tall man who was speaking in a loud voice, slow and full of anger, stood above him with a club. These two were the thief and Lopore, and, of the two, the thief noticed us first. He seemed hopeful. Perhaps he thought we would intervene for him, since Europeans in Uganda are known for showing kindness in situations like this. But we did not think it was right to try to help him—to intercede on behalf of a thief against his judges—so when he looked at us we looked away. We stood uncertainly nearby, listening to what was said. The people were trying to decide whether to beat the thief right where he was or to take him to Kaabong, where the police, they thought, would beat him. It seemed unlikely that anyone would want to walk the man to Kaabong, almost twenty miles by road, when he could be punished where he was, and I think that our presence was what caused the indecision. Presently, Lopore left the trial to have a look at us. "You want to live here?" he said when we had told him why we were there. We said we did. He thought it over, and said, "Very well." Then he excused himself, saying he had a matter to attend to, and went back to his *etem*, in the rocks. We did not want to meddle, or to see the thief beaten, so we went up the hill.

We began to clear ground to pitch the tents, and near the end of the day we were visited by Lopore. He was so nice, so kind when he came to see us, bringing us a calabash of delicious fresh milk and seizing me by the wrist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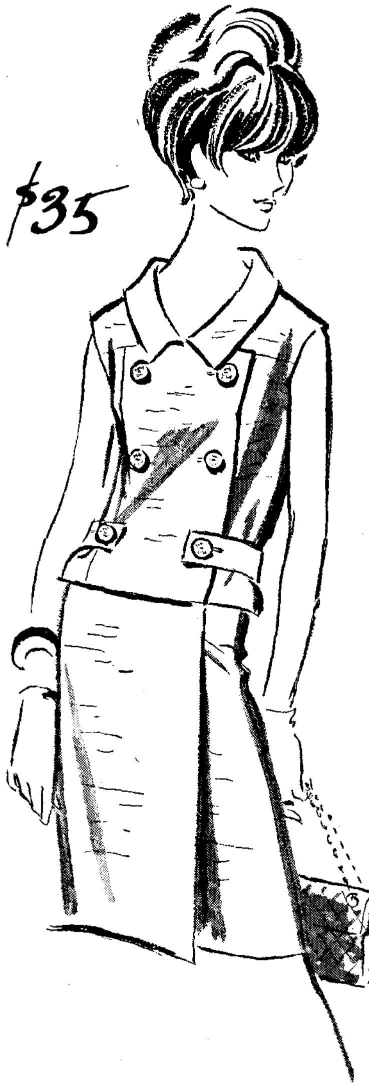

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to force my hand open so that he could give me a pinch of soft green powder, his burning snuff, that I was emboldened to ask what had happened to the thief. He seemed surprised. "The thief!" he said. "I helped him." Lopore had said to the gathering, "If he wants a pumpkin, let us give him a pumpkin," and, sending to the garden for another pumpkin, he had cut the young thief's bonds and, at spear point, had made him eat every bite of the other pumpkin raw before letting him run away. Lopore gave a hard, short, rather mirthless laugh as he told us this. We later found that he was an influential person not only in the neighborhood but in surrounding neighborhoods as well. He had a seemingly unlimited number of friends, who came in a steady stream to visit him. They came for hospitality, which he gave generously, but also because they liked his wit and valued his opinions. The Dodoth admire those among them who are forthright, positive, and sound.

MORUKORE is in the eastern section of the district of Lokoki. Lokoki is divided into two sections, the eastern and the western, neither of which has a name; people call themselves people of the east or people of the west. There are, to the best of my knowledge, five neighborhoods in the eastern section. The Morukore neighborhood is small and round, with a diameter of half a mile. When we were there, it had three dwellings in it besides Lopore's, and one cattle camp, which stood in the trees beyond the eastern slope of the hill. The camp, a large thornbush enclosure, contained just one small structure—a flat sod roof supported by four poles, like a woman's garden shelter. The camp belonged to a man named Remi, who had more cattle than he could keep at home, and it was one of several camps that Remi owned; he or a member of his household drove his herds to the Morukore camp only when he felt they would enjoy the grazing, and for most of the time the camp stood empty, with just the flies on the dung inside it and a thornbush as its gate. Remi was a man of forty who never wore a shred of clothing but whose headdress, of blue clay, was always beautifully kept. He occasionally visited us to ask for a stick of laundry bluing, which gave the clay its color. He was one of the few people in Dodoth who cared for European things. Once, he asked us for gasoline. Gasoline is used as medicine in this country, for the fumes relieve chest congestion by inducing coughing, and the hot, slick feeling as the gas goes down is thought of as a poultice. We were afraid to give any to Remi. Another time, he asked us the price of our specially made tents. We told him. "Not much," he said. "A few oxen would buy them." He asked us to sell them—for cash, not oxen, explaining that he would sell the few oxen when the government cattle buyer came to Kaabong. We had to refuse, though he made a good offer, and he was disappointed but not surprised. The tents, he said, would have been good for his calves, for the canvas floors would have prevented foot rot and the nylon screening would have kept out the flies. I was surprised; I had thought he wanted the tents for himself. But then why would he, since the Dodoth houses are snug and dry and spacious, cool in summer and much warmer than tents when a fire is kindled inside? Later, Remi asked to buy the tent cable and its toggle bolt, to help him train the horns of his ox in the shape of a valentine heart. We had to refuse him these, too.

Not counting some people who used Remi's camp, the population of Morukore was ninety-two when we arrived, ninety-three when we left, owing to the birth of a girl and a boy and the death of a very old lady. And, not counting the cattle at the camp, the livestock population was over five hundred, of which more than half were cattle. The rest were sheep and goats, whose milk is drunk by children. Donkeys are not included in the census, for they are not considered useful animals. They were not milked, because they kicked the milker. Once in a while, a donkey would be made to carry a burden, but never a person; though people sometimes ate their donkeys, only witches rode.

The richest man in Morukore—he owned more than half the cattle—was Lothimidik, whose dwelling stood on the northern slope of the hill. He was hardly more than thirty—very young to be so rich. No young man breaks away from his father's home before his father dies, but Lothimidik had no father. His father and his brother had been fiery warriors, who, it was said, had raided the Turkana often and had amassed a fortune in cattle. They had been killed while raiding, and gentle young Lothimidik had inherited the cattle and his brother's three wives as well. He had had a wife of his own, and a small herd, and had then suddenly found himself with four wives and an enormous herd. Since he had no

A young visitor chats with a Bahamian constable in Rawson Square, Nassau. Photograph by Roy Round.

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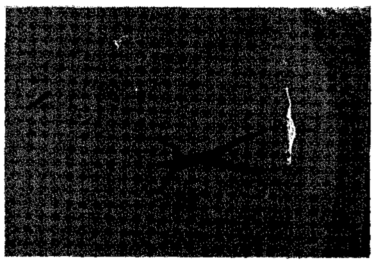

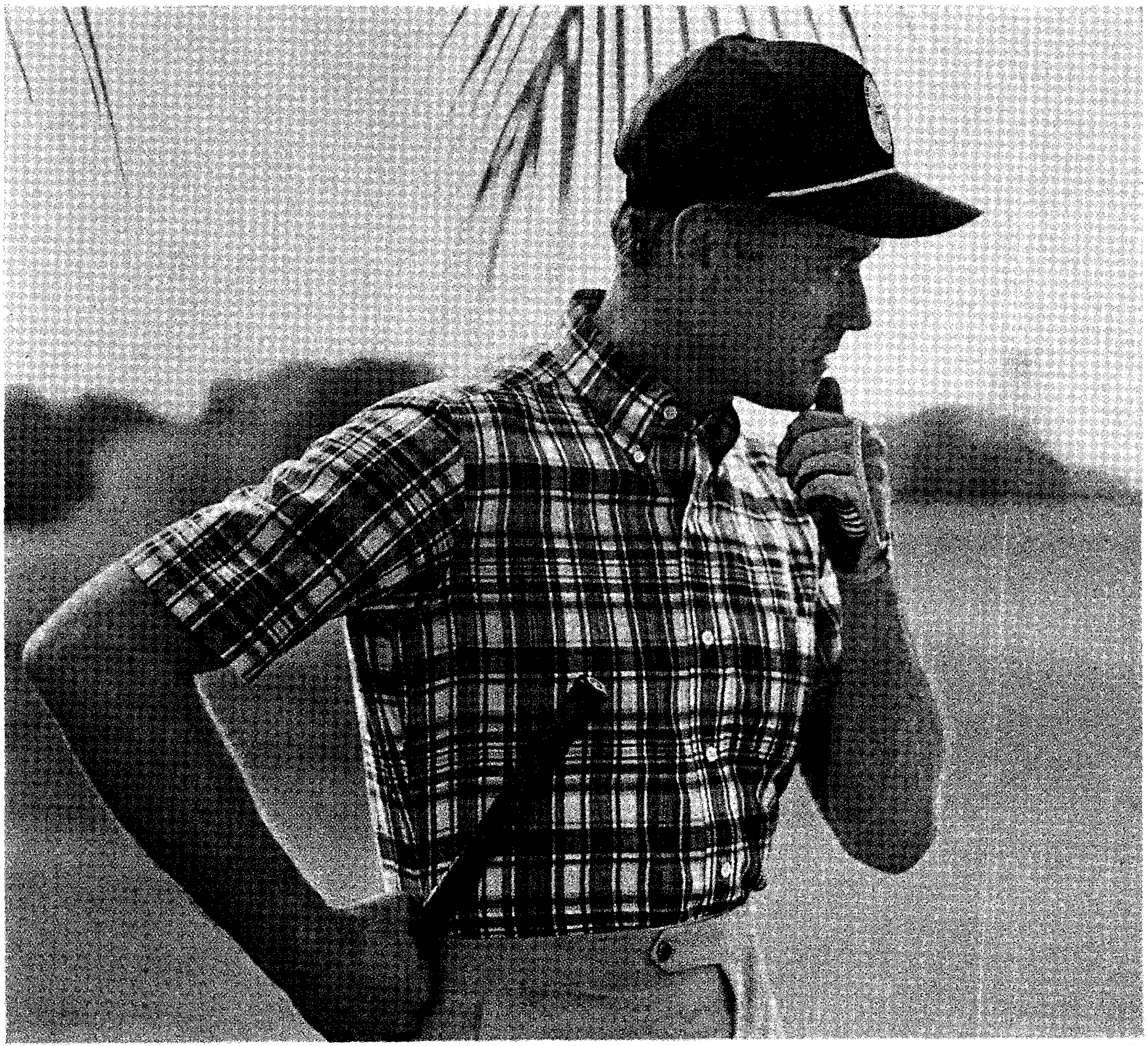

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children old enough to tend it, he lent some of his cattle to relatives and some to friends, and he spent his days walking here and there visiting his great herd's fragments, in order to hear the news of his cattle and to see how they were. He was so often away that we never really came to know him. Once, when he visited to bring us a gourd of milk, I mistook him for a householder's son and kept him waiting. Often, when we saw him, it was night and he was coming over the brow of the hill. He didn't leave the same cattle with any friend or relative for long but was always shifting them, and when we saw him at night he was usually driving a few of them before him. Lothimidik would look like a shadow in the moonlight, the cattle would look gray, and the tortoise-shell bells around their necks would knock and clack as they trotted home. Lothimidik was born far away, and had his connections elsewhere. Also, he was a young man in a land where age is respected above all. He wore an elaborate, old man's headdress, and when he had time he attended men's gatherings at *etems*, but when opinions were expressed his was not among them; he listened to his elders in silence. He had very little influence in the neighborhood.

The poorest house in Morukore belonged to a man named Mora, who lived south of the hill. There was no woman in his house, for his only wife, Iruata, had died. With him lived two grown sons and four young children, and only eight cattle, only three of which were milking cows. Mora was tall and thin, and was perhaps ten years younger than Lopore. His hair was dressed with sacred clay in which stood two tufts of rooster feathers, iridescent black and brown. He was a handsome man, and he carried himself proudly, but his cape, of brown cloth, was ragged and his ornaments were chipped and broken, and he was too poor to buy more. His dwelling consisted of but one court and a small, muddy cattle pen enclosed by a broken wall. It was a man's house, a bachelor's quarters, with used gourds and pumpkin rinds drawing flies in the corners, and piles of cinders here and there; Mora and his sons cooked wherever they wanted, and did not sweep afterward, so white ashes blew about. As gathering wood was woman's work, the men seldom did it and instead broke their firewood from their wall, which explained its raggedness. Mora had only one field, and, without a wife, he was the gardener. He had no talent for gardening—he strewed his seeds before the

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rains came, but he seldom hoed and never weeded—and mostly he tended his field by watching it from his *etem*. If a dove or a little blackbird from the forest flew into his crop, he would scrape up a handful of dirt and morosely fling it at the bird.

Mora's household was not a happy one. For most of the day, it was empty except for his two youngest children—a delicate three-year-old daughter, a quiet, large-eyed child who wore a necklace of green seeds, and her husky five-year-old brother, who wore nothing at all. The little girl was the boy's victim; they fought, and she was always bested, but their father couldn't do everything—he couldn't tend his cattle, watch his garden, go to gatherings at *etems*, and stay with his children, too. Each evening, he would cook their food for the next day, but they were too young to divide the food into several meals or divide it equally between them, so after breakfast they sometimes ate nothing else all day. Except for the little girl, the only womanly thing in the dwelling was the house of Mora's married daughter, a tightly thatched, neat little house under a pepper tree. But the married daughter, a very beautiful girl, rarely visited her father. Though after marriage, technically, a girl lives with her family until she has two children able to walk, this girl was the exception and seldom came back, so her house stood empty and very quiet. Flies buzzed inside it; little red peppers dropped to the thatch and rolled to the ground, and no one swept them away.

A woman was badly wanted. But, for the Dodoth, marriage and property are so deeply connected that Mora's poverty worked against his remarriage in many ways. He had no herd to give for a wife. He had few, if any, of the formal friends obtained by the exchange of stock—friends who might contribute to his bridewealth—for few men wanted to exchange stock with such a poor man. Because he had always been poor, and had had only one wife, he had only one family of in-laws; if he had had many families of in-laws, they might have contributed enough stock for him to remarry. Because of all this, he was not considered well connected, so his daughter was not a good match, and he had not received many cattle at her wedding. His poverty worked against everyone in the family. His two grown sons were also ready to marry, and had even less favorable prospects than Mora. In their frustration, they turned to petty crime, stealing useless objects from us, pumpkins from fields, and

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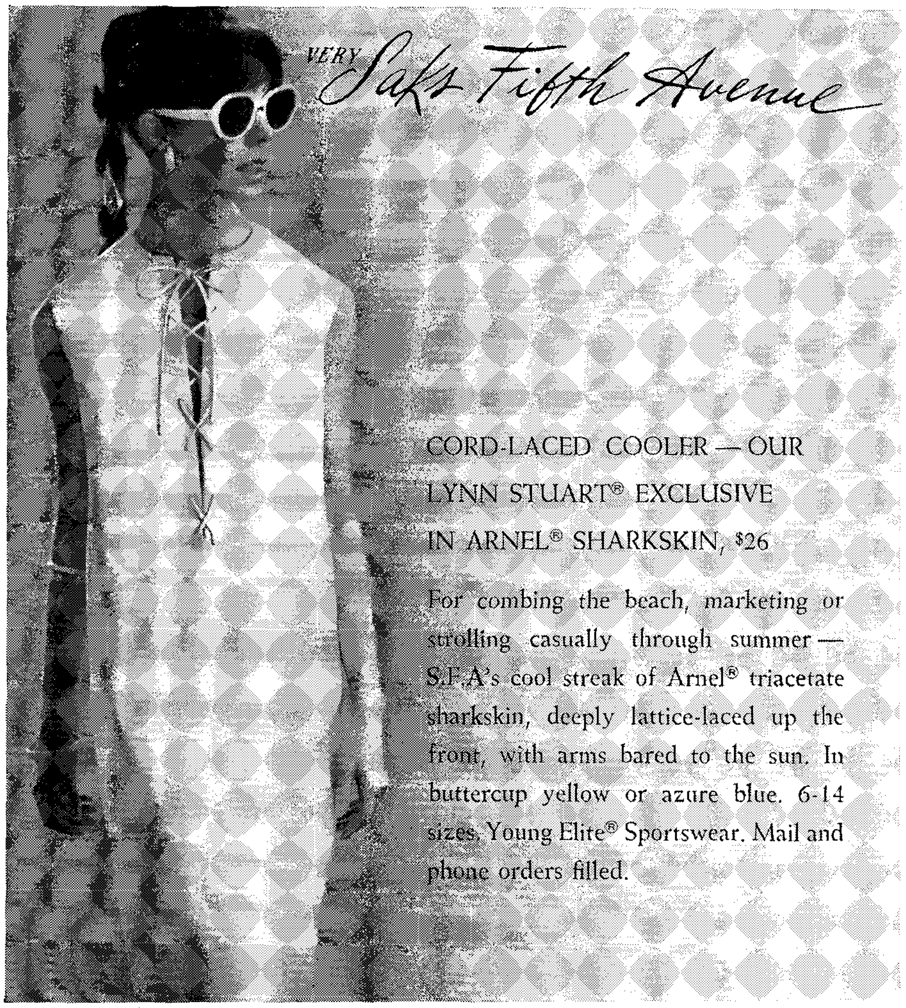
milk from cattle camps; the oldest was caught stealing milk from a camp and was beaten almost to death by the men of the camp. Being poor, Mora was not an influential person. The envy that the poor must feel toward the rich is feared, and other men seldom came to visit him. When he attended gatherings at other men's *etems*, he would sit quiet, listening to what was said, seldom speaking. Nevertheless, he bore his poverty well. Some poor men beg, but Mora never did. Some poor men become the retainers of rich men, but Mora preferred his independence. He was an experienced, thoughtful, wise person, and he had two very helpful friends. One of them was Lopore, and the other was the fourth householder of Morukore, a man named Uri, who lived on the top of the hill.

Uri was the central figure of the neighborhood. Mora's late wife, Iruata, had been his youngest sister, and one of Lopore's wives was Uri's sister Nabilo. Having lost his father at an early age, Uri had accepted the marriage cattle for his sisters in his father's place, thus forming the deep connection with Mora and Lopore that belongs to a father-in-law. Uri even looked like the central figure of the neighborhood when one saw him sitting, as he often did, on a rock on the top of the hill. Perhaps fifteen years older than Mora and five years older than Lopore, he was a short man with a slight frame and a wrinkled skin. He was a much respected person, and his name was known afar. Travellers would come to his house to spend the night, and once a group of Ugandan policemen, who are afraid of the Dodoth, had asked permission to bivouac in the corridor between his courtyards and his cattle pen. They would have felt safe there. Uri had been able to refuse them politely, saying he regretted having neither food nor space. Twice, he had been asked to intercede between the Dodoth and the government, but he had refused this request, too, saying he hadn't time. Uri's dwelling was gray with weather, but it was carefully tended, like an old mansion, and had many spacious courts and shady passageways within its walls. He had lived there a long time. His herd numbered about fifty head, and he had about twenty sheep and goats, and a small flock of chickens, which scratched in the weeds around his dwelling and at night slept in a basket-shaped chicken house atop a pole, twelve feet high, beside the cattle pen. Uri also kept bees—fifteen hives of them—though most men in Dodoth do not bother with bees. The hives—sections of hollow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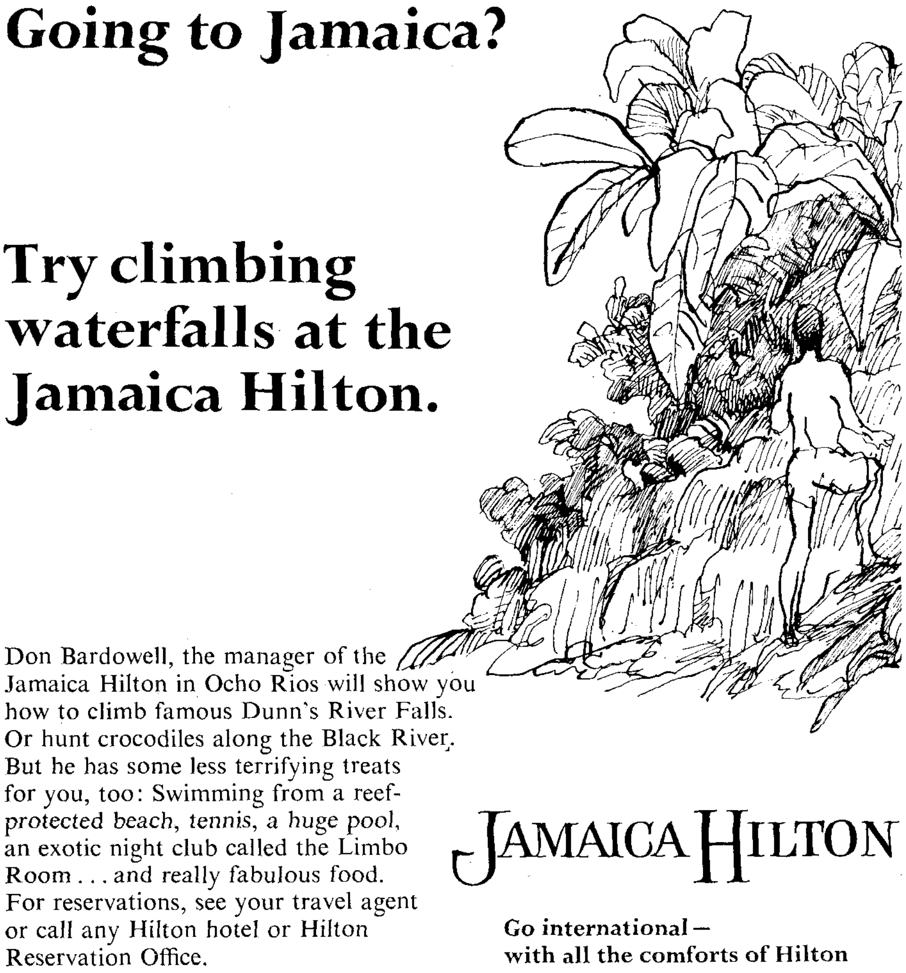
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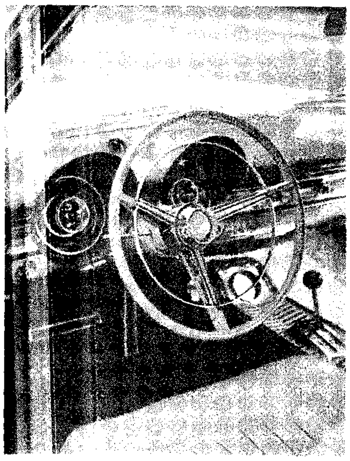

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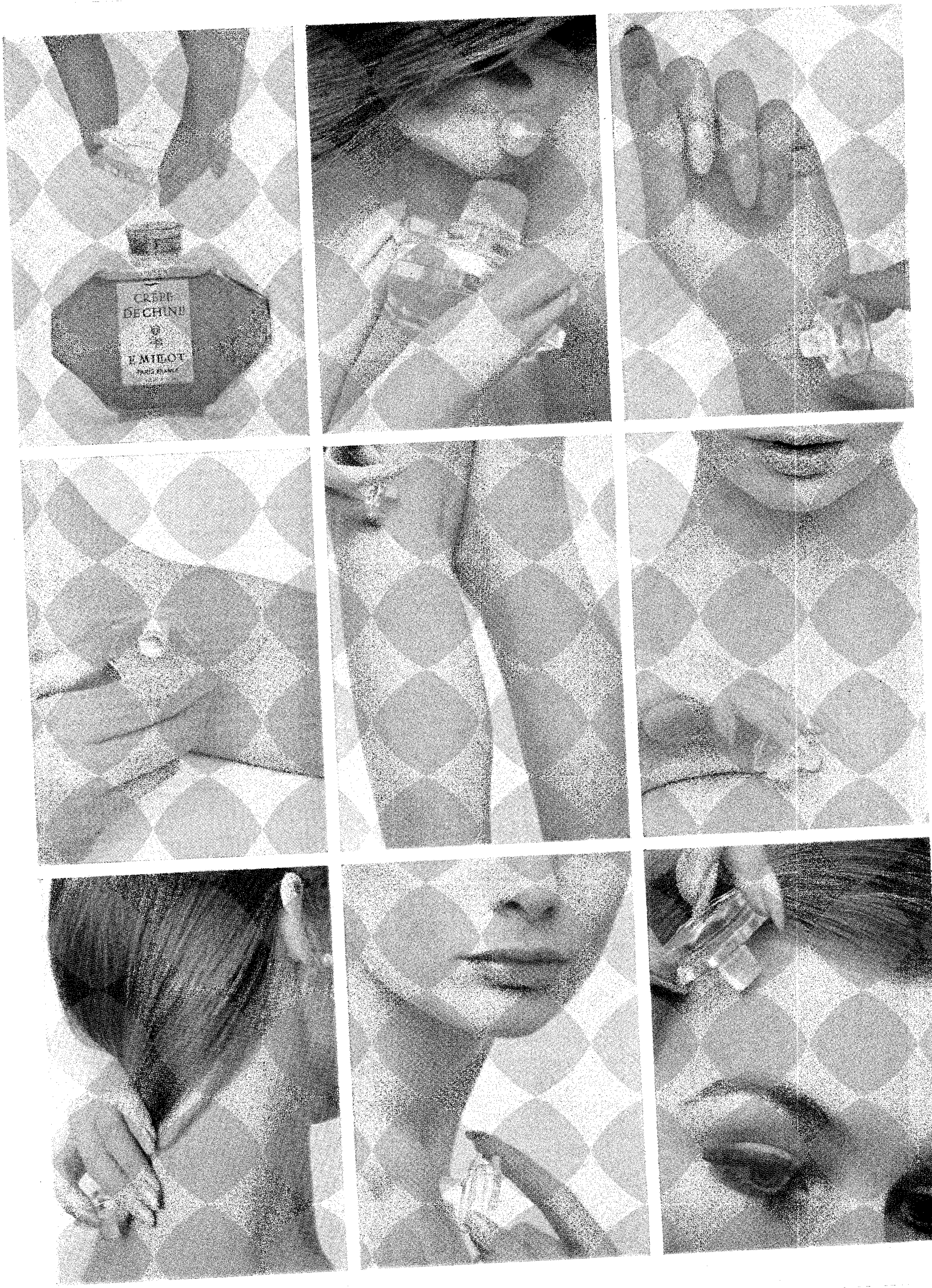
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logs—were chopped from bee trees in the forest and carried home to be set up in trees on top of Morukore. When the time came, Uri would take the honey. He also had a little white dog, who had two names—Ekori, for his pale-yellow spots, and Emuthugut, from the Swahili "*mzungu*," which means "European."

Uri had two wives, and their fields were large and productive. Their fences were well tended, and the stiles where the public paths crossed them were solid and high. The Dodoth have enormous baskets standing in their fields to hold harvested grain before it is threshed and winnowed. The baskets in Uri's fields were roofed with thick thatch. Most people did not roof their storage baskets, because it usually doesn't rain during the time the unthreshed crops are stored in them. However, it does sometimes rain then, and when it did, the grain in the unthatched baskets of Uri's neighbors rotted but Uri's harvest was dry. Uri also went to unusual pains to protect the crops as they were growing. It was his custom to get up long before sunrise and climb to the very top of the hill, where he would sit with his pair of spears propped against one shoulder. As the stars disappeared and gray light showed in the east, Uri would see his gardens come slowly into view and would take by surprise any marauder—a thief, a wild pig, a monkey—that the gathering light would reveal there.

There was a mystery about Uri. He had as one of his names a name unlike that of other Dodoth, as far as I know. It implied that its owner had killed a dangerous animal, such as a buffalo or an elephant. The Dodoth are not a hunting people. Though they speak of hunting, they seldom do it, not only because they are uninterested in any beasts but cattle but also because the only wild animals that can live in the populous residential areas are small animals like dik-diks, or predators like leopards and hyenas, which, in the manner of city sparrows, can coexist with man. There is, however, a hunting people who live in the wild forest and in the mountains of the escarpment, where there is lots of game. These are the Teutho, who look like the Dodoth and dress somewhat like the Dodoth, but about whom very little is known. Only a few words of their language have been recorded; no one has studied their lives or customs, or visited them for long in their mountain or forest homes. The Teutho may have occupied Morukore and the land around it before the Dodoth came. If they did, they

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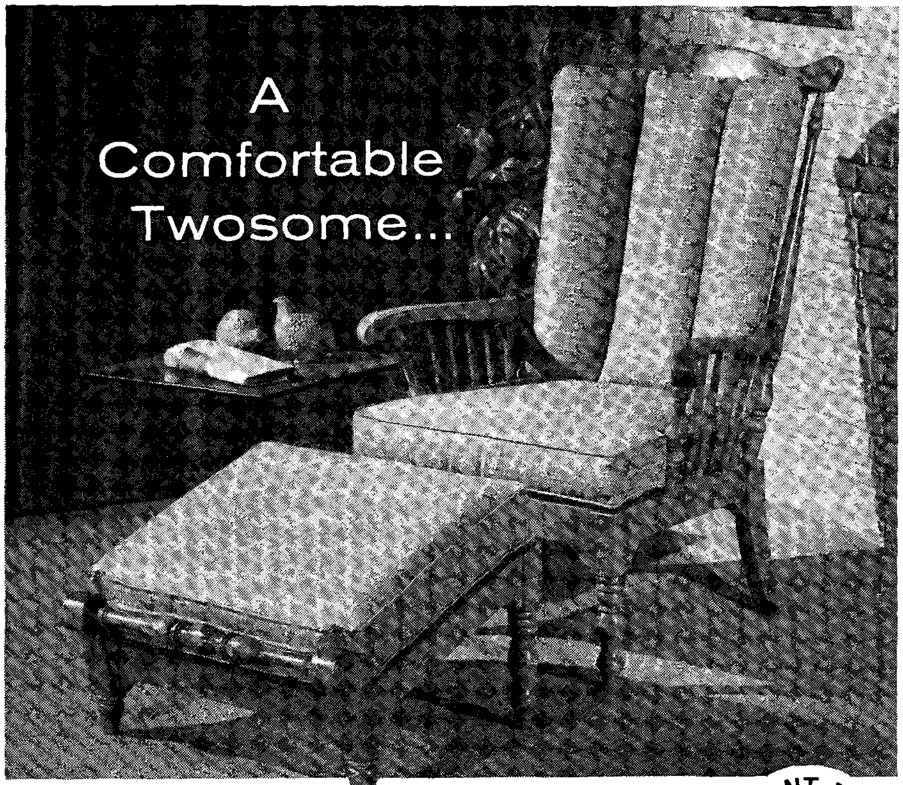

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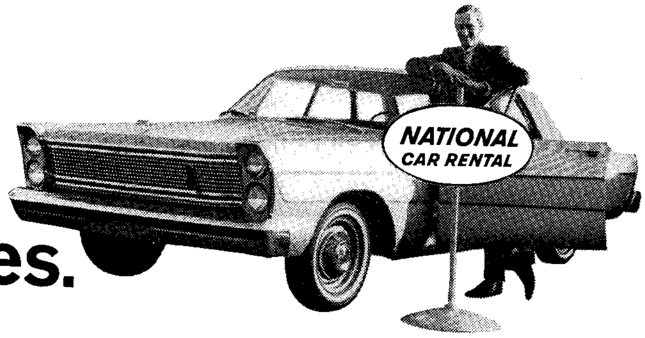
yielded space to the pastoral warriors, and today they live in wild places where no one else will go. They are famous as hunters, famous as magicians, and famous for keeping bees. And they are a people who have honorary names for hunting. I sometimes wondered if Uri was one of them. In a way, it seemed unlikely; Dodoth families do not marry into Teutho families, because the Teutho have no cattle. But the Teutho do have goats, and they gather wild food, and Uri once mentioned vaguely that his father had had goats but no cattle and that, at least for a time, he himself had lived by gathering berries and roots.

When we knew Uri, however, he was a Dodoth. His two wives, now elderly ladies, were well connected, and he had given a hundred cattle for each one. As he guarded his lands and cattle, so he guarded his family. He helped Mora's sons, his nephews, out of many difficulties, and also, each year, when the dry season came and Mora found his garden's yield inadequate, Uri gave him grain. Uri brought up his own children carefully. They were all respectful and polite; his daughters' suitors were expected to converse with the elder people in the household before going to visit the girls, and his younger children were not allowed to loiter in Kaabong, picking up bad habits from the partly Westernized, detribalized youngsters who lived there. Uri had kept his second son at home to learn pastoralism. This young man, who was married, lived with his father, as most Dodoth men do, and he went to men's meetings, wore a black cape and a black feathered headdress, and considered himself a Dodoth. He was a serious, intelligent young man who was accumulating his own herd and his own formal friendships, which, until change should come to the country, would serve the family well. But, foreseeing the day when the Western world would change Dodoth, Uri had sent his eldest son to school. At the school, run by Catholic missionaries in Kaabong, the eldest son was given the name of Carlo and learned to read and write and to speak some English. He was Western in his outlook. He, too, was married, and he had become the keeper of a tiny store, one of six mud *dhukas* that stood beside the road at a place called Kalapata—a flat place, which is what the name means—perhaps five miles north of Morukore. He lived in the back of his store with his wife and child—a modern family. He was interested in Uganda's politics—in Uganda's political parties, and in

This is one tough cookie. She makes her husband rent cars from National to get S&H Green Stamps.



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Uganda's impending choice between allegiance to Russia and allegiance to the United States. He wore European clothes and referred to himself as an African. When change comes to Dodoth, Carlo will be able to help his family with the outside world.

Uri himself could read and write, having also studied briefly at a mission school. He seldom cared to, but sometimes, when I visited him on top of Morukore, where he sat, gaunt and naked under his *etem* tree, I would misunderstand or mispronounce something he told me, and then he would break a twig and scratch the word on the bare brown skin of his thigh, so I could read it. After a minute, he would lick his thumb and rub the letters out.

LOPORE was born in the house of an uncle who lived on the side of Mount Lotim. The peak of this mountain, rising across the valley in the west, can be seen from Morukore. In the evening, because the peak is high, its shadow falls over the other mountains near it, and on the valley floor. The slopes of Lotim are forested, and near the top are rocky cliffs where, in the rainy season, waterfalls shine. The uncle's dwelling was near the foot of the mountain's eastern slope, and, long ago, the morning sun warmed the courtyards where Lopore played. The people who lived in the house where Lopore was born were originally members of one court in another great house, which existed so long ago that no trace of it remains. It belonged to Lopore's grandfather. He was a rich old man and a well-known diviner, with a large herd and several wives, but today very few people remember his name. His house was a traditional Dodoth one, with each of his wives in her own section, and his family was a traditional Dodoth family, a patriarchy. The permanent members of such a house are a man and his wives, his brothers and his brothers' wives (but not his sisters), and his sons and their wives (but not his daughters). Men are the basis of families. Women marry in. While Lopore's grandfather lived, all his sons lived with him, and when they married, they brought their wives to his house. But when he died, his household fractured after the pattern of the Dodoth. Each set of full brothers—the sons of one wife—took their shares of inherited cattle and founded new dwellings, for a group of brothers is the nucleus of a new family.

Lopore's father, whose name was Botia, was his mother's youngest son,

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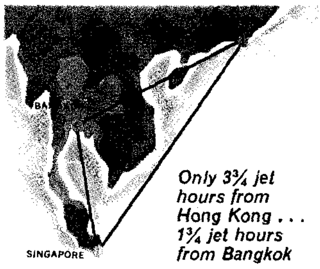
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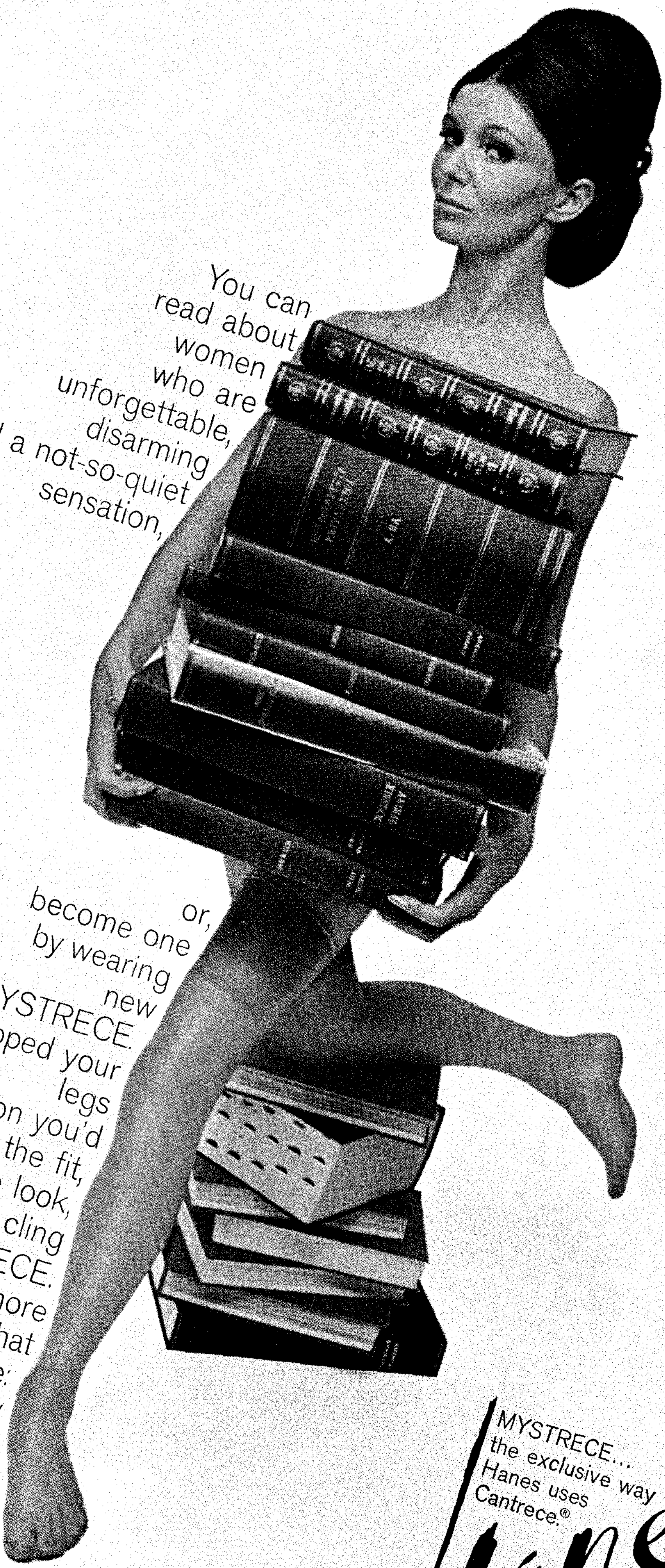

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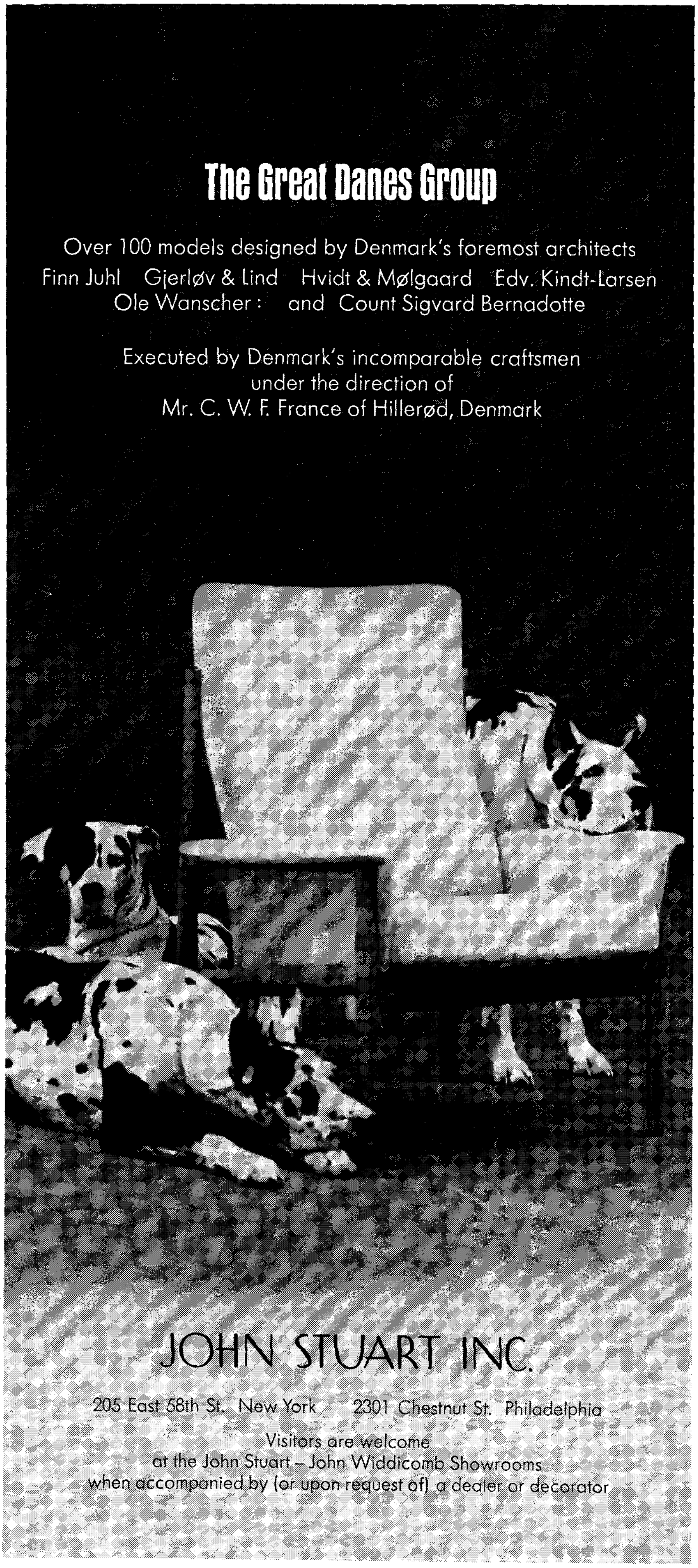
so he did not become head of the new household he belonged to but only of the section where his family lived. His elder brother became the householder. This man, as Lopore remembers him, had a small body but a very fierce nature, and never hesitated to fight with people larger than he was. As a middle-aged man, says Lopore, his uncle would beat men who would easily have beaten him if he had lacked his surprising temper and ferocity. Lopore, though he calls him a very bad man, remembers him with amusement and a certain pride. But Lopore also remembers that when his uncle died, many people were openly pleased to learn of it. Botia had one wife, one son, and two daughters, and rather few cattle—perhaps twenty when his fortunes waned, forty when he was richer—but his elder brother had a large herd, several wives, and many children, so Lopore grew up with the advantages of a wealthy, prosperous home. He called both men "Father" and all their wives "Mother"—a Dodoth custom that reflects the unity of brothers—and when, as a little boy, he tended the two men's calves, he tended the stock whose offspring were to be his inheritance. Lopore was given a little ox, which he named Longurakori, adding to his own names the name Apalongurakori—Father of Longurakori. He composed several proud songs about Longurakori as it ran with the calves, and when, on moonlit nights or in the afternoons, people were dancing, Lopore, thin and naked, would leap behind the grown-up dancers and sing his ox's songs.

If the grass died near Lotim when the hot, dry weather of December came, Lopore would accompany his father and uncle and the herds in search of better pasture. He went with his father to the far corners of Dodoth—up to the northern mountains by the Sudan border, and west toward Acholiland across the great grass plains. He watched the cattle as they grazed by day, and at night he slept with the cattle under the sky of his father's camp. In this way, he learned pastoralism. He learned the many details of veterinary knowledge, the names and value of the many kinds of grass, and how and where to find water in dry rivers, and, most important, he developed the sensitivity to pastoralism that Dodoth men must have. Faced with deciding which would benefit his cattle more, to stay in good pasture but spend most of the day making a long, debilitating march to water or to stay in poor pasture near the water, Lopore could,



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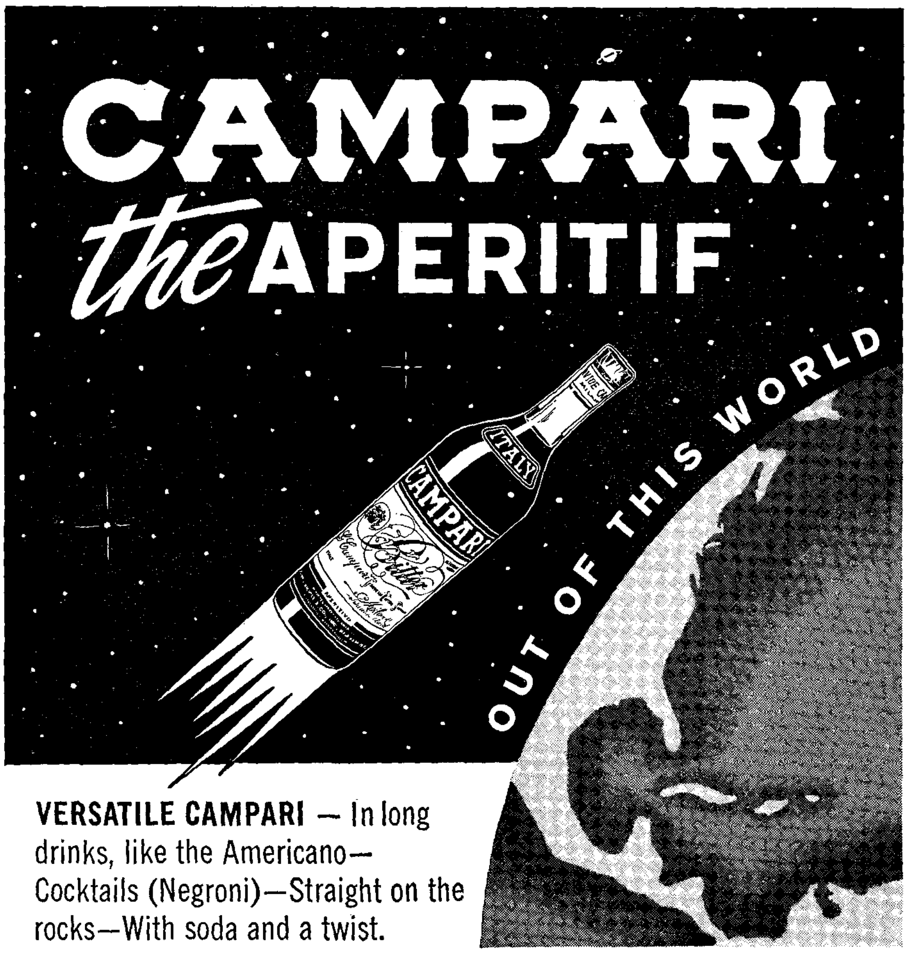

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as a grown man, consider the many factors involved, such as distances, the types of grass, and the competition from other herds in both the good and the poor pasture, and estimate the physical condition of his herd, and, far more likely than not, make the proper decision. Some men seem to have a talent for such decisions, while other men blunder. Lopore did well, for often, when the land was dry and the grass dying, the life of his herd and the well-being of his family depended upon his judgment. For the rest of his education, he watched the people of his house and his neighborhood and listened to the advice of his father, who told him, "If you don't have cattle, you won't be a person."

Lopore's mother advised him to respect old men and to "live with other people slowly."

His father said to him, "Don't mistreat old men, and fear old people," which Lopore feels today was good advice. He believes he has seen that those who mistreat old people die.

His mother said, "You must respect your fathers-in-law, and if you speak angry or bad words to them, God will hear you and kill you." She said, "If old men want something from you, kill them an ox. Or if children come to you, kill something for them. If people your own age come to you, give them something, and even if women come to you, give them something to eat."

His father said, "Take honey and milk to the old men, so they will pray for you."

This advice stayed with Lopore all his life. Once, when he was a boy of eleven or twelve, living in his father's camp, he noticed that his father seemed hungry. He asked, "What is it, Father? Are you hungry?"

"No," said his father.

"But may I kill a sheep for you?" asked Lopore.

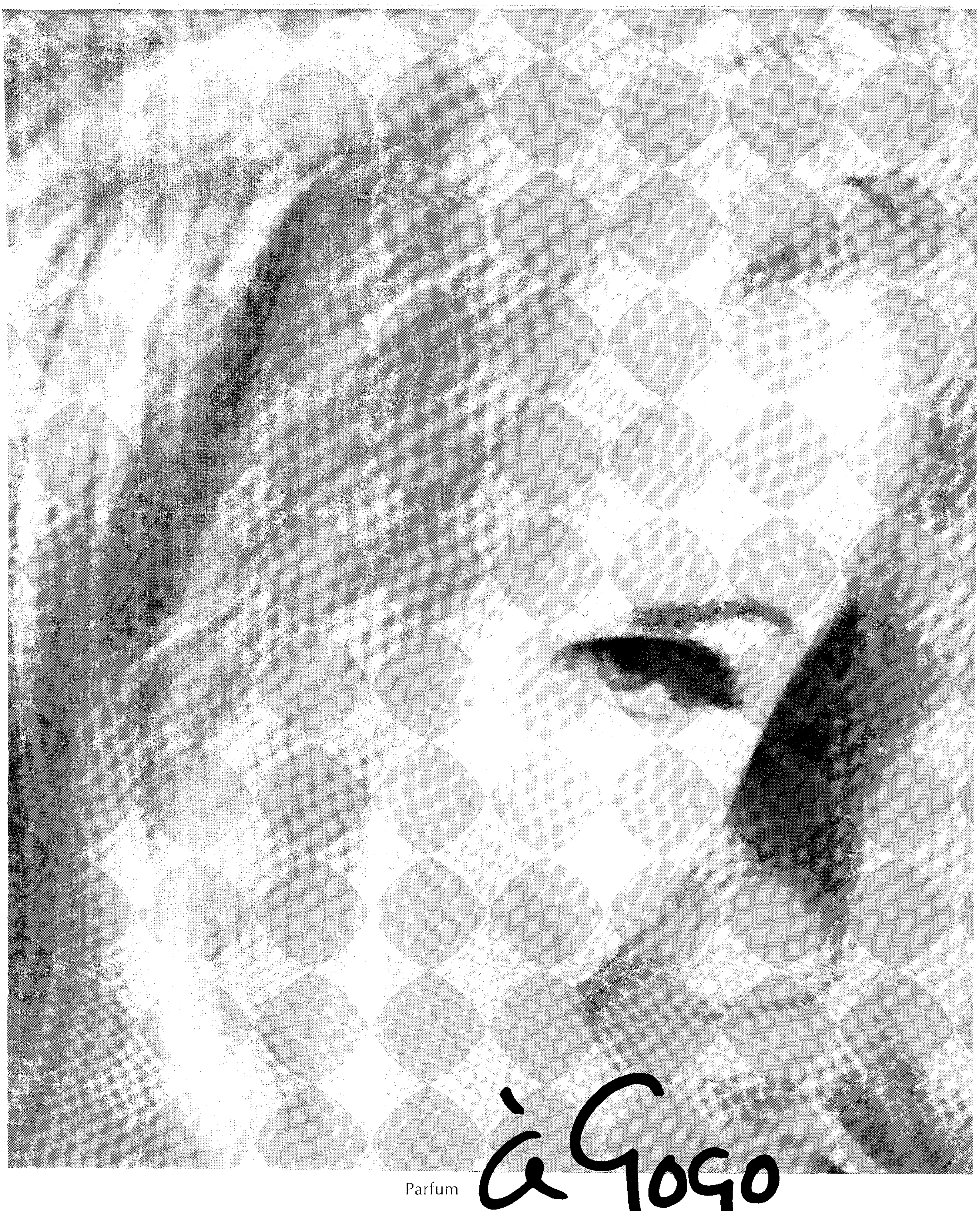
"Yes," said his father.

So Lopore killed a ram and gave it to his father, and when his father saw this, he asked, "Lopore, have you killed for me?"

Lopore answered, "Yes."

"Live," said his father. "Live, and if trouble comes, you will escape it, to live with your cattle and be happy."

When Lopore was fourteen, he was again at his father's camp, which nine other men and boys were sharing with them. One day, just at dawn, when the men were driving the cattle out of the thorn enclosure, a band of Turkana warriors ran from a nearby grove of trees and surrounded the camp. Lopore's father was speared to death be-



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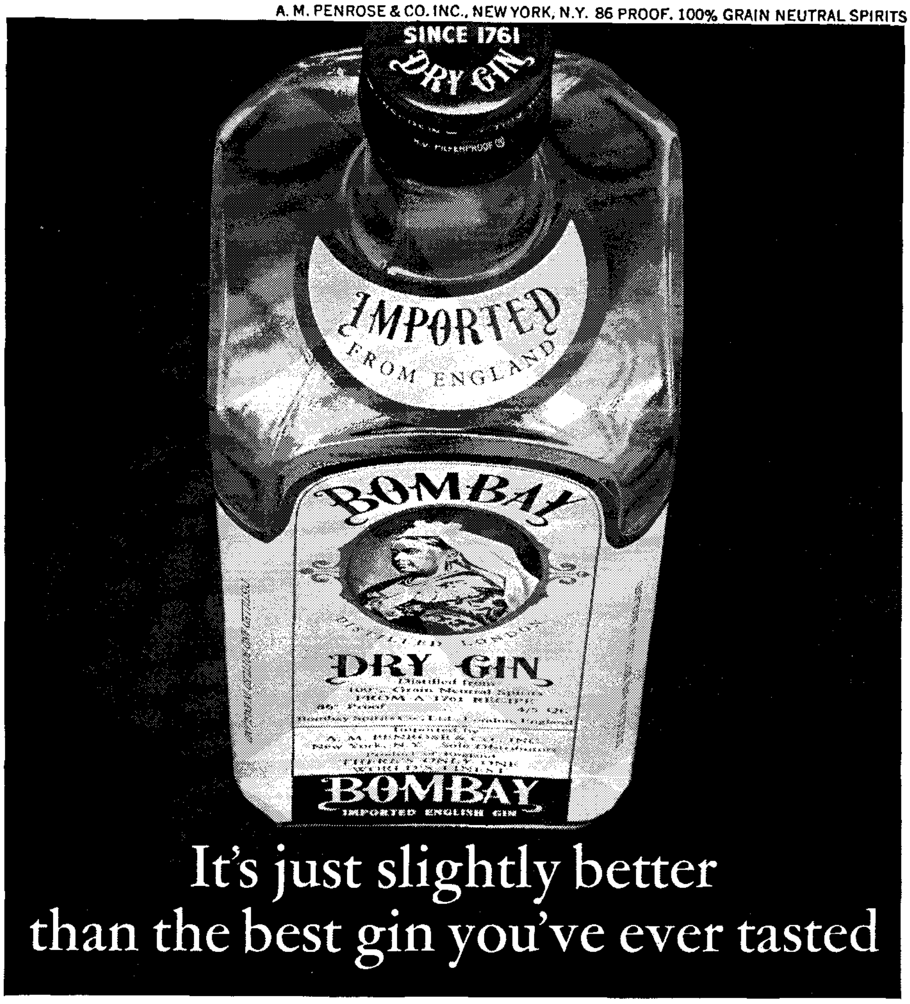

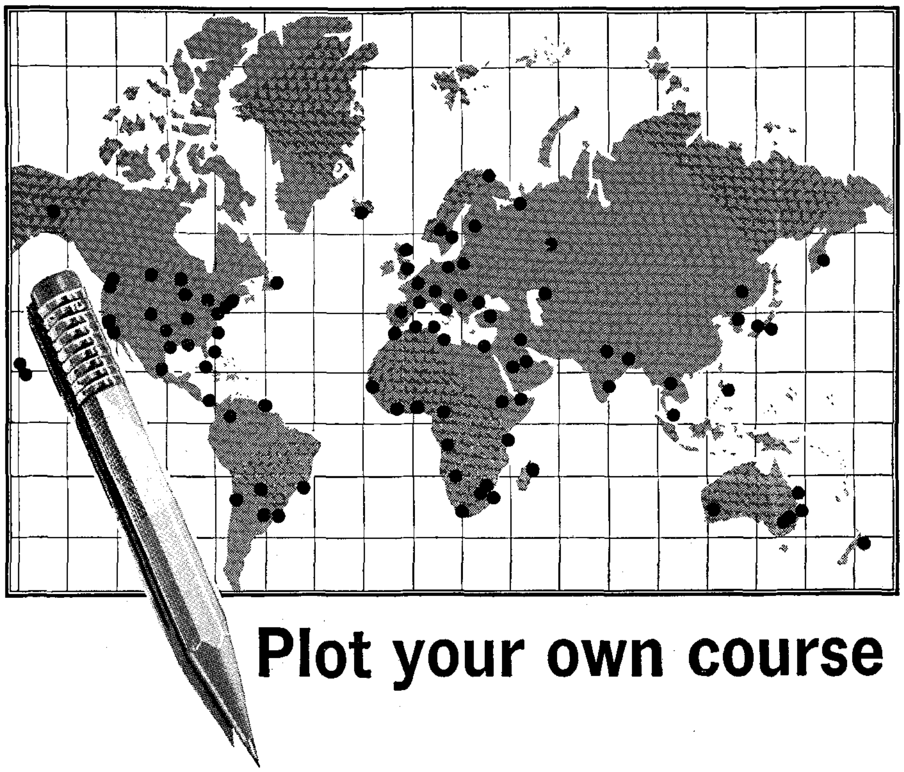

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fore his eyes, and all the cattle from the camp were stolen and driven far toward Turkanaland before Lopore could give the alarm, to rally the men of neighboring camps for pursuit. Lopore remembers hiding alone in the bush after the cattle were gone, then walking alone the long miles to Lotim, to find that the news had travelled before him. His mother sat in her court with her cape over her head and her daughters around her. When she was told that Lopore had come, she stood up and, taking off her cape, poured water over him to bless him and said, "My husband has not yet come."

Someone asked Lopore, "Where is your father?"

His mother said, "If we hear he is dead, I will not be with you any longer."

But surely it was obvious that he was dead.

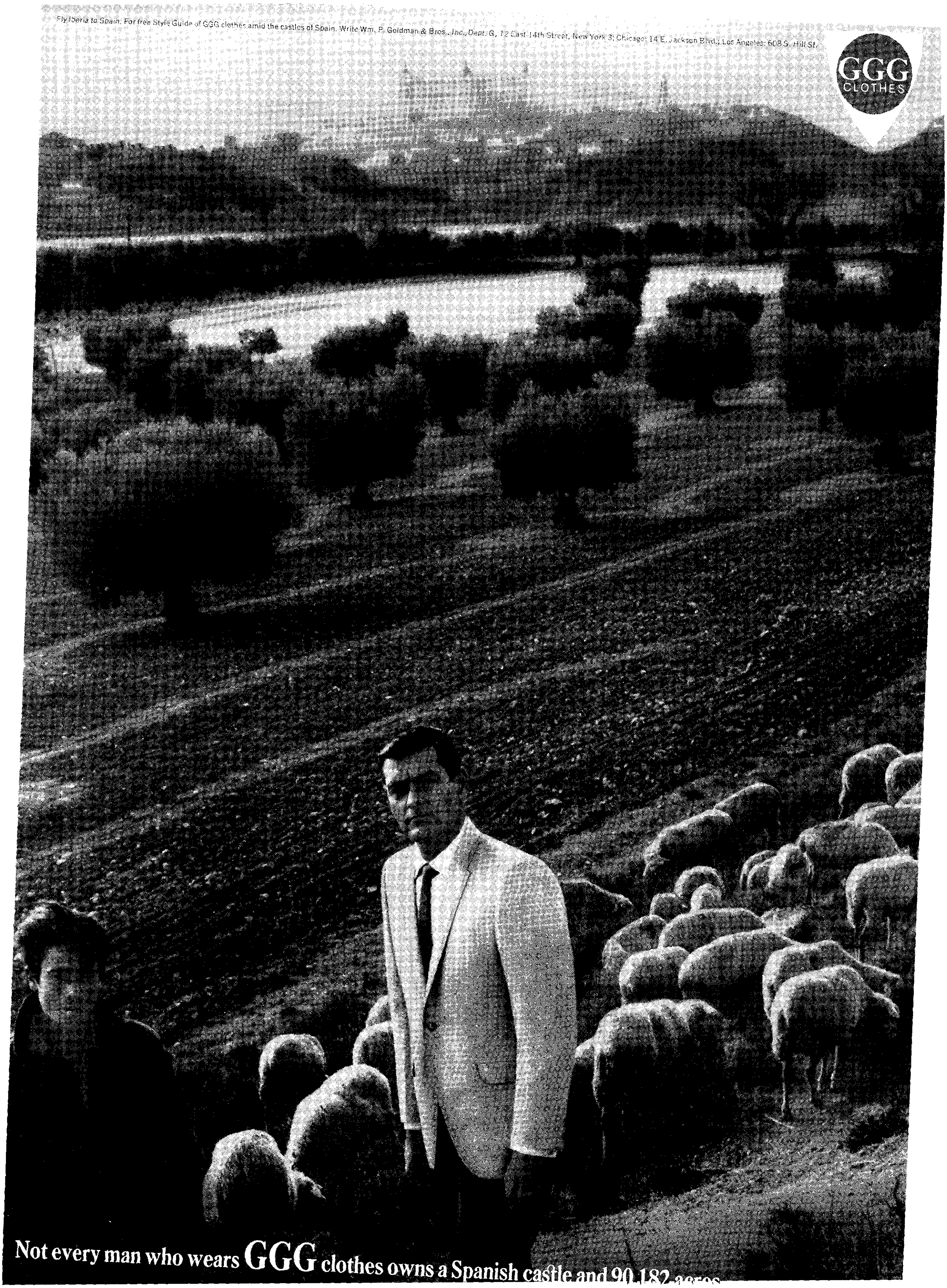
Lopore remembers that everyone wept except his mother, who began to cook a meal for him.

Lopore answered, "The enemies have killed him." To his uncle he said, "They have killed your son also. Everyone is dead. No one is living."

When the food came, Lopore remembers, it made his empty stomach ache, and he remembers that his mother repeated many times that her husband had not yet come.

Lopore and his mother and sisters remained in his uncle's house. His mother could have become his uncle's wife, but she did not choose to. If she had, the union would have been brief. The uncle's herd was severely diminished during a series of raids upon the district, and he, the old warrior, wanting to replace his stock, organized a raid on the Turkana, during which he was fatally wounded and was left to die on the Turkana plains. After that, the household fractured. The sons and their wives and little children went where they could, and good luck did not follow them. Lopore remembers searching the bush for wild food, which the Dodoth scorn to eat except when they are starving. Of all the people of that house, only Lopore and one of his uncle's daughters are alive today. Her name is Nadolupe, and she is a doctor, or diviner. She sucks poison spells from her patients and divines the sources of their spells in dreams—the ability to do so is God's gift—but she married unhappily, and now, except for her sons, she is alone in the world. She lives very near Lopore.

Lopore's lonely mother, when the uncle died, found herself without husband or household or protector, and

Fly Iberia to Spain. For free Style Guide of GGG clothes amid the castles of Spain. Write Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. G, 12 East 14th Street, New York 3; Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St.

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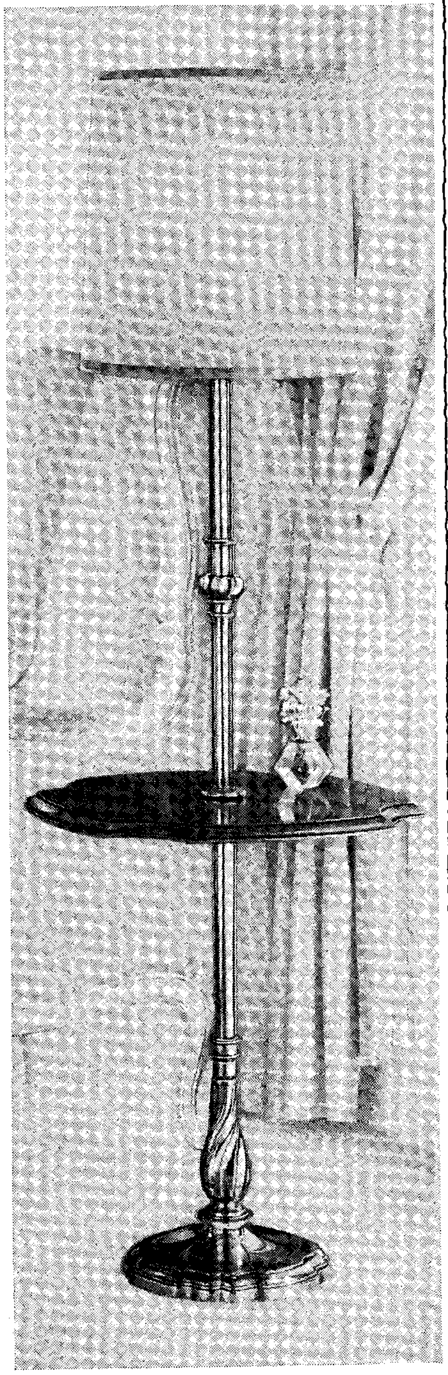

turned at last to the man who, though he was unrelated to her, had brought her up as if he were her father. This man was a Jie named Ngoriamoe, an honorary name indicating that he had killed an enemy (the word for "enemy" is "*emoeit*")—quite possibly a Dodoth. When Lopore's mother was a girl, a raiding party of Jie had attacked her dwelling and killed everyone except her; Ngoriamoe, who was one of the raiding warriors, had saved her and taken her to Jie with the captured cattle. The capture of children is a custom practiced occasionally in that country. If a man has children of one sex and wants children of the other, he may capture some. If his children have died, he may try to replace them, or if one of his wives is barren and is longing for a child, he may bring her one as a gift. But oftener than not the children found by a raiding party are put to death. Lopore's mother was lucky. Perhaps Ngoriamoe hoped eventually to be given a bride price for her—men treat captured girls as their daughters, not as their wives—but before she was old enough to marry, there came a period of truce between the Dodoth and the Jie, during which her father's brother came to Jie to take her home. Ngoriamoe gracefully released her, and when many years later she returned to Jie, she a middle-aged widow with children and Ngoriamoe an old man who could not possibly gain anything from her, he took her in.

Lopore hated it in Jie. The language is easily intelligible to a Dodoth, but there are differences, and these disturbed his ear so much that he ridicules them to this day. The dwellings of the Jie have thinner inside walls and less secure privacy than those of the Dodoth, and while the land of Dodoth is high and cool and often misty, the Jie plains are flat and bare; a hot east wind blows dust like a harmattan, and except for the dwellings, their gardens, and some small trees, there is nothing on those vast, baked plains to please the eye or relieve the spirit of a young person who desires to go home. Lopore herded goats with the sons of Ngoriamoe, but if his work and his life were outwardly the same as before, his position was not. No more was he the son of a large household; instead, he was a supplicant, in an enemy country, with an enemy benefactor, whose dwelling often sheltered Turkana friends of the family. Ngoriamoe treated Lopore well, but Lopore did not like him. As if Ngoriamoe were to blame for the shame of dependent, impotent youth, the poverty, and the bites of prejudice that Lopore must have felt, Lopore to this day refuses to call him by his name but refers to him as "the Jie."

Lopore remembers a time when the goats he was herding with Ngoriamoe's sons broke into a woman's garden and began to eat her crops. The woman ran up, singled Lopore out from among the Jie boys, and threw her hoe at him. He says of the incident, "I knew then that the woman was my enemy," and he waited for his mother, who was visiting Dodoth at the time, to come back, so that he could tell her that he, too, wanted to go home. Feeling that she had settled him in the best place, she was reluctant to take him to Dodoth, where a famine persisted, but he refused to stay, and he refused to go without her, and, because he insisted so strenuously, he prevailed. His mother took her children from Ngoriamoe's household and brought them home. After that, Lopore says, "I lived in Dodoth and lived in Dodoth and lived in Dodoth, and never again did I go back to Jie."

Lopore's mother took her children to her sister, the last of many wives of a huge, burly, rich elder named Okware, who lived beside the river in Kaabong. Kaabong was then, as it is now, the administrative center of Dodoth County, and it consisted then, as it does now, of a few mud-walled *dhukas*, or shops, a police post, and the stockaded Dodoth dwelling of the government-appointed county chief. At the time Lopore went there, the chief, who represented British government in the county, was a man to whom Okware was related. The relationship may have given Okware's family a slight leaning toward foreign methods. For example, they would sometimes consult the chief for judgment, as the Protectorate government wanted people to do, instead of going to the traditional Dodoth court, which is a gathering of men and elders. Though Lopore was glad to be in Dodoth, he was not happy to live with Okware. He herded cattle for Okware while his sisters helped in the gardens of Okware's wives, and once again his family was dependent. Lopore was in the house of relatives, but they were relatives to whom he was connected through two women—his mother and her sister. In this relationship, he did not call the householder "Father" but addressed him as "*ekamuran*," which

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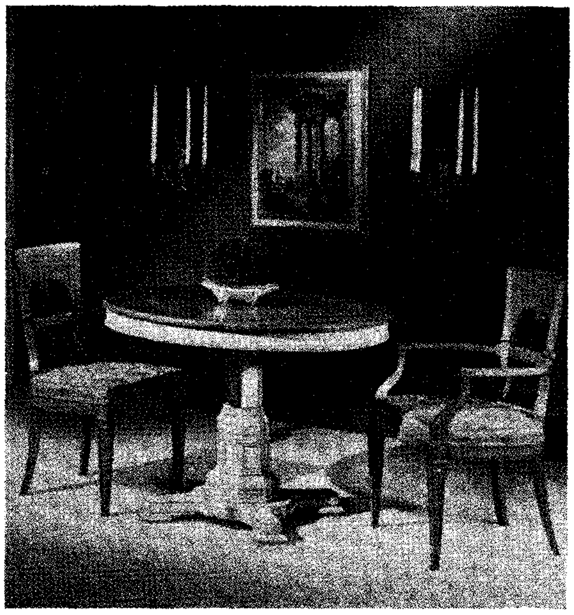

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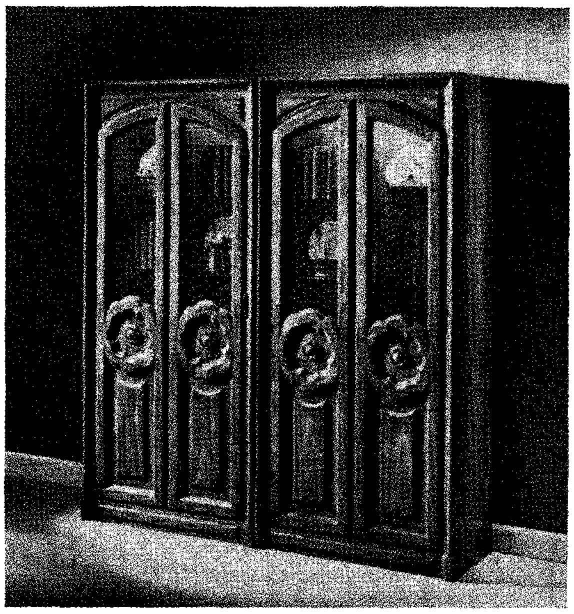

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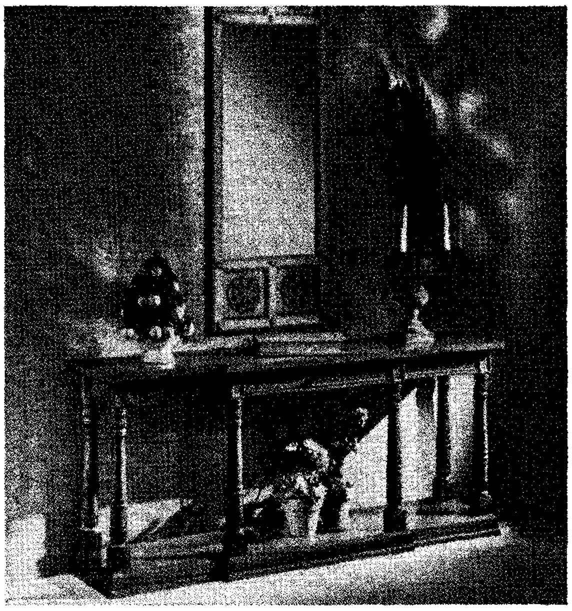
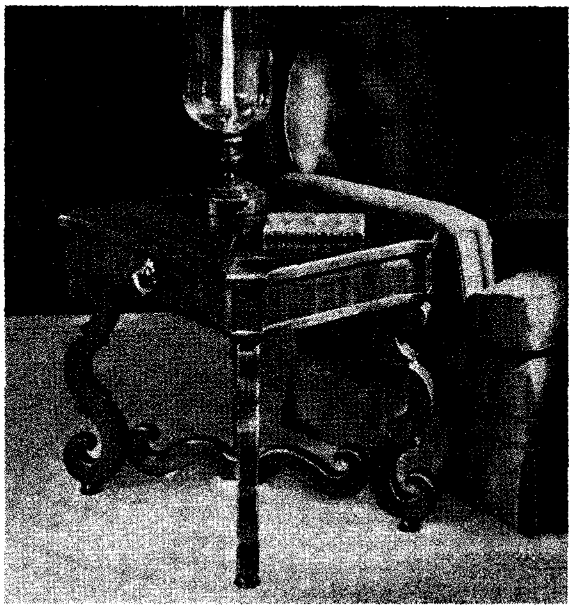


"Grand Tour" Console. This elegant console is 60 inches wide, 15 inches deep and 30 inches high. Beautifully grained walnut veneer on top, apron and shelf. In Light Antique Fruitwood Finish. The mirror available in Light Antique Peach or Light Antique Green Finish.



"Grand Tour" End Table. The versatility of Mediterranean Provincial styling is shown in an end table of unusual design interest and elegance. Walnut veneer is used on the top, apron and drawer front. Legs are of solid pecan. In rich and lustrous Dark Antique Finish.

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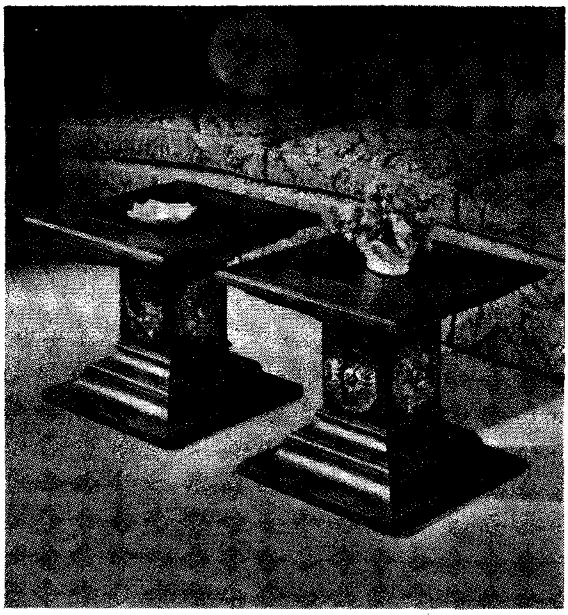
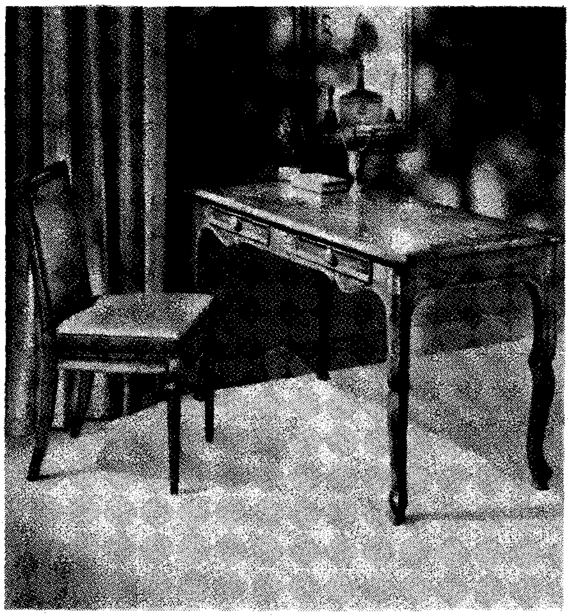
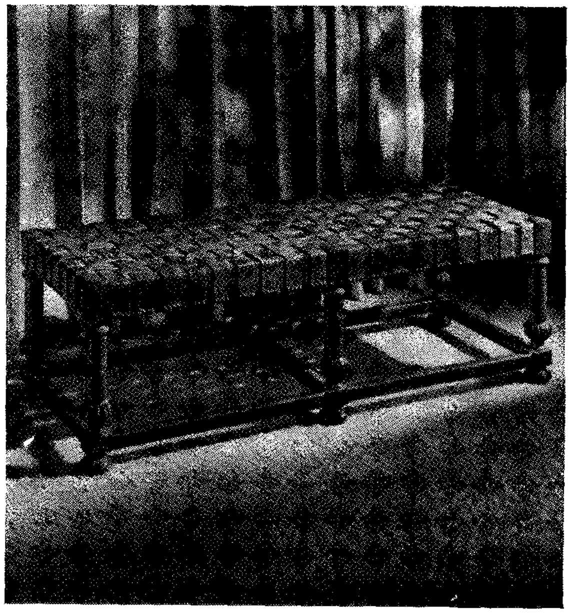


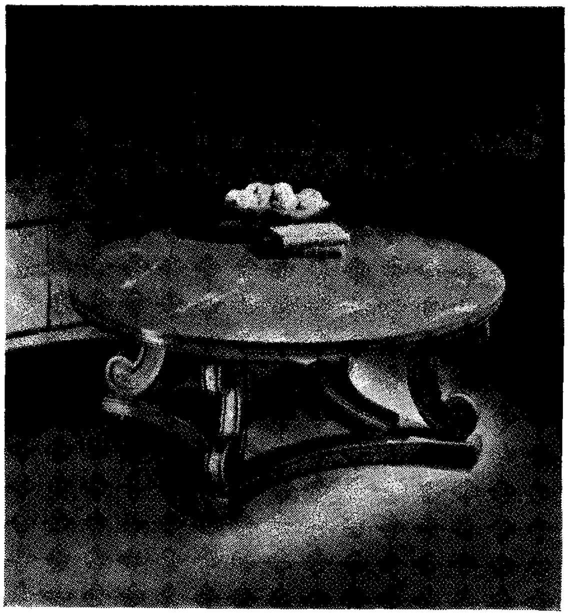
"Grand Tour" Twin Cocktail Tables. In a design adapted from the statuary pedestals of a European cathedral. Elegant yet substantial with oak veneer top and solid oak base or with simulated flagstone insert as shown. Can serve as low lamp tables.



"Grand Tour" Desk. In light Antique Fruitwood Finish. This handsome desk has a top of finely figured walnut veneer. Also available with Light Antique Green base. The mahogany desk chair shown in Parthenean Finish with gold accented moldings.



"Grand Tour" Bench. This sturdy bench is of solid Jacobean design ancestry. The top is woven, beautifully tanned, top grain leather. The frame of solid oak. As illustrated in Antique Oak Finish. The bench measures 50 inches long, 20 inches wide and 16 inches high.



"Grand Tour" Round Cocktail Table. Substantial yet graceful, this cocktail table is 43 inches in diameter and 16 inches high. It is available with simulated flagstone top and Light Antique Fruitwood Finish base as shown, or with Antique Fruitwood Finish top and base.

These are only a few of the many unusual pieces in The "Grand Tour" Collection. For your "Grand Tour" catalogue send 50¢ to Box 26, Heritage Furniture Company, High Point, North Carolina.

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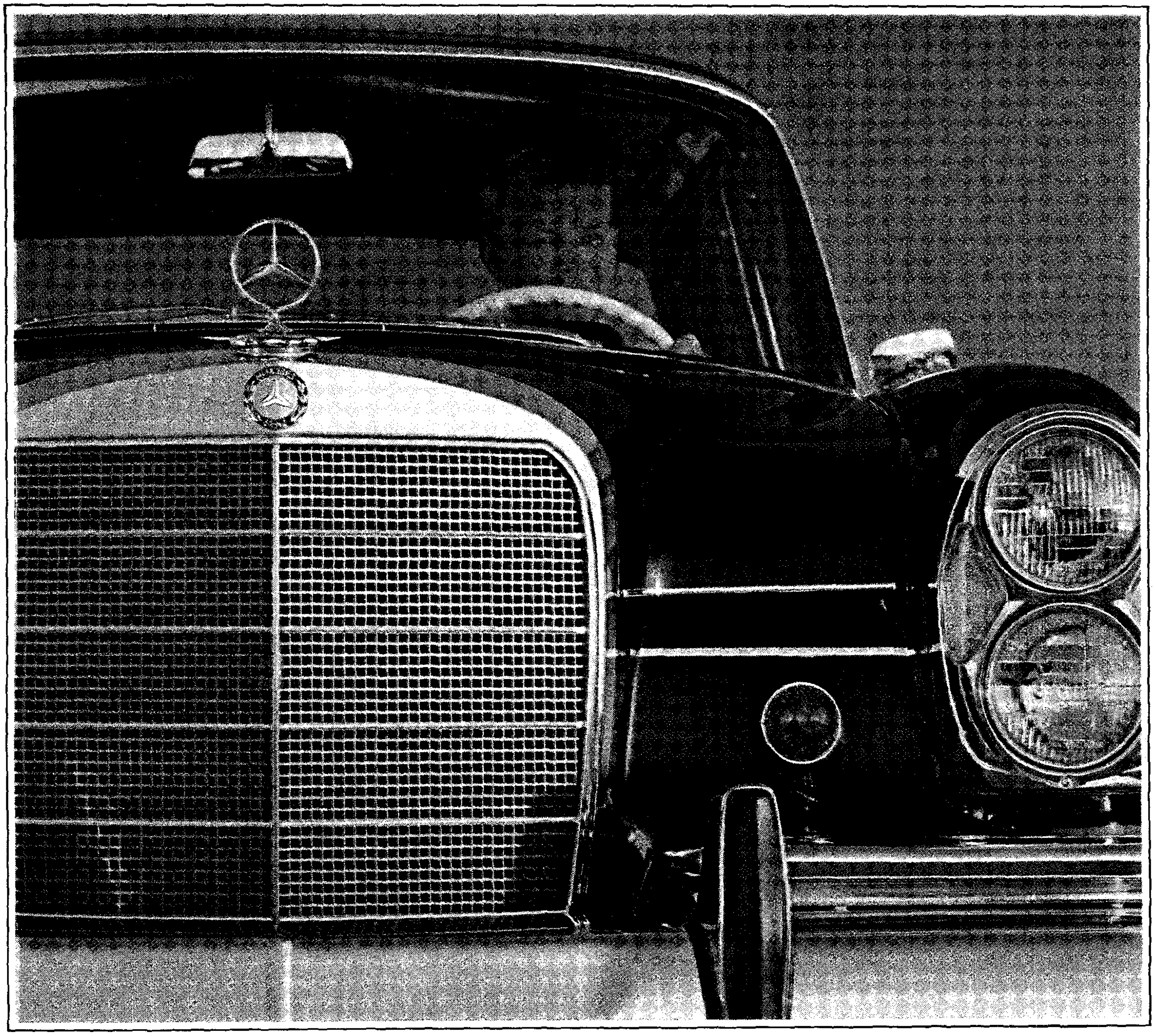

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means "in-law"—in this case, a term of remoteness and respect. The cows that Lopore herded for Okware would never belong to him. When he gathered the cattle to give for his bride, he might hope that Okware would help him with a few head. He could reasonably expect no more unless Okware was a warmly generous person, which he was not.

Even so, the time spent with Okware was one of the most important periods in Lopore's life. He was sixteen, or nearly so—an age when young men in Dodoth are still called "boy" and "child"—and he was also very slight and thin, but before the year was out he was a man, with a youthfully violent ferocity, and with a herd of his own. He captured the cattle during a raid on the Turkana. Having heard that a raid was being planned, he went off to join the raiding party, though when he left, his mother cried for him as if he were dead. He found himself by many years the youngest member, but he had a shield and a spear, and joined them anyway—"a man in my own right," he recalls. On the raid, he killed a Turkana man with his spear, and after the raid, as the Dodoth were whipping the captured cattle up through the rocks and thornbush of the steep escarpment, fighting their pursuers as they climbed, Lopore showed such bravery that when the party reached home and divided the spoils, he was awarded eight of the cattle and fifteen captured goats. The eight cattle, gained by his own hand, became the parents of some of the hundred cattle that he paid for his first bride.

Notwithstanding what he had done, he was still called "boy" and "child." He had killed an enemy, so he could have taken an honorary name, but first he would have had to kill an ox to feast the elders. Lopore had no ox, and Okware didn't help him, so another man killed an ox, feasted the elders, claimed the victim, and took the name that might have been Lopore's. Later, two men who were Lopore's father's distant relatives arrived at Okware's to claim Lopore's cattle. Lopore is not certain of the reason for the claim, but he had never forgotten his father's request to honor old men—to obey one's father and to honor old men are two of the strongest and best-kept precepts of the Dodoth—so he did not offer much resistance. Seeing how things were with Lopore, Okware then claimed the fifteen goats. Again, Lopore felt he could do no more than protest, and the goats went to Okware. But, since such strict obedience makes Dodoth boys smolder,

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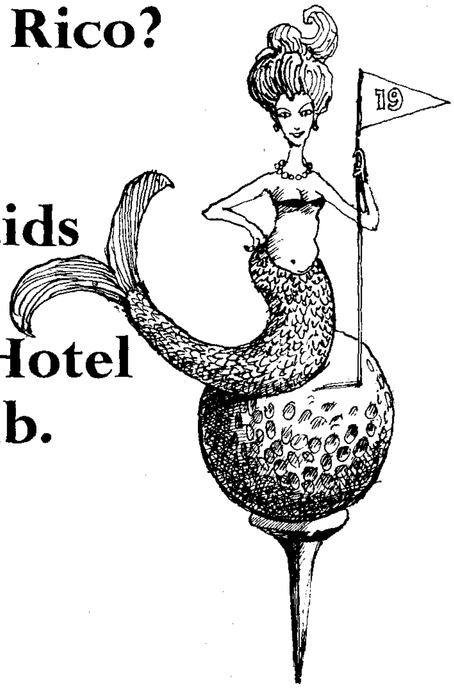

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Lopore continued to milk the goats when Okware was not at home. Surely Okware must have wondered why the goats mysteriously went dry; in any event, one day he caught Lopore milking them outside the dwelling. For protection, Lopore ran to his mother's court, but Okware fetched a fighting stick and a wicker stick-fighting shield, and, crawling into the court through the doorway, gave Lopore a beating. His elderly aunt and his mother tried to catch Okware's arm. Lopore remembers that they cried, "Why do you want to kill him for his property? Didn't he go on his own feet to get these goats?" The two elderly sisters succeeded in loosening Okware's grip on Lopore, whereupon Lopore wriggled free, ducked out through the doorway, and ran to hide in the bush, while, in revenge, Okware turned upon the two old women and beat them severely. Lopore, in his hiding place, heard their screams, and he said to himself, "How long will I continue to fear this man? I took my goats from the enemy." He thereupon emerged from the bush, found two strong sticks, returned to the court, and clubbed Okware twice over the brow, so heavily that Okware dropped sidewise and lay as if dead. When Okware's other wives saw him quiet on the ground, they ran weeping to Kaabong for a policeman, but while the women were gone, Okware came to his senses and went into his house to get his spear. Lopore also got a spear, and in the fight that followed, Lopore was wounded on one arm—a long, deep gash, which left a scar that is visible to this day. When the women returned with two Dodoth policemen, they found Okware being restrained by several people and Lopore lying bleeding on the ground.

The duties of native policemen, or *askaris*, included (and still include) the prevention of raiding and the investigation of crimes. When the *askaris* began the usual police investigation into the cause of the fight, their questioning revealed that Okware had claimed possession of the goats Lopore had taken during the raid. As it happened, the raiding party had gone out at a time when the *askaris* were off duty, so on that day they had not worn their khaki uniforms and had joined the raiders, and, as witnesses to everything, they were able to vouch for Lopore. In that instance, the *askaris* were both judge and jury. Their decision being respected, Lopore was given back his goats, and at that, feeling a confidence in himself that he hadn't known before, he took a club, visited the two dis-

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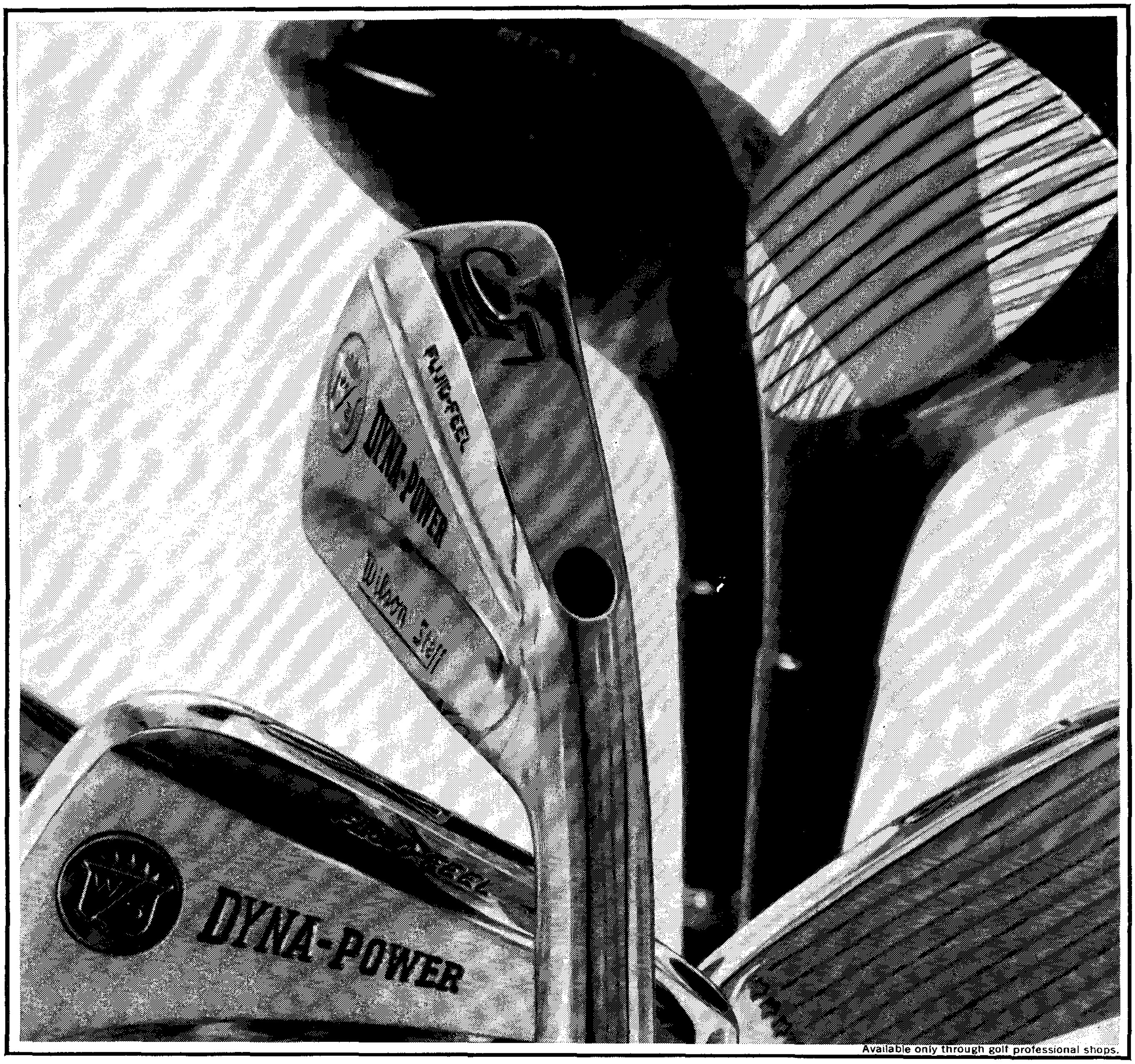

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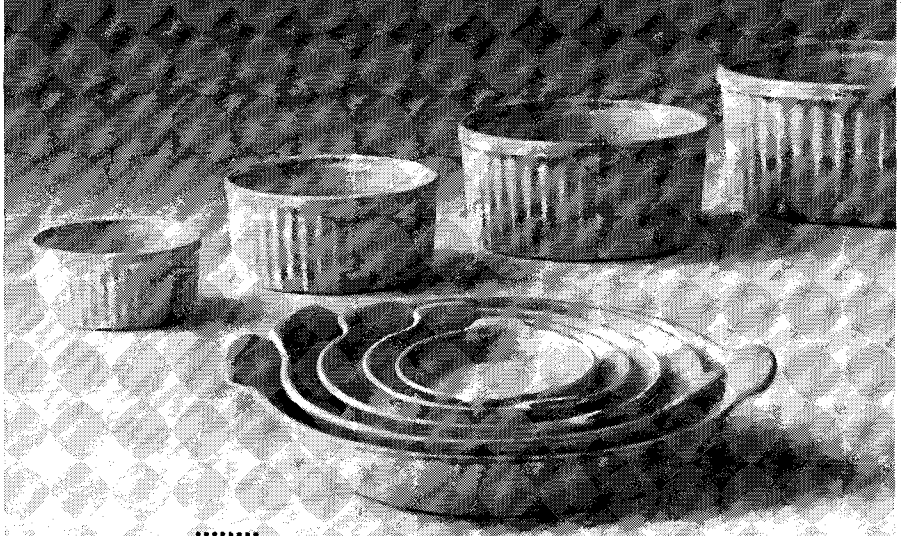

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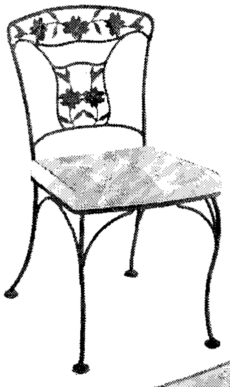

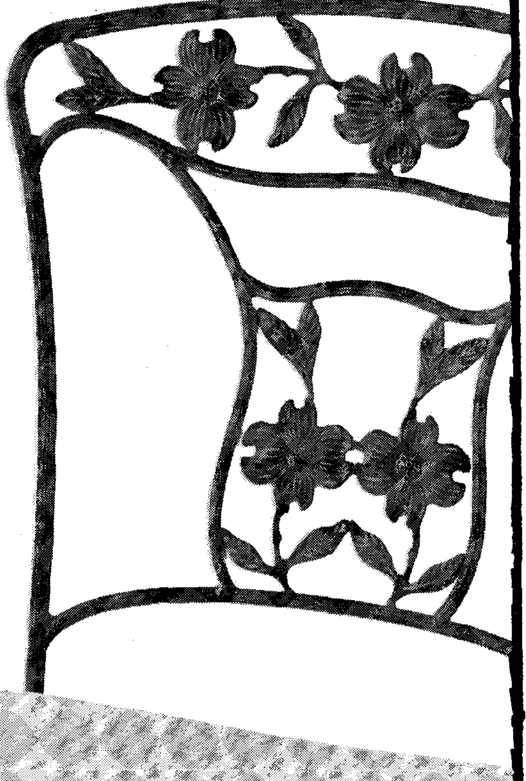

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tant relatives, and reclaimed his cattle.

"Perhaps people thought I was an animal," Lopore once said of that period of his life. "They found that I was a Dodoth. Then people feared me. When a third man tried to take my cattle, I beat him, too, and from then on I was like a wild animal. Before, no one had noticed me. People had wanted me to die. Afterward, they avoided me. I reminded myself that if I were kind and generous, people would again try to take my property. From that time, I knew all about trouble. If you want to know everything, you must first become bad. If I had not been feared, I wouldn't have had my cattle. If I had had no cattle, I wouldn't have had my wives. I was feared, so I kept my cattle. If my father could rise from the dead, he would see that there are people in my dwelling now."

MORA and Uri lived in Kaabong before Lopore came there. Mora was born in the Kaabong hills. His parents died of a disease when he was very young, and his father's brother raised him. Uri came to Kaabong later—as the head of his family, though still adolescent. With him came his widowed mother and his three sisters, Remi, Nabilo, and Iruata, the last of whom grew up to marry Mora, bear his children, and die. Mora and Iruata met when he was a boy and she an infant, perhaps as brown and thin and delicate as her own little girl is now.

Uri, kind and generous and also fatherless, befriended Mora, a lonely child, beginning a close relationship that was to last more than fifty years. Lopore's friendship with Uri must also date from the time all three lived in Kaabong, for Lopore still sings a song that refers to the scarification of his first ox:

"Tattered ears,
The ear of Longurakori,
Who wears Uri's bell."

It seems characteristic of Lopore that Kaabong soon after the turn of the century is not an important aspect of his memories. The influx of foreigners and the advent of the Protectorate government took place at that time—influences that were to change Kaabong and that will one day affect the entire country—but Lopore was involved with his own affairs and more or less ignored the changes. Uri, on the other hand, remembers very well. He remembers hearing of the first European ever to enter Dodoth—a Briton named MacDonald. MacDonald arrived with an immense safari

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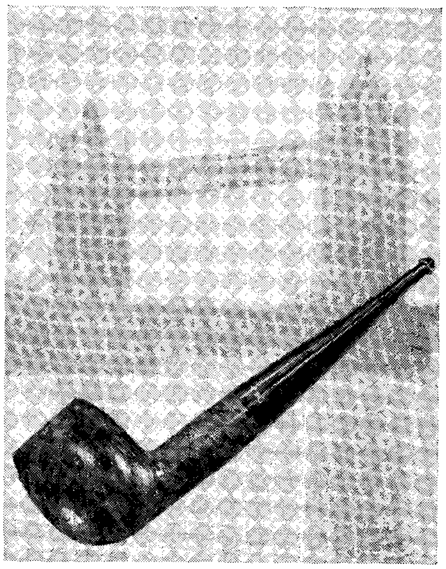
in 1891, in an effort to secure the country against the French. He made treaties with the Dodoth elders and left Union Jacks and thumbprinted copies of the treaties with the elders as a sign of changes to come. The first foreigner whom Uri remembers personally was a man whose nation was called Choat Aberika. (This could be an adaptation of the words "South America.") He was an elephant hunter; hundreds such roamed East Africa in those days, though most never got to Dodoth. He came, shot a few elephants, collected the tusks, and went away, and as he went, he took with him a girl named Adupa. Why he took her and what happened to her is not known, but she has not come back yet, the Dodoth say. Later, a group of Abyssinian hunters established themselves in a large camp by the Kaabong River. They lived in harmony with the Dodoth, trading bullets for grain and rifles for oxen, and helping the Dodoth against their enemies the Jie. Uri and Mora tracked elephants for the Abyssinians. The Abyssinians dug a deep pit by the river in which to store the tusks, and the pit is still there, full of weeds and looking like a natural hollow. In 1911, the British Protectorate administration came to Dodoth. It came with a column of soldiers, the King's African Rifles, who fought a battle with the Abyssinians for possession of Kaabong. Mora and Uri heard the sounds of the battle, when the rifles went "*Didip! Didip!*," and they hoped the Abyssinians would win. Instead, the Abyssinians were routed, and the soldiers built a camp by the river. The camp became a station in a patrol they established, which went east to Lake Rudolf and west to the White Nile. With the soldiers came a tall European with fair hair and pale eyes. He is remembered as Tupona, which may be an adaptation either of the English word "governor" or of his name, "Tufnell."

Tupona's purpose among the Dodoth was to pacify them and to institute taxation—a grain tax in those days, which has climbed in the fifty years since from grain in baskets, collected from a few people, through a few shillings, collected from many people, to twenty-three shillings, collected from most of the six thousand and forty-five people on the current tax roster, for a total of six thousand pounds a year. Uri was one of the first people to pay the tax; he took Tupona a bit of grain. The pacification was stringent in those days. Tupona confiscated all the Dodoth rifles and burned them on a pyre—an event that



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those who witnessed it remember still. He caused his Jie interpreter to say this to the Dodoth: "Don't be my enemy, because I am your brother. If I hear of anyone killing others, I will kill him." On his own initiative, the Jie said to his traditional enemies, "Don't kill Tupona and his soldiers, or they will kill us." Tupona was not in Dodoth very long. His responsibilities, reaching, as they did, from the White Nile to Lake Rudolf, soon took him elsewhere, and his reforms subsided for a time. But his advent was the advent of the government, and to this day that time has been called Lokijuka, a name deriving from the word "*akijukare*"—"to push."

In the early nineteen-twenties, a new man became administrator of the district, and he, too, visited Kaabong. That he was also called Tupona, which was possibly an adaptation of *his* name, Turpin, may show that people saw no special reason to distinguish between him and his predecessor. The second Tupona built himself a large mud house with ten doors and windows, and stayed for some time in Kaabong. Uri said, "He came as a hunter, and was against people. He burned dwellings and killed many people, and we took him for our enemy. But later on he came to sacrifices and he got used to eating elders' portions—humps and tongues."

To connect Dodoth with Moroto, the district center, the second Tupona began the building of a north-south road. The work was done under a Swahili foreman, a man named Juma, who was so famous for his cruelty that he dared not arm his workers with picks and shovels. The roadbed was cleared by plumed elders and naked warriors who crouched to pull up stones and bushes with their fingers. No one volunteered to work under Juma, so roadwork became mandatory. Being residents of Kaabong, and therefore available, Mora and Uri were among those forced to build the road. Mora was beaten by Juma with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Uri was also beaten by Juma, who, to hold Uri down, made one man stand on his neck and another on his feet. Later, Juma beat a relative of Mora's so severely that his back never healed, maggots infested his wounds, and he died of an infection. Mora, Uri, and many other people take pleasure in the thought that since Juma was a grown man in those days, he, too, must now be dead.

The soldiers of the King's African Rifles moved their camp from the riverbank to a grove of shade trees, and that

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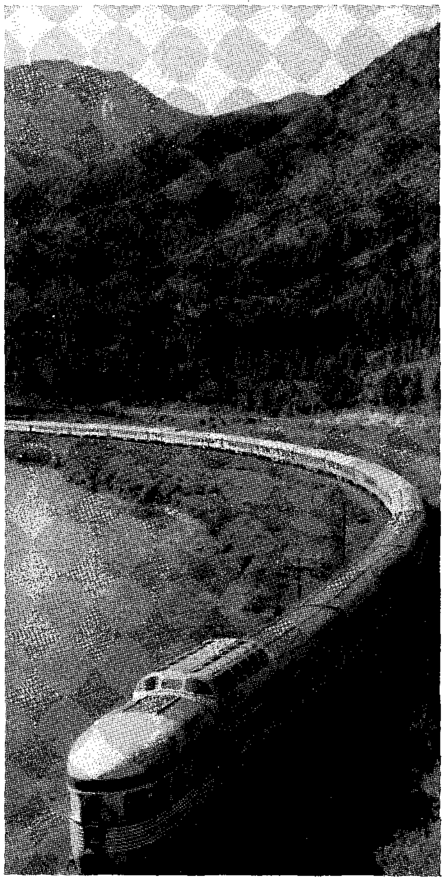

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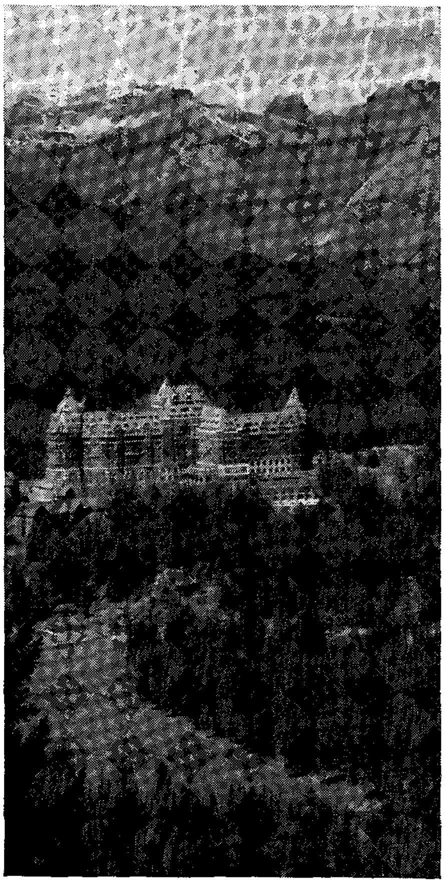

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is where the government camp stands today. When the K.A.R. was not on patrol, the grove swarmed with handsome, loud-voiced soldiers, who at night would sing the songs of their own lands—Tanganyika, Kenya, southern Uganda, and the Sudan—and Dodoth girls found the soldiers fascinating. Uri's two sisters Remi and Nabilo were among the girls who would visit the soldiers. Many Dodoth families preferred their girls not to visit the soldiers—who, by and large, were impossible as husbands, because they had no cattle—but whereas a father could forbid his daughters to do so, it was hard for Uri to forbid his sisters, and especially Remi, who was older than he was. Though Uri was very much opposed to it, Remi married a Baganda soldier. She was taken by her husband to Kampala, the industrial center of Uganda, where she bore him three children. A few years after the birth of her last child, she died, and the children are now lost to the Dodoth branch of the family. Uri heard only of their birth, and he thinks that if they are still living, they are somewhere near Kampala, but he has no way of finding them now.

Against Uri's wishes, Nabilo also married a soldier, a Moslem Swahili corporal named Mustafa bin Jaddin, who, having no cattle, gave Uri a hundred shillings when he took her as his bride. This must have represented a large fraction of a soldier's wages, yet it was nothing to a Dodoth, being, even in those days, but the value of three or four cows. (Many thousand shillings would be the value of a woman if the value could be reckoned in cash instead of in cattle.) Mustafa's regiment was transferred to Acholi, on the western border of Dodoth, and, of course, Nabilo went, too. The Dodoth are great travellers—men are always going back and forth across the country—so it was not long before Uri received a message from Nabilo asking him to visit her. There was a Christian mission school in Acholi, which Mustafa and Nabilo wished Uri to attend. He went, taking Mora with him. They walked across Dodoth to Acholi, and when they found Nabilo, they found her a Moslem, swathed in white fabric and veiled to the eyes. She was living in a square house with a door and windows, and slept in a bed with blankets. Uri and Mora stayed with her for most of a year, during which time Mustafa sent Uri to school and he learned to read. Mustafa put Mora to work as a servant to Nabilo. When Mustafa was in, Mora would carry wood and water and wash the cooking

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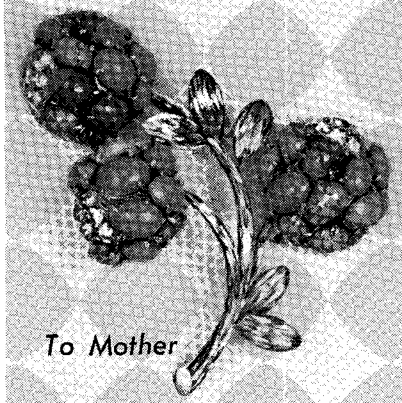

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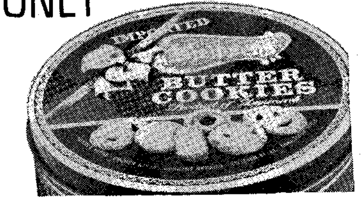

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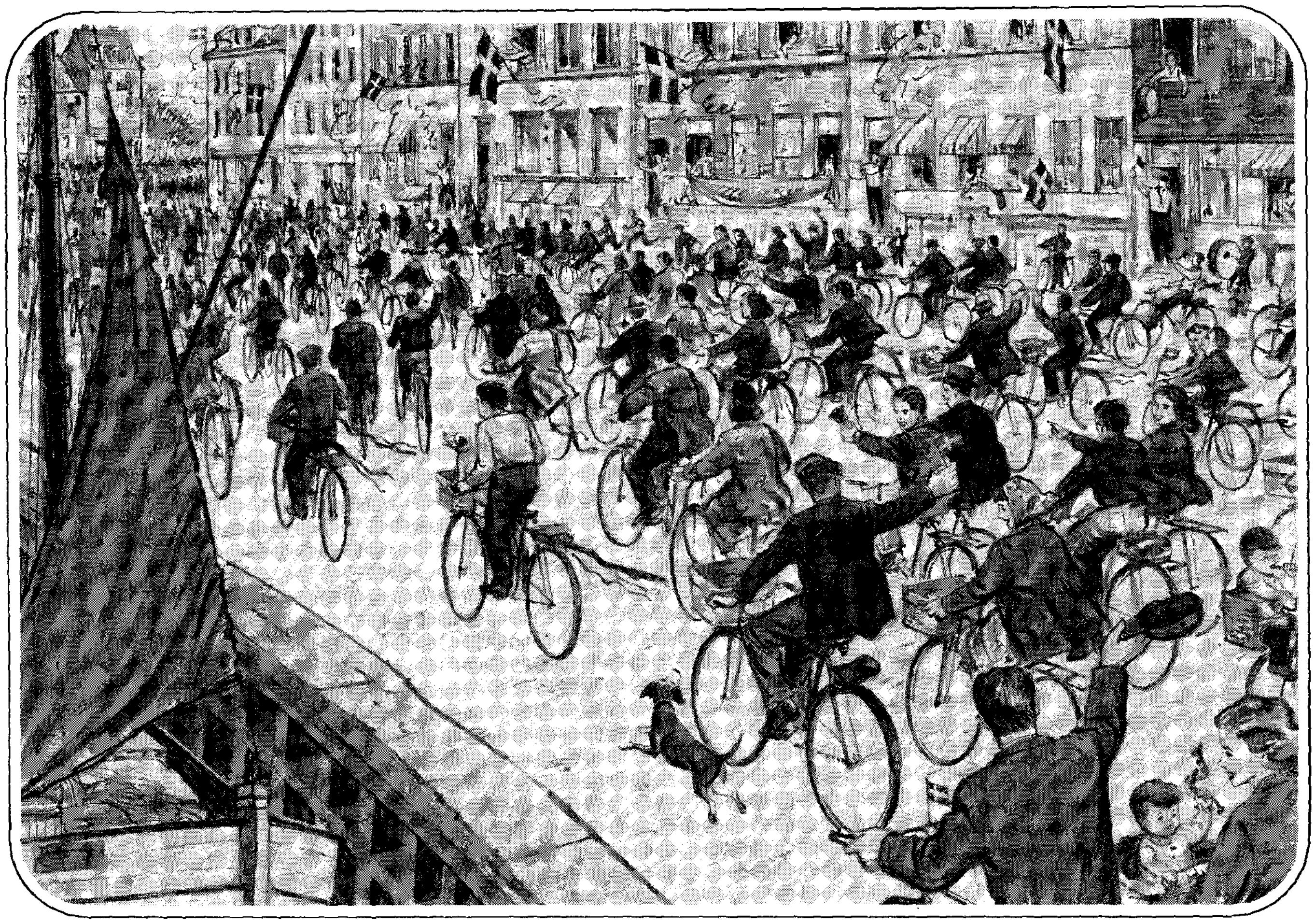

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The pandemonium lasted eight days—eight days the Danes celebrated "Denmark's happiest week." They've celebrated them each year since, from Copenhagen's boulevards to Thailand's teak forests and into Manhattan's steel-and-glass canyons.

This year Mayor Wagner has honored Denmark by proclaiming May 2nd through 9th as Denmark Week. May 8th will be Denmark Day at the World's Fair.

To show the Danes' appreciation for America's vital part in the liberation and rebuilding of Denmark, Her Royal Highness, Princess Benedikte of Denmark, will visit the United States this week.

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The cultural ties that bind the two countries are more extensive. They include Broadway shows and American music, comedians and the Royal Danish Ballet. The Danes even celebrate America's Fourth of July.

Together the United States and Denmark stand with their Allies in NATO. And in Danish Greenland the United States keeps watch along one of the Free World's first lines of defense. Together they share the hope that the freedom and friendship that bind America and Denmark will someday link all the nations of the world.

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pots. When Mustafa was out, Nabilo and her servant would sit on the floor and talk about their country. Uri and Mora learned to speak a little Acholi, and today they use it as a private language—a trick that very much annoys Lopore. Uri did not like school, and he refused baptism. "There is no need for a religion like that," he said of Christianity. Mora was homesick in Acholi, Uri found the teachers harsh, and both boys found the language difficult and the country hostile, so one day the two set out together and walked back to Kaabong. Shortly afterward, Mustafa's regiment was transferred to Buganda. Uri and Mora never saw Mustafa again, and a generation passed before they saw Nabilo.

Meanwhile, Lopore was working for the K.A.R. Wishing to leave Okware's house, he had allowed himself to be pressed into service as a porter. Those were the days of the famous foot safaris of East Africa, when long columns of porters with bundles on their heads followed some European to some place that no European had ever visited before. In the file of porters who helped one European or another explore Dodoth walked Lopore, carrying on his head a bag of millet. "Your father carried millet from Kaabong to Kitgum, in Acholi," Lopore once remarked to one of his young sons while he was telling us the story. "We were the motorcars of those days. We were the donkeys." His son laughed at the image, and Lopore looked at him severely. "Don't laugh at millet," he said.

This happened in 1914, at the outbreak of the war; an eclipse of the sun—an event called "When the Sun Died"—came at the time. Because of the need for soldiers, Uri, Lopore, and Mora were drafted into the K.A.R. Mora was recruited by force from the roadside, just as workers for important road-building projects are recruited today. He was taken to Moroto, where his headdress was cut off and his necklace and earrings were stored for him. He was issued a uniform, a soldier's felt hat, shoes "held together with nails," and a rifle. His regiment was sent to the southern Sudan to pacify the Didinga—a pastoral people who had been raiding back and forth with the Dodoth for years. Mora calls the expedition "the K.A.R. raid on the Didinga," for the soldiers shot men, women, and children, the Didinga were decimated, and their dwellings (large, round thatched houses without encircling walls, Mora remembers) were levelled. The Di-

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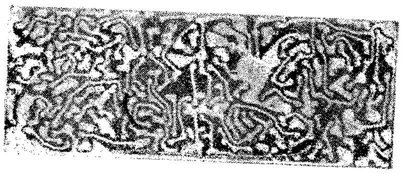

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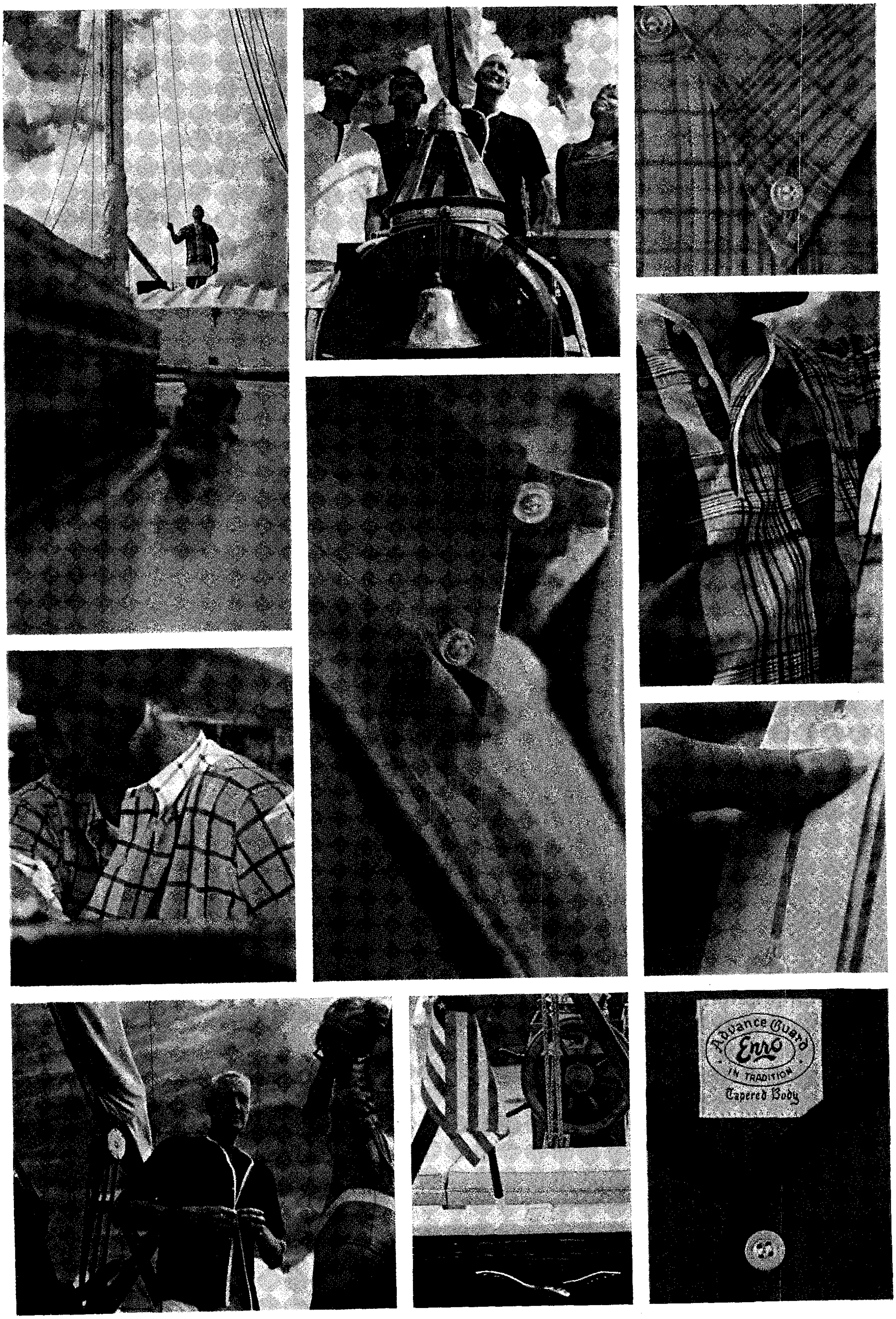
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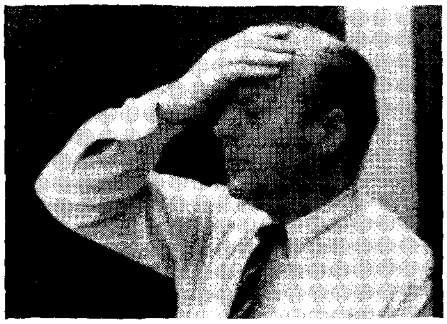
Enro vs. agency



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dinga were pacified for a long time. If Mora had shot a Didinga, he could have taken an enemy name, for a victory over an enemy is significant even if the warrior is in the Army at the time. Mora was later transferred to Kenya, where he saw cities, a train (it seemed to him to be carrying a string of houses), and a military prison. He visited the camp out of curiosity. Sure enough, in the barred windows of the prison, faces would appear from time to time. Mora watched the faces for a while, then said "Stay well," and went his way. He saw no more action, and when the armistice came he was sent back to Moroto. There he turned in his uniform, his shoes, and his rifle, and put his cloth cape over his back and his earrings in the holes of his ears. Then, having bought a spear to defend himself with on the trip through Jie, he walked the hundred and forty miles home. When he arrived, he found that Uri and Lopore, who had spent the war in southern Uganda and in Tanganyika, had returned before him. He had a few cattle, and he married Iruata, sister of his lifelong friend Uri, for the bride price of ten cows. Then everyone who had dispersed and seen the world was home again except Uri's sister Remi, who had died in Kampala, and Nabilo.

Nabilo's youth and middle age were spent in an odyssey with Mustafa. She bore him three children: a boy, Abibu; a girl, Miriam; and another boy, Assuman. She lived in rooms in city slums in Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda; she learned Swahili; and, because Mustafa's earnings were low, she worked as a servant to white people, saying "Bwana" and "Memsahib," and assuming a self-deprecating manner that is never found in Dodoth. And all the while she was a Moslem, responding to the muezzin's calls to prayer from atop the towers of the little city mosques. She did her best. She even took the Moslem name of Manumiss, to please her husband. But, for all that is written in the Koran, a lingering contempt, a disrespect, is felt by a person such as Mustafa for a person such as Nabilo, of a backward people. Disparaging references are made to dirt and pagan ignorance, and it is possible that Nabilo felt Mustafa's contempt. Also, she was all alone. She was without relatives, clan, or family to support her (she never met Mustafa's family, who lived in Tanganyika), and had only her children to fill her life. In 1953, Mustafa moved to Jinja, at the source of the White Nile. Na-

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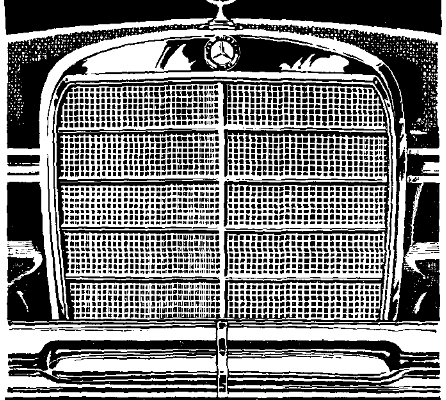

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bilo's sons, Abibu and Assuman, died of meningitis in Jinja, and when they were gone, Nabilo felt such an agony of loneliness that she could no longer live with Mustafa. She asked him to divorce her. This he agreed to do, on condition that he keep Miriam, their daughter. There was no property to be returned, no relatives to consult or visit, and, with the divorce, Nabilo was suddenly five hundred miles from home and as free, as unattached, as a spirit of the air. There was then no one who knew her but her brother. She had nowhere to go but back to her brother. So she returned to her country, an elderly lady in a cotton dress, walking to Dodoth alone. She became the fourth wife of Lopore. Having given a sister to his friend Mora for only ten cows, Uri asked only ten from Lopore. Mora was a closer friend to Uri than Lopore was, but Nabilo was too old to bear children. These factors balanced out when the men assessed her value. But when Lopore had paid two cows, Nabilo caused the payment to stop. "I am an old woman, not worth more," she said to her brother.

We first met Nabilo at Lopore's rocks, and she touched her lips and forehead in the gesture of salaam and addressed us in Swahili. Lopore looked down at her with surprise and respect. Perhaps he had not known how she would act with Europeans. Of all his wives, she was his favorite. Her travels and experiences had enlarged her, and her stories, foreign recipes, and foreign ways fascinated him. She was a handsome woman with a broad, wrinkled face and a pleasing manner, and she was sensible and witty. But most women have their children with them, and Nabilo was lonely. She would work in her green fields alone, and while she was there she would think too much, for there was nothing to distract her. She would go alone to the river, and, under the huge trees, would scrape a hole in the sandy riverbed, then sit and think while the hole filled up with water, then fill her jar and, all by herself, carry the water home.

When I knew Nabilo, seven years had passed since her return to Dodoth. She had been away from home for more than forty years. Because I came from afar, because I, too, had seen other countries, and because I had stayed in places she had been, she liked to have me visit her. This I did. It relieved her loneliness to talk of the past and of her children. Abibu was born "as bald as a knee," she said. When he was older, his hair came in like fringe. Her descriptions were physical, as if her

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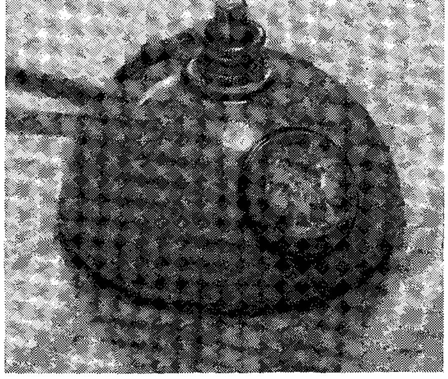

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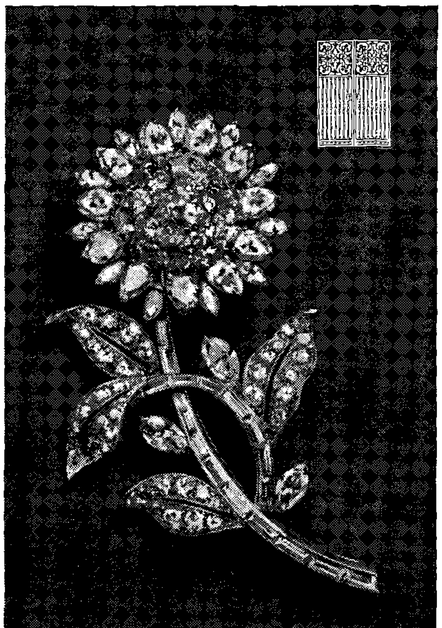
eyes ran over her children again. Miriam was four and a half feet tall when Nabilo had last seen her, with breasts no larger than fists. I would visit Nabilo in her fields by day, and sit in the shade of her sod platform, where the light was green, filtering through her crops, or I would visit her in her court in the evening as the sun went down, making the tiered thatch of her sleeping house pink and casting its shadow over the neatly swept courtyard floor. In nearby courts, people would be chopping and churning and talking, but nothing would move in Nabilo's court except the flames of her fire amid the three round stones that supported the pot. The air was cold in the evenings. She would sweep the ashes of the fire with a blackbird's wing, and then would sit wrapped in her cape, her hands idle, for there was nothing to do. There was nothing to see, either, except the high, bare poles of her courtyard wall and the sky, where at that time of the evening birds like larks would be spiralling above the dwelling, their cries faintly audible as they climbed.

When we talked, many things led us to the subject of the past. She might be reminded of it by a baby crying in a nearby court, or by the news of someone going on a trip, or by the subjects of husbands, sisters, foreign languages. Once, it was mushrooms that she discovered growing in the straw of her thatch after a rain. "These are eaten in Buganda," she said. "But the Dodoth throw them away." She knocked them over and threw them away. Once, she said she had enjoyed her former life at first—"and thanked God for it." Later, she said, "Uri knew more than I did at the time of my marriage." Sometimes she spoke of foreign customs. She would like to buy herself a cotton dress now, she said, but Lopore wouldn't give her the money. "The men here are stingy," she said once, in amusement. "And when they talk, it's cow, cow, cow." She was a woman who found relief in a joke but none in weeping. Many Dodoth women cry easily, but weeping would creep up on Nabilo when she didn't expect it. Sometimes, when she spoke of her sister Remi's children in Kampala, she would find her voice unsteady and her eyes filled with tears. "I love them very much. I don't know why they won't come here to live with me. I have no children," she said once.

And once she asked me, "Do you think I was bad to come back?"

"Oh, no," I said.

"Do you know why I did it?" she



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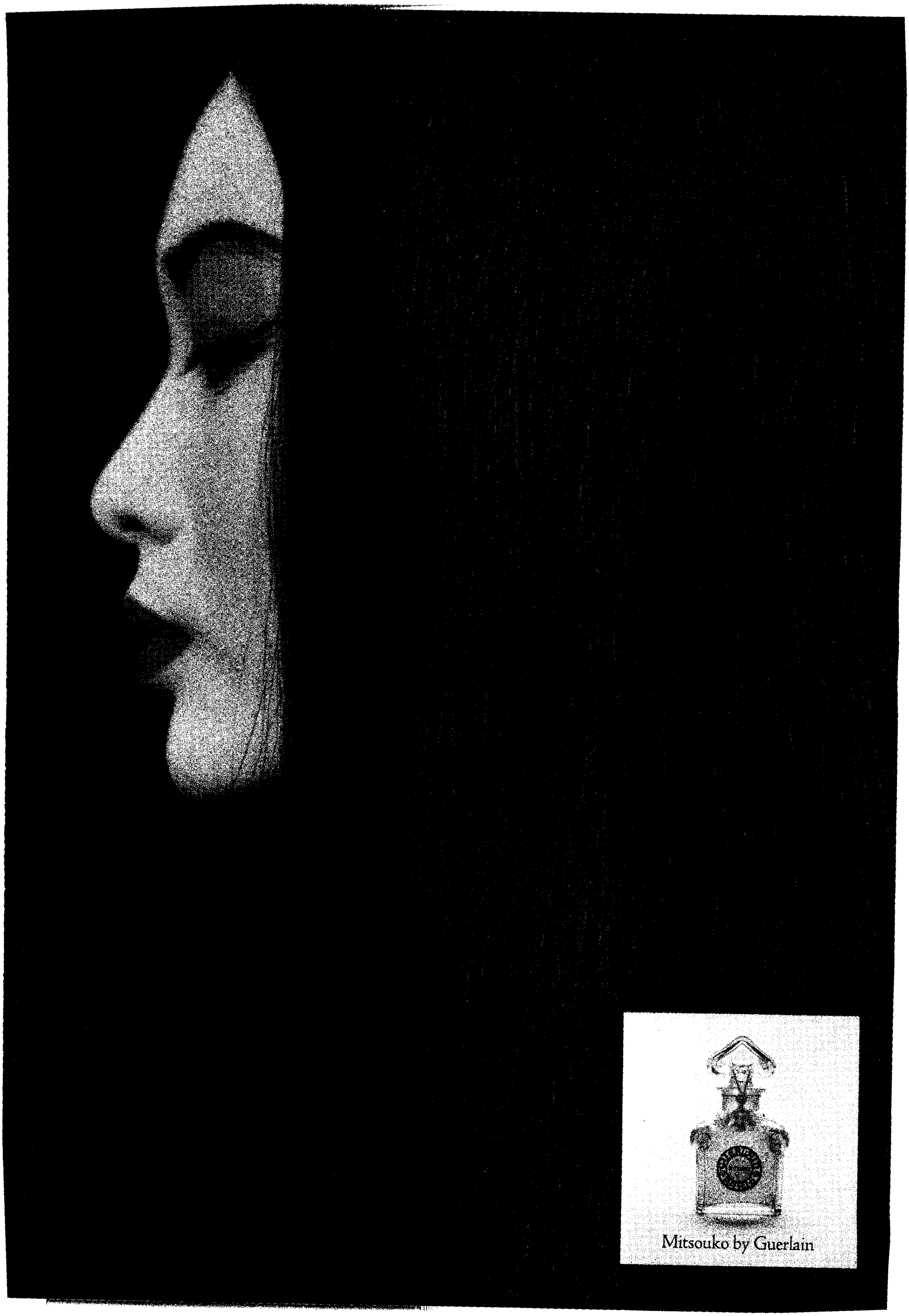
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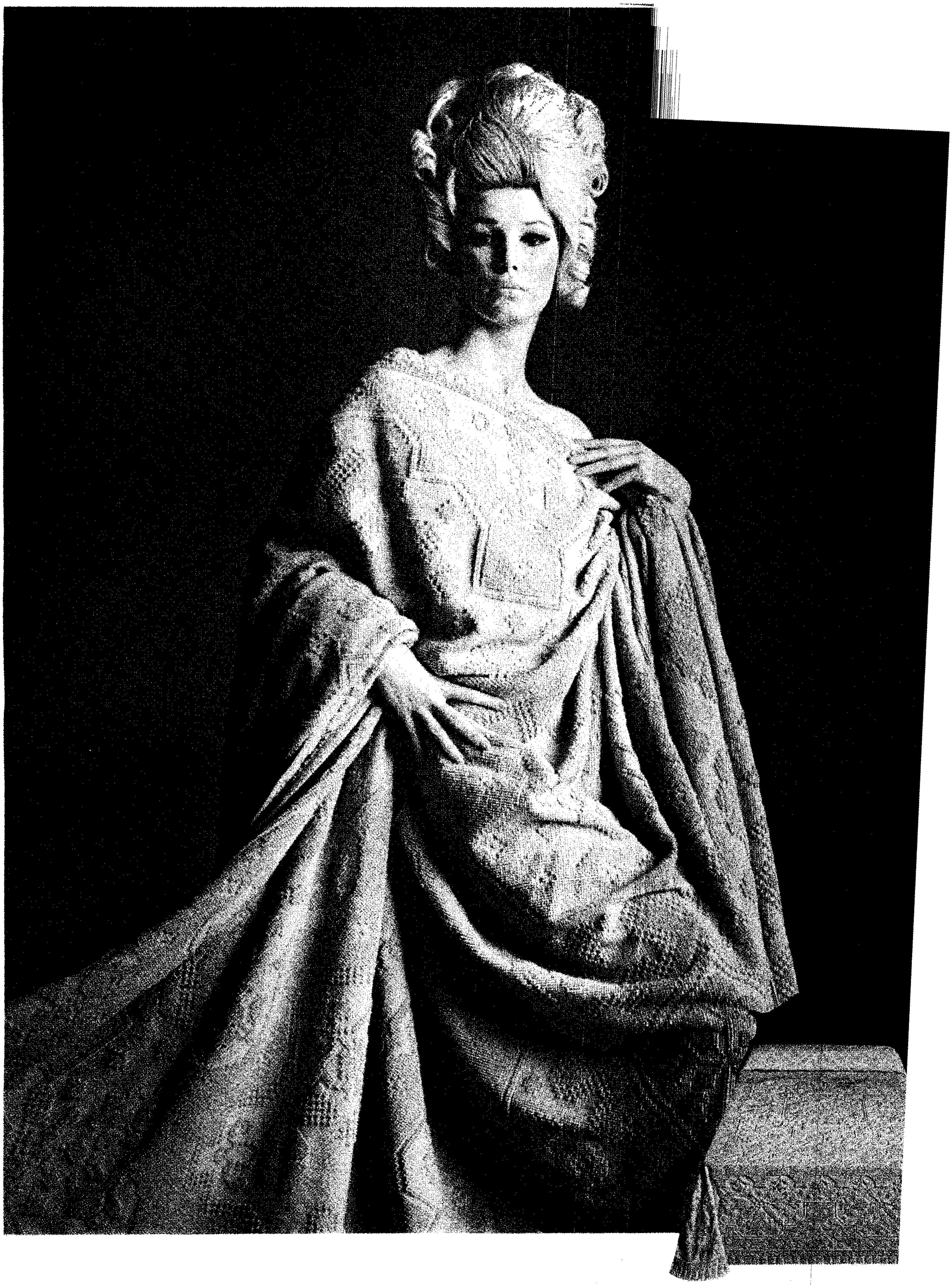

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TO Uri, Mora, and Lopore, the past and foreign travel meant different things. When these subjects arose, Uri, with his concern about the changing times, usually spoke of the mission in Acholi, for which he had contempt. Once, when I asked him what the Dodoth believed about an afterlife, he obliged me with the Christian interpretation.

"Do you believe that?" I asked him.

"If I did, I don't now. Do you?" he replied.

Mora, who was desperately in need of cattle to relieve his poverty, remembered the use of firearms. He would sometimes pick up our shotgun, expertly open the breach to squint inside, then close it and sight along the barrel at a distant tree. Once, a Dodoth I heard about dreamed that the Dodoth had rifles, and, because some dreams have meaning, I asked Mora what he thought about the dream. "Don't we all dream that?" he said.

Lopore was uninterested in the past and in his travels. Like most Dodoth who had gone away from home as soldiers and had seen the swarming cities of Kampala and Nairobi, the markets of Buganda, the villages, the schoolchildren in uniform, and the bicycle riders on the paved streets, where only the bright birds roosting on the telegraph wires could remind a Dodoth soldier of home, he was not much affected by it all. He absorbed it the way one might absorb a lecture; he had always known that things were different elsewhere. Whenever I asked him about his travels, he would say merely that he had been to Uganda. I used to persist with questions, and once I told him that my father had been in the same war. "Perhaps he was," said Lopore. "I didn't know him." He then recalled a few of the soldiers he had met—long forgotten friends—but the subject bored him, and he turned the conversation to contemporary affairs.

—ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

(*This is the first of a series of four articles.*)

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*]

Credit for this instructive and strangely disturbing exhibition goes to Daniel Robbins, curator at the Guggenheim Museum, and of course to the museum for sparing no expense in assembling and preparing, in a major way, the work of a significant but insufficiently ignored cubist.

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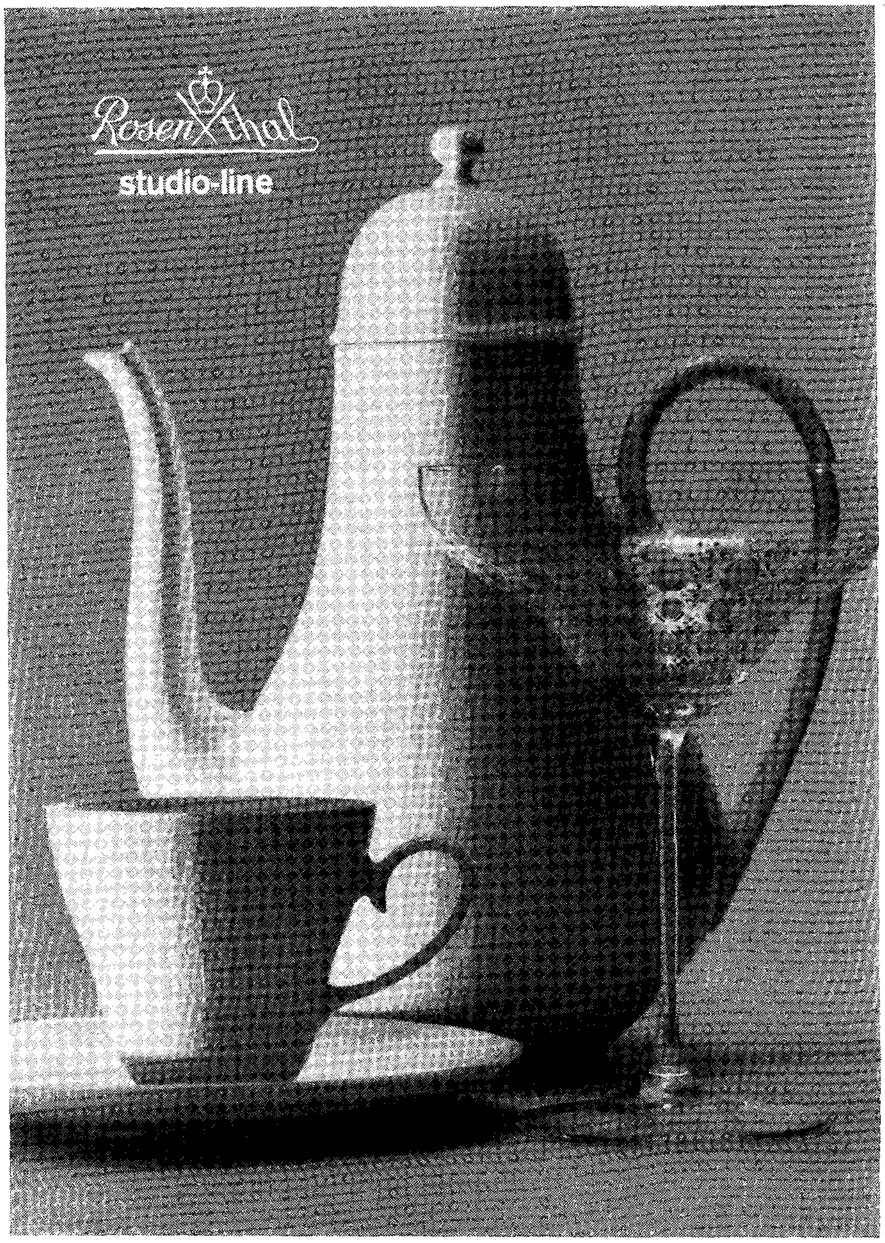

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

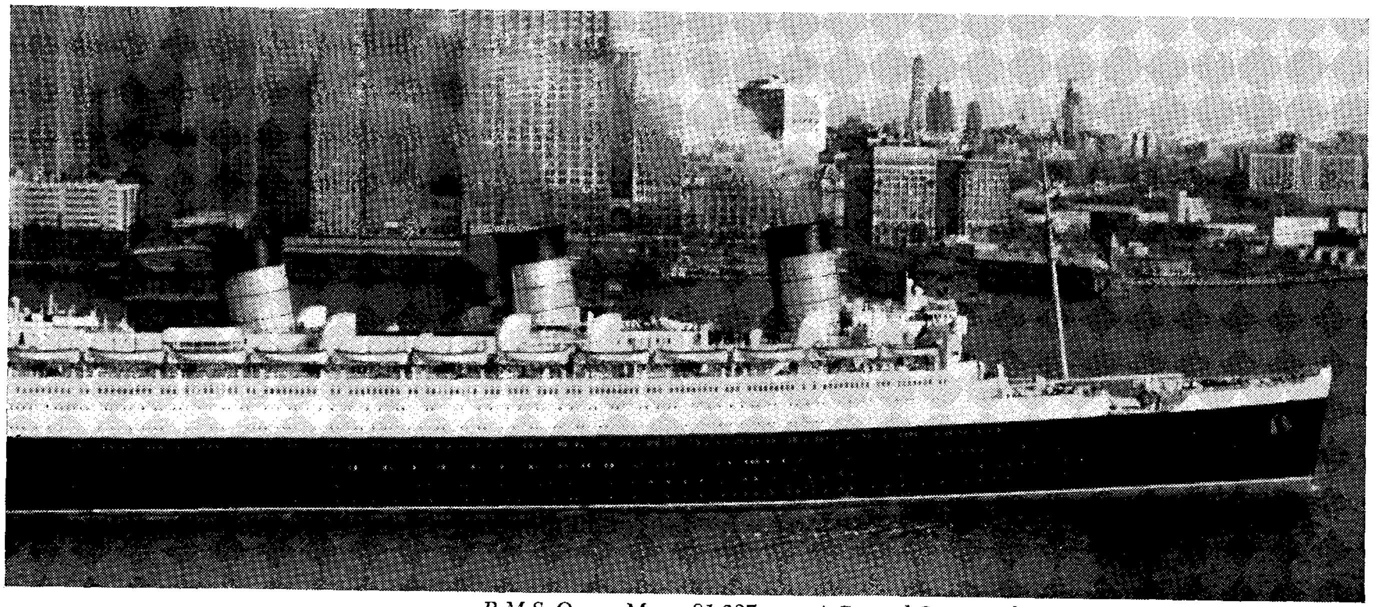
Mostly for Fun

AS I was suggesting a while back, Jeanne Moreau turns up in so many movies nowadays that we tend to become alarmed when she *isn't* in one ("What on earth can be the matter? Do you suppose she has a cold?"), but surely the champion non-stop movie-maker of the moment is her countryman and occasional co-star Jean-Paul Belmondo, who is currently to be seen in two new pictures here, as well as in I don't know how many reruns of earlier ones. Like Miss Moreau, Mr. Belmondo avoids some of the risks of continuous employment by making, with each picture, less and less of an effort to impersonate a character; obviously, it's hard to fail in a role if you haven't troubled to create it. He is content to display his personality in its own right, and since this personality is an appealing one and is coupled with youth, grace, and energy, we don't readily tire of it. Mr. Belmondo is ingratiating on another account, and again it is one that has little to do with acting: he is so evidently delighted to be on camera that if producers weren't constantly begging him to take roles in their pictures, he would be constantly begging them to let him do so.

It is no doubt this generous-hearted exuberance that accounts for Mr. Belmondo's appearance in a minor role in "Male Hunt," a French comedy about the capture of eligible young men by designing young women. That women are the pursuers and not the pursued is a truth a trifle old to be making comedies of, but the director, Edouard Molinaro, has taken care to give his complicated and trivial screenplay a pleasantly vivid, helter-skelter surface, in part with the help of trick photography and in part with the help of welcomely outrageous overacting by a large and attractive cast. The two chief victims of the hunt are played by Jean-Claude Brialy and Claude Rich; the third victim is Mr. Belmondo. The huntresses include those pretty sisters Catherine Deneuve and Françoise Dorléac; that old hand at *ménages à trois, quatre, cinq, ou six* Micheline Presle; and Marie Laforêt and Marie Dubois (Mary Forest, meet Mary Wood). They are all eminently desirable creatures and make matrimony seem more boon than doom. "Male Hunt" will do nicely for a rainy afternoon, but note that I say rainy and not just overcast.

MR. BELMONDO has a much more substantial role in the French thriller "Backfire" than he has in "Male Hunt," and it isn't his fault that the picture, acrobatic as it is, never gets around to the simple, necessary trick of standing on its own feet. The fact is that it bears a distinct resemblance to the great "Goldfinger," though it achieves nothing like the heights of gorgeous hokum scaled in that chapter of inhuman Bondage. One thing the two pictures have in common is the crucial gimmick of illegally transporting gold from one country to another by building it into the bodywork of a car (symptomatically, a Rolls in "Goldfinger," a Triumph here); a second thing is the villainous presence of Goldfinger himself, in the rufous rotundity of Gert Frobe; and a third thing is the Fleming-like preposterousness of the romantic relations between the hero, a young scamp who would do anything for a buck, and the heroine, who passes in a matter of minutes from utterly scorning the scamp to going to bed with him. This lovely and unprincipled character is played—not very convincingly, I'm afraid—by Jean Seberg, who speaks French with an accent that seems even more heavily Iowan now than it did in "Breathless." The picture, which was directed by Jean Becker, ends with the couple penniless and in each other's arms, but neither condition looks likely to last long.

"THE MAGNIFICENT CUCKOLD" is an Italian movie starring Claudia Cardinale and Ugo Tognazzi, and when I've told you that, I've told you nearly everything in its favor. Miss Cardinale is enchanting to gaze upon, and Mr. Tognazzi is an excellent comedian, as he demonstrated in "The Conjugal Bed," but what boots beauty or skill when they must spend themselves upon a screenplay achingly trite in theme and plot? A man finds it so easy to cuckold a friend that he can't help wondering if he, too, is being cuckolded; his wife is a model of cheerful fidelity, but still, but still . . . From



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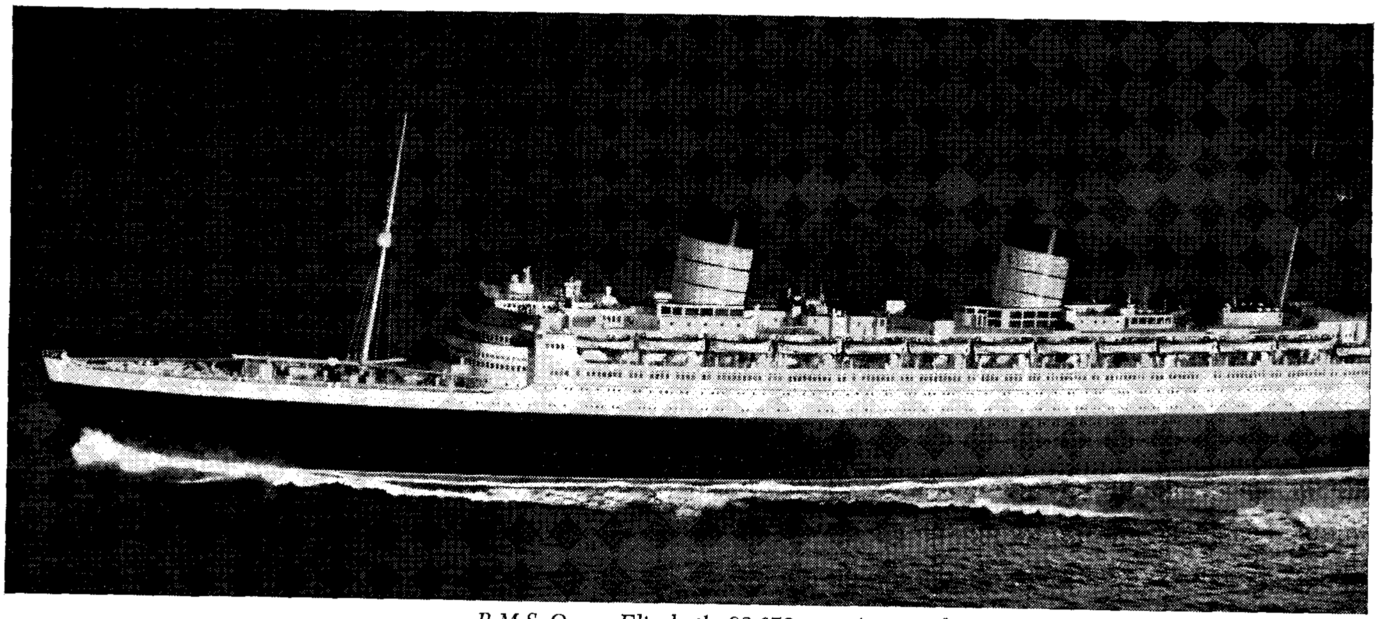

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that point on, we can all be sure that in the final scene the faithful wife will have been driven by her husband's suspicions to take a lover, while the husband will feel for the first time absolutely certain of her constancy. Why the "magnificent" in the title? There are mysteries everywhere.

"ACROSS THE RIVER," directed by Stefan Sharff from a screenplay by Mr. Sharff and Ed Sherin, is a prodigy of sentimental twaddle in which a lovable old eccentric, living with a nanny goat and a department-store mannequin in a shack in a lumberyard on the far bank of the East River, befriends a plump, suicidal girl on the Manhattan side of the river. No sooner do they reach out and touch each other in the first awkward gestures of love than the cruel world rushes in to destroy their new-found joy. One forgives non-commercial movies many things, but not the self-indulgence that equates lovableness with freakishness. Hollywood at its biggest and vulgarest could scarcely be falser to life than this movie is. —BRENDAN GILL

•

Authorities cite many reasons why thinking too much lowers bodily resistance and renders us more subject to physical ills.

For one thing, it interferes with the proper circulation of the body's blood supply. It also affects the entire nervous system and inhibits glandular as well as organic functions. Tests show, in fact, that there is virtually no part of the body not affected in one way or another.

Studies conducted by Dr. Travis Windsor of the University of Southern California and Dr. George Burch of Tulane university show that thinking hard causes even your finger-tips to shrink. They don't shrink if someone asks you what 6 times 4 is, but they do if you have to multiply something like 9 times 17. In other words, the physical effect is in direct relation to the degree of mental effort. —*Chicagos Sunday American Weekly.*

We knew an accountant once, and he simply disappeared.

•

DEAR NANCY:

A recent letter to your column complained that fruit is not tasty and hasn't its natural flavor.

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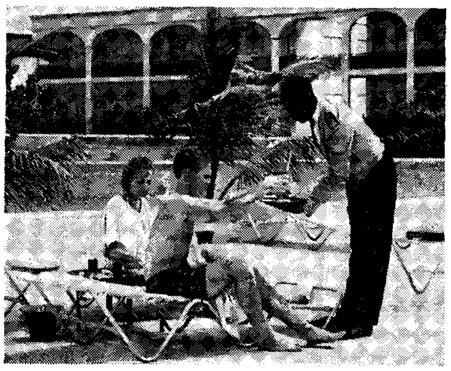
I was brought up on a farm. Trees would produce fruit according to their nature—some early, some later. Grain was left on the tree until a golden color.—*Boston Traveler.*

Where *was* this farm?



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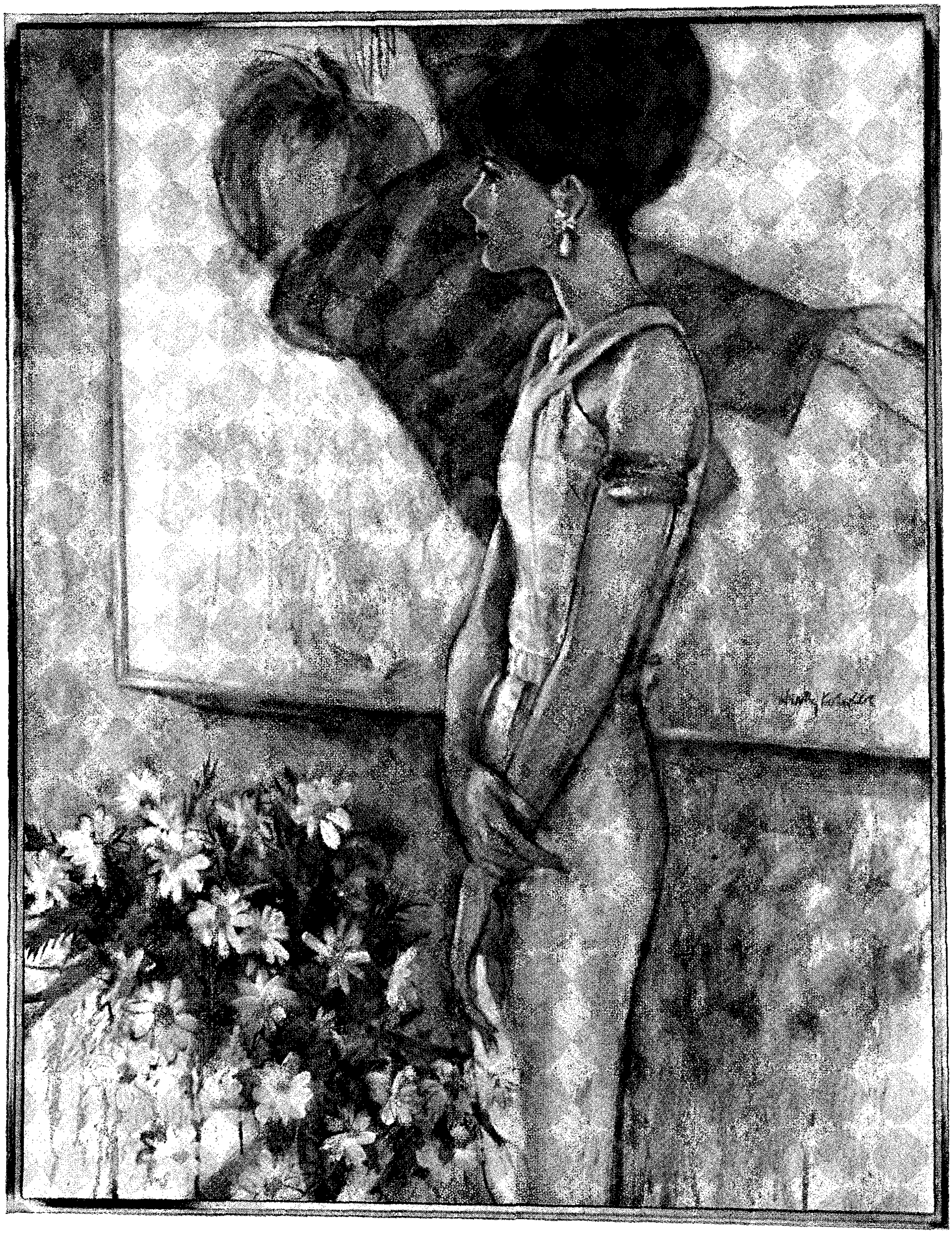

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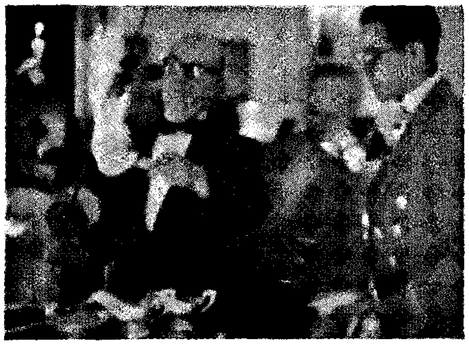

Why are dinners on Eastern Famous Restaurant flights prepared by The Pump Room, Voisin, and Old Original Bookbinder's? Why do Eastern crews go back to school each year? Why will there soon be Ground Hostesses to look after you at more major Eastern terminals?

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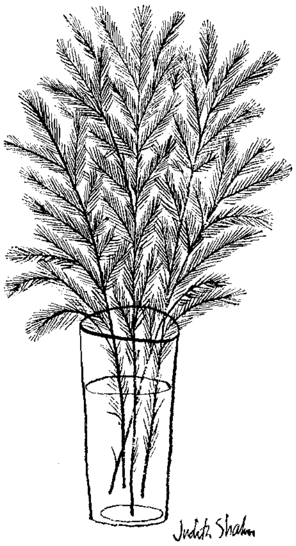
OUT OF ITEA

THE road from Delphi to the sea is one of the safest roads in Greece—that is to say, it is possible, even on its worst bends, for two cars to pass without one of them necessarily falling into the ravine. It is a well-surfaced, well-travelled road, bounded by rocks, shrubs, and pastures, which descends first to a brief plain of olive groves and finally to the little harbor of Itea where a ferry departs every so often for Patras in the Peloponnesus. By car, the road from Delphi to Itea takes about twenty minutes; by bicycle at least twice as long.

In spring the olive groves are drenched with their pale, prolific flowering, and the port of Itea—which consists of a cluster of sun-colored, flat-roofed cubes—is as busy as its temperament will permit it to become. The handful of cars lined up to take the ferry have interesting number plates and their foreign owners sit under the thatch awning of the waterfront café awaiting their turn to drive aboard. They may have quite a while to wait—for the boat, in accordance with the Greek nautical tradition, is not likely to leave on time. However, they need not be bored and do not seem to be—they have only to look to be entertained. The café looks on the tiny port and the tiny port looks on the sea; and the sea, on all sides, reflects capes and mountains, rocky or grassed, wild or cultivated, all with that legendary significance that in Greece seems to be not merely in the eye of the beholder but some knowledge possessed by the landscape itself. Behind Itea, if they turn their backs on the sea, the waiting tourists can look up at Parnassos or at the peaks above Amphissa, or retrace with their eyes that road that winds back up to Delphi.

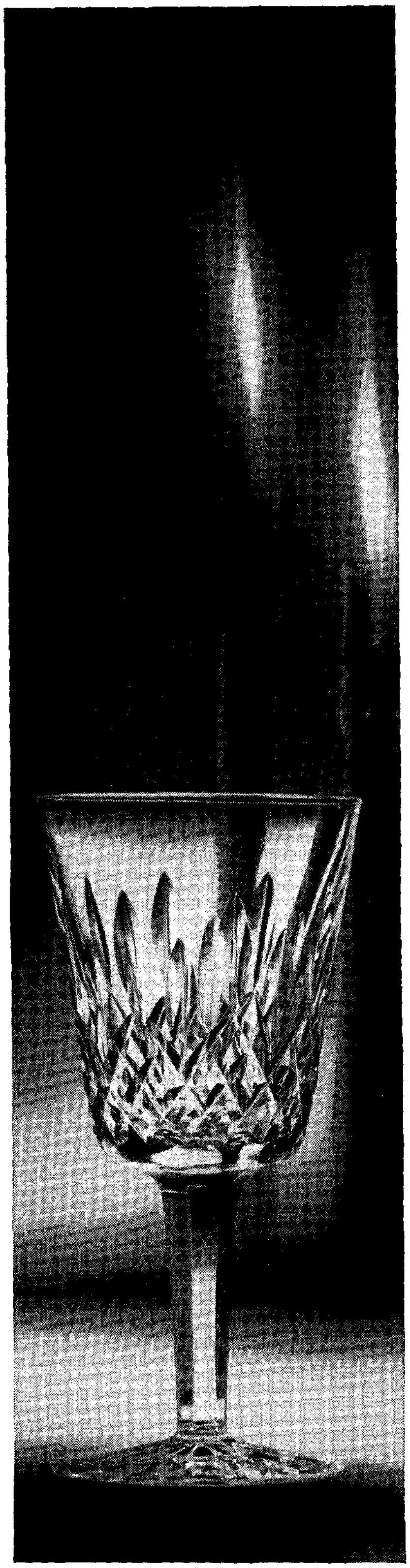


When the ferry blows its whistle, there is a hasty gathering of newspapers and cameras. The travellers stub out their cigarettes and call for the bill, which by now most of them are prepared to recognize as the "logariasmos." They need not hurry, though they do not know it, for the whistle is only the signal for putting on board three trucks loaded with bales of wool. It also brings out of one of the square houses the captain of the ferry, in a white cap, white shirt, and shorts, who sits down in the café, on one of the chairs vacated by his passengers, and orders what seems to be his breakfast. In the hot sun the passengers wait by their cars while planks are laid from the wooden pier to the iron flap of the ferry. The trucks are guided aboard—with some difficulty but little excitement—and the handful of foreign cars now follow.

The first car is a red Triumph with an Irish number plate, whose owner pulls a face when he realizes that he is to pay for the privilege of being first on board not only by being last off but also by being wedged between two of the wool trucks, one of which is shedding, in a light breeze, wisps of wool from a torn bale. The Irishman, who—like most Irishmen who own red Triumphs—looks like an Englishman, is young and good-looking and, since he eventually manages a short laugh at his wool-gathering predicament, appears to be good-natured. The beauty of his wife (who had laughed earlier and longer) is reminiscent of the twenties: her dark-red hair curves in to her cheeks, and her build is willowy. She wears a great straw hat, a pink shirt, and cerise trousers, and she fairly springs up the ladderlike stairs leading to the upper deck.

In the next car, a Volkswagen, are two American women—certainly teachers, possibly college professors. The stocky one, who is driving, fits the car efficiently into a square of the deck and even exchanges a few words of Greek—awkward Greek, self-conscious Greek, but Greek—with the seaman who is waving the cars up the ramp. Her friend, the lanky one, lifts an immense woven handbag from the back of the car and checks the necessities for the crossing—sunglasses, a thermos, postcards, a notebook, a phrasebook, and two crushable cotton hats that have followed their destiny. These ladies wear seersucker dresses that have dripped and are dry, and canvas sneakers over white socks. Up they go, enthusiastic, purposeful, to the passenger deck, where they find for themselves, injudiciously, a place in the sun.

The next car has a Greek number plate. It is a hired car from Athens with a more or less uniformed driver



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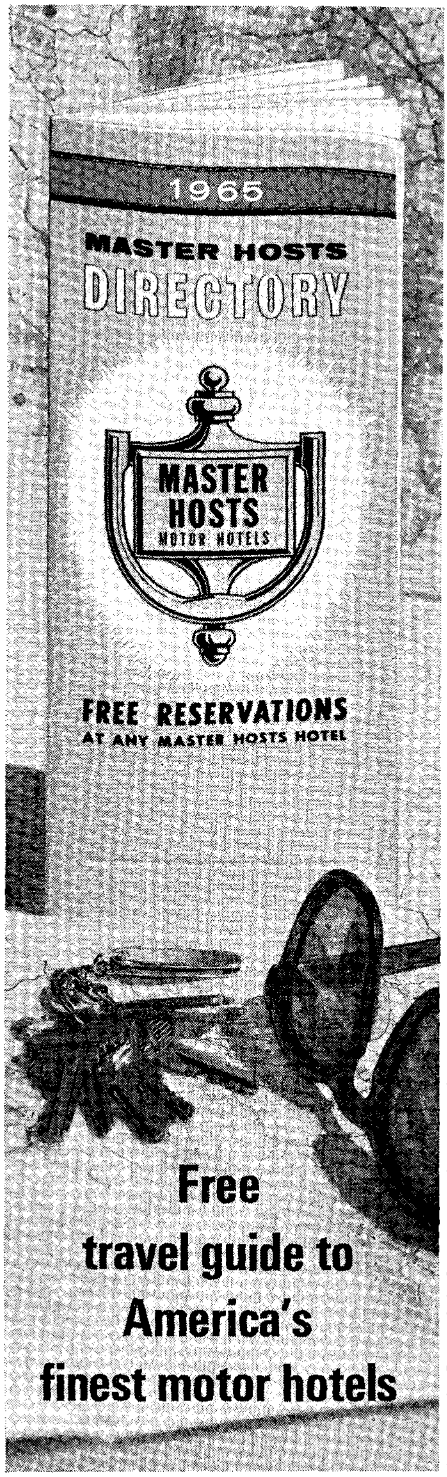

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and a Greek woman guide in front, and a couple, who seem to be Danish, in the back. The driver parks carefully in his assigned place, then leaps out to help his passengers. The Danish couple and the Greek guide speak French among themselves. The Greek lady is pleasant, handsome, middle-aged, and wears that slightly sad look of misplaced cultivation that guides inevitably acquire. Her hair, iron gray, is tied up in a loose knot; her cotton dress is dark blue.

Her clients the Danes are elegant, sympathetic, refined. The lady wears her graying blond hair in teased, fashionable curls. Her white piqué suit has been ironed that morning, and her nails painted the night before. Nothing could be fresher or more welcome on the deck of a ferry than she. She carries in her arms a big bouquet of the thyme whose purple flowers can be seen on all the surrounding hills. She is charming and gay and greets the deckhands in French, as if they were part of international society. (Her husband is about to correct her when one of them returns a courteous "*Bonjour*.") The husband is of middle height and middle years; his yellow hair is thinning, his well-made body thickening. His face is unlined, but experienced, amused. He wears a white shirt and linen trousers, and carries his jacket on his arm. He has the personableness of intelligence, and the little party is no sooner on deck than he resumes his discussion with the guide.

Now comes a Greek farmer with a boy of about ten, wheeling two loaded sacks in a handcart. Now a wiry sunburned woman with a chicken in a wicker basket, a frail elderly couple with a clumsy bundle wrapped in cloth, and four young people—three girls and a youth—in dark clothes, possibly on their way to a family funeral. These people are soon deployed throughout the ship—leaning on the rail near the cars or spreading their parcels over benches on the upstairs deck, or strolling about to chat with the crew. The whistle is blown again, and the green water around the ship is lightly churned.

The captain leaves his table in the café without paying (can there be such a thing as an account at the Itea café, or is it possible that he owns it?), and strolls toward the pier holding his folded newspaper. Like some martinet, some stickler for punctuality, he takes out a watch and chain as he walks along, glances at it, and snaps it shut. (Is this to confirm more precisely the extent of the delay?) As he pauses to put it away, two figures appear behind him

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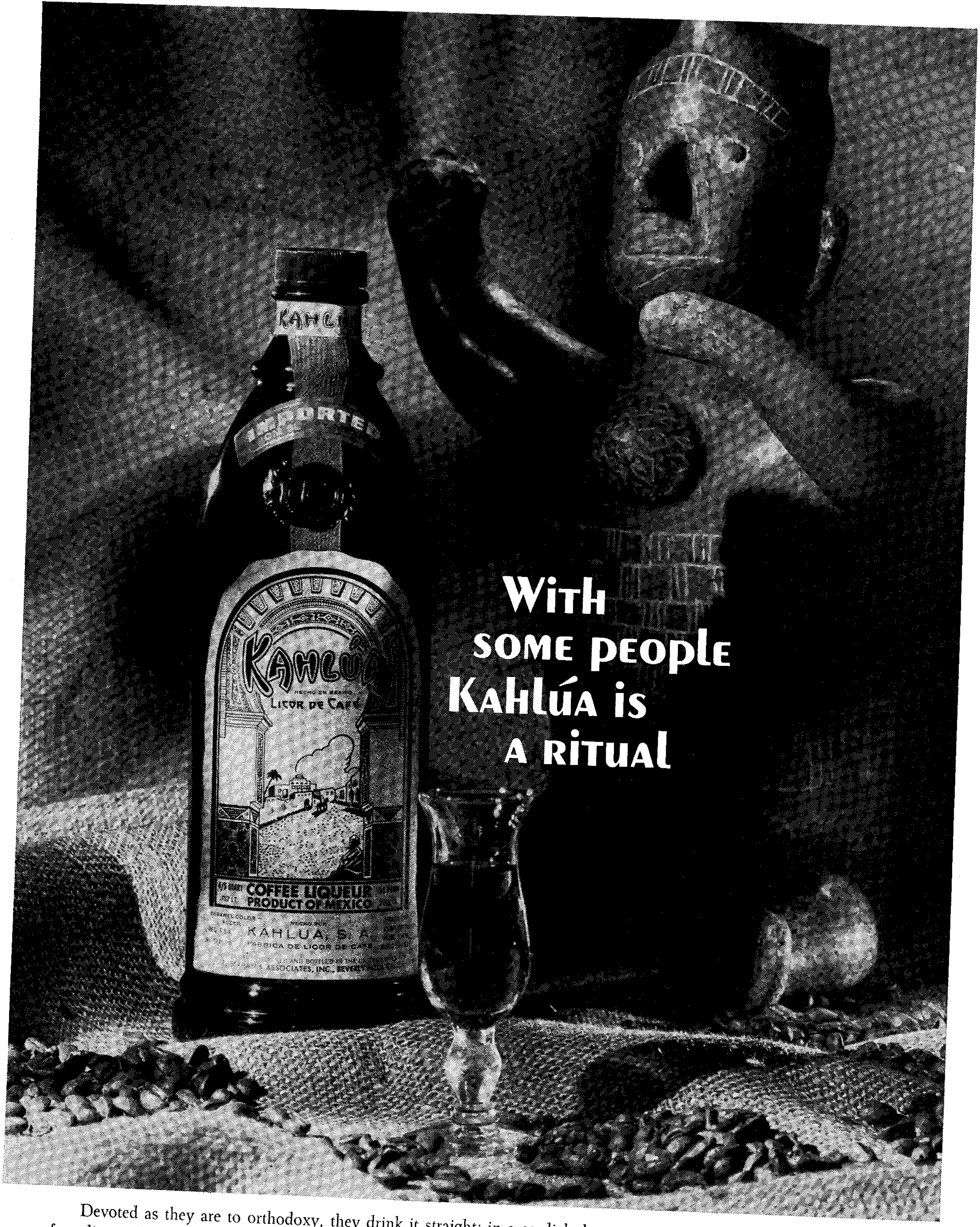
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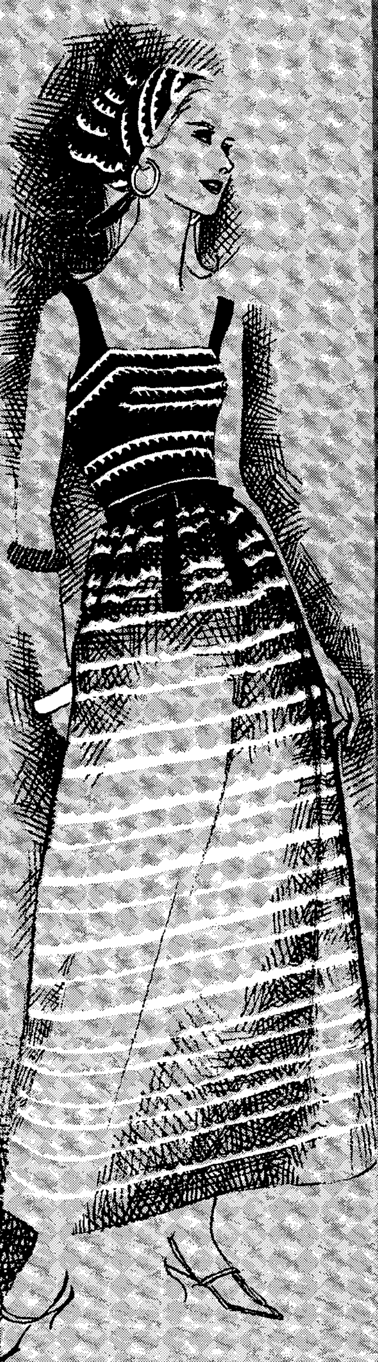

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where the Delphi road joins the waterfront. Since they are on bicycles, they soon draw almost level with the captain, but politely do not pass and allow him to board his ship alone.

These new figures are singular enough to attract a little attention, although their type is familiar in spring and summer on the roads of Europe: a boy and a girl—he about twenty, she perhaps a year younger, each with a plain pedal bicycle to which is strapped a heavy pack. They are both short, fair, and neatly built. A tiny Norwegian flag has been painted on the boy's bicycle. He wears a bleached khaki shirt, khaki shorts rolled up an inch or two, and leather sandals with rope soles. His legs and arms are fuzzed with ginger and deeply sunburned to a peeled and blotchy red. His face is reddish brown except at the hairline and disfigured by an uncertain ginger beard.

They wheel their bicycles on board. The girl is wearing a loose yellow jersey, above which the back of her neck shows crimson, and a limp cotton skirt of red and blue flowers. On her limbs the down is blond. Her arms are as crimson as her neck, but, since her legs are scarcely pink, there must be a pair of blue jeans somewhere in her monstrous pack. Her hair has been cropped almost as short as her companion's. On her feet are roughly made sandals of a very old design—an open casing laced together over the instep with thongs that continue halfway up the calf and tie there.

Among the cars and trucks they find a place to put their bicycles where they can be seen from the deck above. The girl's pack is the same size as the boy's and must, by the look of it, weigh about thirty pounds (one imagines some misguided pact of equal responsibility), and rummaging in it she produces a paper bag spotted with grease and a clear plastic bottle of water. A frying pan has been strapped to the side of her pack—the sole token of her sex. The pack is closed again and the boy leads the way to the upper deck, where they seat themselves in two canvas chairs just vacated by the American ladies, who have gone into the shade of the wheelhouse.

The iron ramp of the ferry has been cranked up, the whistle blows a third time, and the ship is under way. A small group has somehow collected to wave them off, and in the café the waiter stands among the empty tables shading his eyes. The sun shines, the breeze strengthens, the wool floats more thickly down. On deck the foreigners look back to Delphi, where the ruins

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are visible only for a moment in a curve of the hills.

"He was changed into a dolphin, you know. Right here. That's where they get the name. Delphi." The stocky teacher is the bossy one.

"Who?"

"Apollo. For heaven's sake."

The younger one is writing in a notebook. "I'll put it in at the end. How do you spell Oedipus's father?"

The Irish couple have taken a bench for themselves, and even have a small cushion covered in imitation leopard. They sit sideways looking out to sea, their knees companionably touching, their "Guide Bleu" warping on the seat between them.

"What were the Mysteries of Eleusis?"

"Nobody seems to know." He is more serious than she.

"Maybe that's the point." She brings a pink scarf out of her pocket and ties her hat on under her chin. She looks back at the mountains and sighs. "Wasn't Delphi *divine*?"

He smiles. "It's nothing if not that."

"Is that the Castalian spring? That groove to the right?"

"No—I don't think we can see it from here. Don't you remember, we had to drive farther up the road to get to it."

"Oh yes." She recites:

> "A little Learning is a dangerous
> thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Castalian spring."

"That's the *Pierian* spring," he corrects her, and they both burst out laughing. They turn their attention back to the deck. Like all travellers in Greece, they have run into some of their fellow-tourists before today—on the Acropolis, was it, or behind Herodes Atticus?—

"rocks"

man

and how they changed his mind about sherry.

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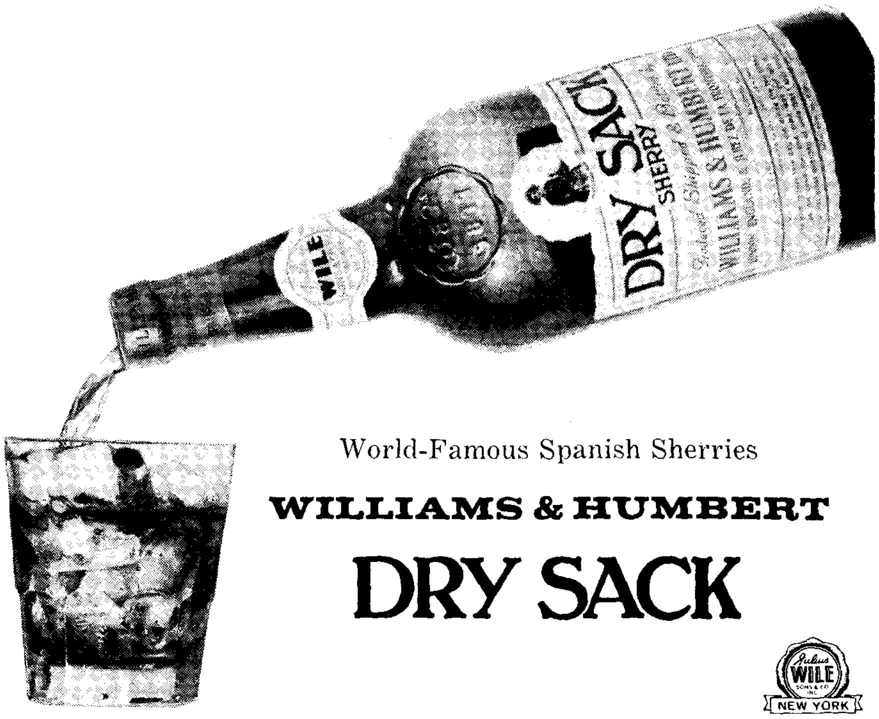

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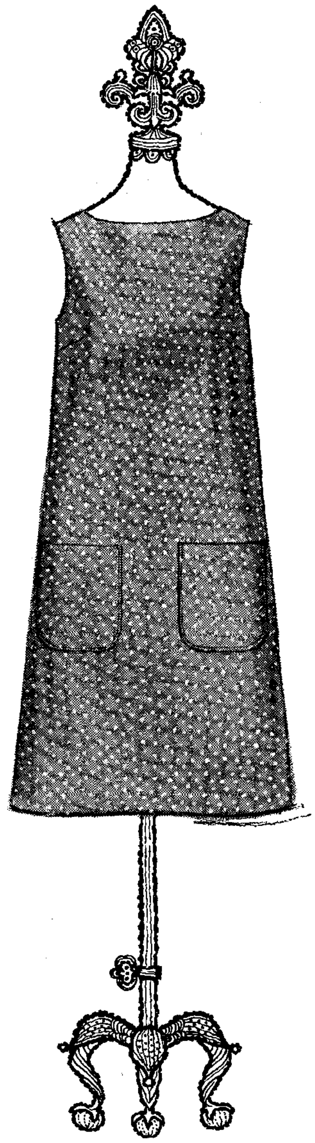

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and have already exchanged nods and smiles with them this morning.

DELPHI disappears. The chauffeur of the Danes' car arrives on deck with a steward. The steward sizes up the situation, then goes back for a collapsible table which is set up for the Danes' lunch. "*Parakalo*," says the stocky teacher, rising to her feet, and soon there are tables for the teachers and the Irish couple as well, and a boy who speaks only Greek is taking impossible orders for lunch.

The Danes and their guide are in deck chairs. They have brought books, and their books are in earnest: "Die Griechischen Altertümer," "Le Trésor de Sifnos," "Alexander's Path;" *their* "Guide Bleu" has been warped for years. Before lunch the party has a glass of retsina apiece, and the guide talks to them continually, pointing from time to time.

"And there is the spot where Byron landed." She says it in English, in honor of the occasion—not loudly but in the slightly oratorical manner of guides, so that the Irish couple and the stocky teacher turn to look, and the chauffeur comes over to the rail. There is a sloping headland, a bay, another tiny port.

"He landed there," says the teacher to her friend, who has not heard.

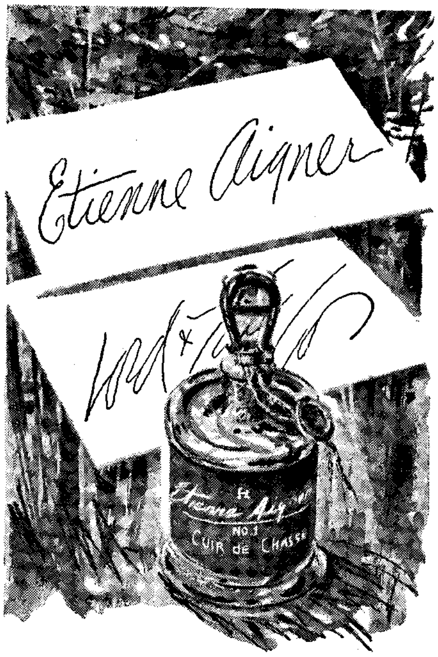
"Apollo?"

"Byron," she says, but as if the confusion were understandable.

Only the Norwegians have shown no interest. They sit together with their hands linked, their feet on the lower rung of the rail, and look at the sea. Once they look at each other. A look such as that, though it passes between two people in a fraction of a second, is seen by everyone and is unforgettable.

Without speaking she releases his hand and brings the crumpled paper bag up from beneath her deck chair. In the bag there is a newspaper parcel and she unwraps this, spreading the paper over her knees. Pairing what she finds inside—two small loaves stuffed with cheese, two boiled eggs, and several tomatoes—she is calm, engrossed, more mysterious than Eleusis, more romantic than Byron. He reaches over to eat from her lap—from the little table made by her spread knees and the sheet of paper covered with Greek characters and centered by a photograph of King Constantine.

THEY have been sailing for some time in a more open sea. Coming upstairs with a loaded tray, the waiter



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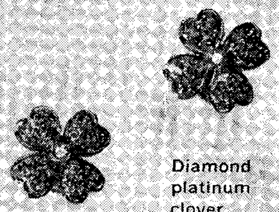

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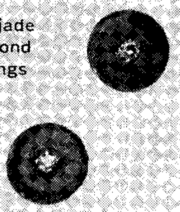

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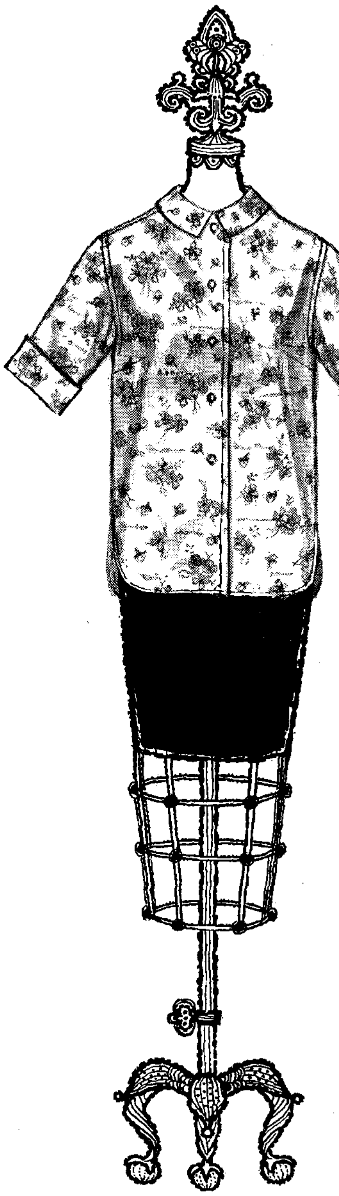

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does a little dance on the deck to steady himself. There are omelettes, plates of goat cheese and cucumbers, and unmarked bottles of retsina, and a thick tile of bread is laid beside each plate. There are even paper napkins, which presently blow overboard.

The boy, who has finished his last tomato, is the more genteel of the pair. He gathers together the eggshells and bread crumbs and puts them in the paper bag, which he sternly prevents her from throwing into the Gulf of Corinth. The waiter takes it away and they resume their positions, lightly holding hands. In a moment the girl is asleep, her shorn head tilted back, her pale gorge prominent in her sunburned neck.

It is impossible to be unmoved by their presence, by their absence. They have everyone's attention to some degree, though no one can command theirs. The guide nods toward them with her melancholy smile. The Irishman, having completed his meal, lies down on a bench with his head in his wife's lap. The Danish lady touches her husband's hand. The ferry splashes its ungainly bow against wave after wave, and on all sides of them—for all the while they have been in sight of the Peloponnesian shore—can be seen the disarming shapes of the Greek coast, sometimes steep, sometimes low-lying, not always readily imposing, for this is an Oriental idea of a coastline rather than a Western one. For the space of a minute, heavy rain falls from the blue sky—the sea is freckled with it, it splashes over the deck, on tables and empty dishes, but no one stirs. The Norwegian girl opens her eyes but doesn't move, and in a moment the rain is behind them.

"Patras," says the chauffeur, and once more the passengers are brought to the rail. Patras, the substantial town fixed in an arc of the oncoming land, is their destination and they cannot disregard it. They have chosen to come to this shore and they line the rail like a little group of immigrants, wondering what life it will offer them even temporarily.

"Missolonghi," the man says, pointing farther and in another direction. There is a tremendous headland, cliffs, some flat land.

Only the Norwegians still watch Patras.

Standing beside the boy's chair, the stocky teacher tells him, "Missolonghi. Where Byron died."

He gives a careful smile. Turning to his companion, he translates, "*Byron*

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Mr. Thomson vs. Mr. Webb: a debate over the merits of a year-round gift carton for the world's finest Scotch.

George Thomson, Director and Master Blender, and Arthur F. Webb, Managing Director of John Walker & Sons Ltd., photographed in Kilmarnock, Scotland.

Mr. Thomson had a point. He contended that Johnnie Walker Black Label doesn't need to make a display of itself; that no trappings could embellish a Scotch blended from over 40 of the finest aged Highland malt whiskies and just the right amount of mature Scotch grain whisky. (He blended them himself.)

Mr. Webb agreed that Johnnie Walker Black Label is a most tasteful Scotch (he is Managing Director of the Company) and deserves to be so presented. He maintained that the carton would be properly decorous, nearly as impeccable as the Scotch inside. The same distinguished gift carton that attracted favorable comment during the holidays.

In defense of extending the season for gifts

Furthermore, Mr. Webb could see no reason why generosity should be limited by season. Might not thoughtful people find occasion to give Black Label throughout the year? And why not compliment their taste with a carton that *complements* their Scotch?

Mr. Webb was of the opinion that they should make the carton available for package stores in the United States. Mr. Thomson is not only the most knowledgeable of master blenders, he is also a reasonable man. He agreed.

We suggest you try the Scotch. The superiority of Johnnie Walker Black Label is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the U.K. that it's actually on ration there. But the current U. S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply. Ask for Black Label tonight, with or without the new gift carton. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
Johnnie Walker

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

døde der," but one senses that he does so merely from politeness.

She is bending forward in her chair to dry her face with her skirt. She looks up, smiles and nods, and says, "Thank you," gravely as if to a child.

The guide sits down again with her Danish friends and spreads out a map of the Peloponnesus. "Olympia," she says—for they are all headed for Olympia: it is their reason for landing at Patras—"is on the border of the district of Arcadia."

THE ship slows down. They are nearing Patras. The town looks hot and slow. Above the waterfront there are hotels, terraces, a garden, a gas station. The harbor is empty except for a few caïques, a tanker, and a tug or two. An exchange of whistles brings the ferry almost to a stop. It glides toward the pier, covering the last quarter of a mile so slowly that the passengers go back to their seats and the guide resumes her lecture.

". . . was the site of the Games, which took place every four years regardless of the political relations of participants. In those days"—she shrugs—"they suspended the wars for the Games. Now they suspend the Games for the wars."

The teachers and the Irish couple eavesdrop—one never learns so much as from another person's guide. The Norwegian girl stands up at last and leans on the rail, but the other travellers are losing interest in her: she is all very well, but they have come here for the real thing—art, history, truth—and cannot afford to be sidetracked.

The boy is first down from the deck. He squeezes among the cars, the girl following, and reaches the bicycles just as the boat touches the pier. They have disposed of their paper bag and have nothing to repack. They wheel their bicycles forward a yard or two, exchange a few words. The girl lifts her head to look at Patras and laughs.

There is something drastic about the arrival of a ship against a dock—even if it is simply the ferry from Itea against the pier at Patras—some sensation of adventure, almost of rescue. A definable episode is completed, a less definable one begins. Chains are rattling, ropes creak around bollards, and there are the ritual shouts of "Oi! Oi!" that presumably give guidance to those concerned. By the time the flap of the ferry is let down, all the passengers are on the lower deck—those on foot preparing to walk to their destination in the town, those with cars repacking their belongings. The cars are too hot

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St. Lucia	181	153
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Trinidad	209	170
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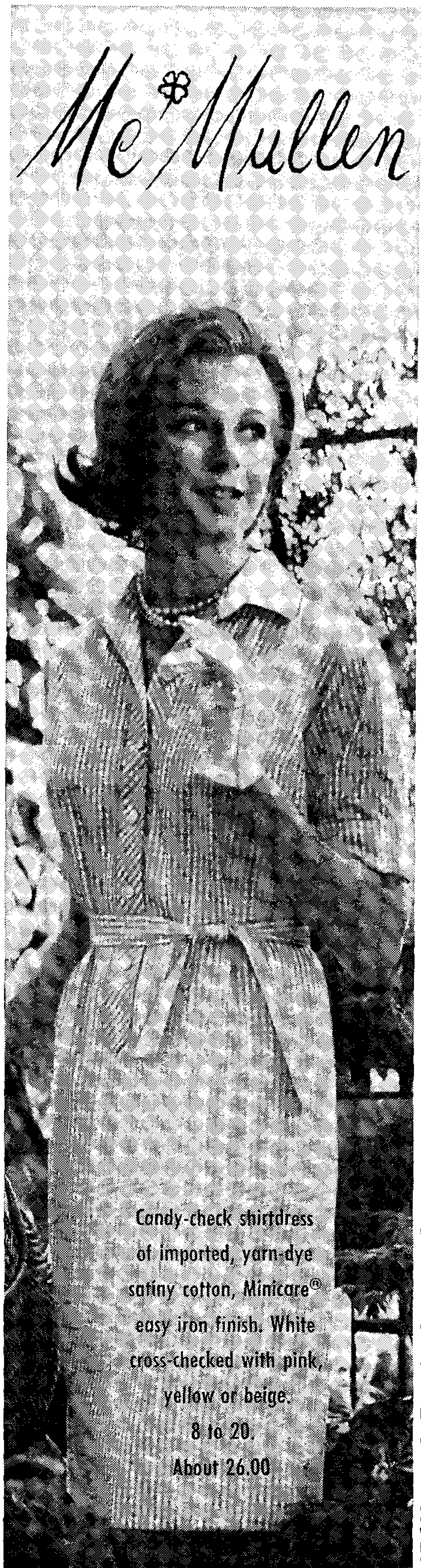

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to enter, and their owners stand beside them in the sun.

The cyclists are first off. The other tourists must wait—for one of the wool trucks is to be allowed off before the cars—and they watch the two figures weaving up the short rise that leads from the pier to the main road. At last it seems possible to talk about them.

The Danish lady laughs, brushing the tough spines of the thyme from her white jacket. "But such discomfort! Such discomfort! At my age—unthinkable . . ." She pauses, but her husband doesn't smile or reassure her. It is not the moment for jokes about age.

He says, "We will overtake them in no time."

The stocky teacher has put on her sunglasses. "They took so little intertest. One can't imagine why they come to Greece."

Her friend's imagination may be less deficient, for she looks vague. She says, "I expect we'll bump into them in Arcadia."

The Irish couple slide into the scorching seats of their car. "This bloody wool," he says.

Still looking at the road, his wife asks him, "But what will they *eat*?"

"Tomatoes."

"Where will they sleep?"

"Together."

"One could give them a lift perhaps?"

"With those *bicycles*?" he begins in halfhearted horror, but then says, "No. No. Let them alone." A signal is made for the cars to move on, and he starts the engine. "They're having the time of their lives." —SHIRLEY HAZZARD

•

KATZ, F., "Analytic and Applied Sociologists: A Sociological Essay on a Dilemma in Sociology," Sociol. Soc. Res., 48 (July '64), 440-53. Analysis of the tension in sociology between "pure" and "applied" sociology. Evaluates the interior logic of each position and recommends avoiding either to the exclusion of the other.—*The ABS Guide to Recent Publications in the Social and Behavioral Sciences.*

Or both.

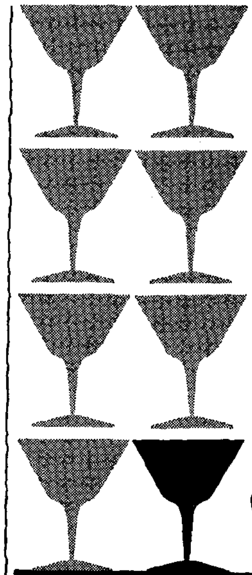
•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Mount Vernon* (*Ohio*) *News*]

A birthday party in observance of David Piatt's 17th birthday anniversary was given Friday evening in the home of Mrs. Chester Piatt at 601 W. Vine St.

The birthday cake presented to David who aspires to be a mortician was in the shape of a coffin decorated in white and brown and colorful flowers.



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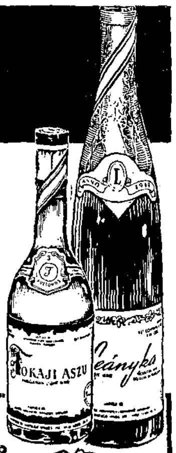

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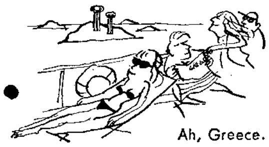
You may have missed Greece on your last trip.



Ah, Greece.
Land of golden sunsets.

You may have forgotten what life was like in the Middle Ages.

Ladies were
always fainting.
And everybody
lived in castles.

You may be too young to remember V-E Day.

The day people
stopped saving newspapers
and started ripping them.

But television didn't, hasn't and isn't.

Don't overlook these special television programs in May:

Triple Crown
91st running of the Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs; 89th running of the Preakness, Pimlico.
Saturdays, May 1 (5-6 PM); May 15 (5:30-6 PM)

Lamp Unto My Feet
Our Lady's Juggler (ballet); A Discussion of Marianology; The Waldensians; The American Baptist Convention.
Sundays, May 2, 9, 16, 23 (10-10:30 AM)

Look Up And Live
Kafka's "The Judgment"; Franklin's Key; World of Oscar Brown, Jr.; The Church and Civil Rights.
Sundays, May 2, 9, 16, 23 (10:30-11 AM)

Directions '65
A Catholic-Jewish Dialogue; People Who Live in Glass Paperweights; The Alchemy of Love; Quiet Desperation.
Sundays, May 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-1:30 PM)

Tournament of Champions
Final rounds from Las Vegas, Nevada.
Saturday, May 1 (5-6:30 PM)
Sunday, May 2 (4-6 PM)

Melina Mercouri's Greece
A look at the actress's native land, its history, people and culture.
Monday, May 3 (9-10 PM)

Lorne Greene's American West
Musical tour of the frontier of America's Westward movement.
Monday, May 3 (9-10 PM)

The Science of Spying
A look at the methods and people engaged in the business of espionage. John Chancellor narrates.
Tuesday, May 4 (10-11 PM)

FDR
Germany First; The Road to Rome; The Grand Assault; Fury in the East.
Fridays, May 7, 14, 21, 28 (9:30-10 PM)

Europe, 20 Years After
Transatlantic telecast commemorating VE-Day, with General Eisenhower.
Saturday, May 8 (12 Noon–1 PM)

The Pilgrim Adventure
The Mayflower's voyage to the New World is re-created.
Monday, May 10 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Louvre
The history and masterpieces of one of the world's greatest museums. Charles Boyer is the narrator.
Friday, May 14 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Kristie
Ed Begley narrates story of two children and a horse.
Sunday, May 16 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Middle Ages
Documents the thousand years between the fall of the Roman Empire and Columbus's discovery of America.
Tuesday, May 18 (10-11 PM)

The Inheritance
Alexander Scourby narrates a re-creation of Biblical history, filmed in the Middle East.
Sunday, May 23 (2-3 PM)

The National Drivers' Test
Viewers will be able to participate in a driving test on judgment, knowledge of rules of the road and ability to perceive hazards.
Monday, May 24 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/
Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays:
ABC Scope

Saturdays:
Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/
Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays:
Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Watch Mr. Wizard/Issues and Answers/Catholic Hour/Sunday/Sports in Action/Science All Stars/Zoorama/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/World War 1/
Walt Disney

NOTE: Times (EDT), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

ONE-MAN SHOW

MORE than any other golf tournament, the Masters induces reflection and speculation. This is so, I would guess, partly because it is the only one of the four major championships that takes place annually on the same, evocative stamping ground—the Augusta National Golf Club, in Augusta, Georgia, of course—and partly because its customary position on the tournament schedule—the first or second week in April—makes it not only the first significant event of the year for the professional field but also a sort of special equinox for most American golfers and golf fans, marking the close of a long, gray winter of enforced cerebration and the arrival of another spring and another golf season. In the days preceding the recent Masters, which was won so brilliantly by twenty-five-year-old Jack Nicklaus, three players, apart from the eventual winner, figured large in conversation at Augusta—Gene Sarazen, Ken Venturi, and Arnold Palmer. Sarazen was celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the famous double eagle that, in effect, won him the second Masters, and for that reason a far greater number of history-conscious pilgrims than usual made their way down the hill to inspect the spot on the left side of the fifteenth fairway from which Sarazen rifled the 235-yard, 4-wood shot that carried the pond guarding the green area, landed on the front edge of the green, and rolled straight into the cup. (Sarazen estimated at the time that no more than thirty spectators saw the shot, but apparently he was wrong, for the number of professed eyewitnesses is now around five thousand. Similarly, the 4-wood he used is now mounted on the walls of at least two dozen golf clubs and restaurants across the country.) As for Venturi, the reigning United States Open champion, he was returning as a hero to a scene of earlier heartbreak, for he had three times been on the brink of victory in the Masters and all three times had lost—most cruelly, perhaps, in 1960, when Palmer caught him with a birdie on the seventy-first hole and then edged him out with another birdie on the seventy-second. Venturi's return was not an entirely joyous occasion, though, for he was still plagued by the strange circulatory ailment in the fingers of his right hand that forced him to leave the professional tour in January, and consequently he could not be considered a serious contender. (Indeed, with a 77 and an 80 on his first two rounds, he didn't come close to surviving the thirty-six-hole cut that trimmed the field for the last two rounds to the forty-nine low scorers.) In the case of Palmer, the defending champion and a man who usually handles the Augusta National as if it were his home course, both the players and the regular followers of the Masters were wondering if he would be roused from his protracted winter slump by the sight of the familiar rolling fairways and the shouts of Augusta's inveterately Palmer-oriented galleries, far and away the most vociferous regional detachment of "Arnie's Army." The consensus was that Palmer would probably play extremely well but wouldn't win, for the very good reason that he has never been successful in the Masters in the odd-numbered years, his four victories having come in 1958, 1960, 1962, and 1964. This proved to be an accurate forecast. Palmer was not quite in the irresistible form he displayed last year, when he completely dominated the tournament, but he was never over par on his four rounds—70, 68, 72, 70—and his total of 280, which tied him for second with Gary Player, would have won all but five of the twenty-eight previous Masters Tournaments.

The chances are, however, that Palmer's excellent defense of his title will soon be forgotten, and so will Player's challenge and several other noteworthy performances (I am thinking particularly of that by a fifty-three-year-old Texas farmer named Byron Nelson, who stayed even with par for the first seventy-one holes, and that by Ramón Sota, a twenty-seven-year-old Spanish pro, who picked up $3,800 by finishing in a tie for sixth and returns home surely one of the richest golf pros in Santander), because Nicklaus's triumph was of such monumental dimensions that it comes close to being the whole story of the 1965 Masters. Few records escaped his sustained four-day assault. His 64 on the third round equalled the lowest score for one round in the Masters, set by Lloyd Mangrum a quarter of a century ago, when the Augusta National was several hundred yards shorter and perhaps four shots easier; his total of 271 (67, 71, 64, 69) bettered by three strokes the old tournament record, set in 1953 by Ben Hogan; and his margin of victory—nine full strokes—bettered by two the old mark, set in 1955 by Cary Middlecoff. One could go on and on, but let's settle for two of the many altogether amazing supporting statistics. By 3-putting only one green, the sixty-ninth of the tournament, Nicklaus broke a rather esoteric Masters record that seemed safe forever, topping Bob Rosburg's feat of not 3-putting until he reached the sixty-fourth green. And in playing the first nine holes in twelve shots under par during the four rounds, Nicklaus bogeyed only one hole—the fifth on his final round.

Golf, it has often been said, is not a game of how but how many, yet in this instance the method by which Nicklaus achieved his figures was at least as awesome as the figures themselves. For something like three years, Nicklaus had been established as the longest straight driver in the game, but never before had he driven as consistently long and straight over the span of a tournament as he did in the Masters. On hole after hole, this broad-backed, muscular, two-hundred-and-ten-pound six-footer was out so far off the tees that for him the Augusta National course, which is a very, very big one, measuring 6,980 yards, played like a drive-and-pitch course—about the way a 6,000-yard course would for a pretty fair club golfer. On Nicklaus's third round, for example, the longest club he needed for his second shot on the par-4 holes was the 6-iron he used

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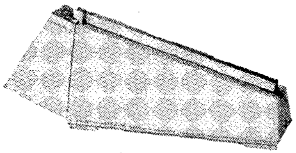
on the fifth, which is four hundred and fifty yards long. For his approaches on the nine other par 4s, he used his 7-iron once (this was after he had pushed his drive on the 420-yard fourteenth), his 8-iron three times (on the 470-yard tenth, the 445-yard eleventh, and the 400-yard seventeenth), and his pitching wedge four times (on the 355-yard third, the 365-yard seventh, the 420-yard ninth, and the 420-yard eighteenth), while on the first hole, which is an even four hundred yards long, he didn't need even as much club as a pitching wedge, and went with his sand wedge instead. Just one more illustration: On the par-5 fifteenth, which is now some thirty-five yards longer than it was when Sarazen holed his 4-wood second, Nicklaus got home easily with a 5-iron, and he could probably have reached it with a 7 if he had wanted to. In brief, it is no exaggeration to say that in the history of the game no golfer has ever unleashed in a major competition anything like the sort of power Nicklaus did at Augusta. At the presentation ceremony, Bob Jones, the founder of the Masters and its host, made this point unforgettably when he said, "Jack Nicklaus is playing an entirely different game—a game I'm not even familiar with," and went on to observe that he was now quite sure it was only a matter of time before golfers would be shooting in the 50s in the prestige championships.

IN view of the importance of Nicklaus's achievement, it strikes me that it would be worthwhile to review in some detail his play on the four days, for each of his rounds had its own individual complexion, and, moreover, for all his ultimate authority, there were a few very interesting moments when his precise, upright swing and his formidable poise seemed to be on the verge of coming apart. No such moment took place on his first round, though. Indeed, even allowing for the fact that conditions that day were absolutely ideal for scoring—there was hardly a breath of wind; the pin positions were inviting; the greens, soft from the spring rains, held almost every shot hit into them and putted so slow that the players could bang for the birdies with relative impunity—Nicklaus's opening 67 may well have been his best round of the tournament. He played almost faultlessly, his one error coming on the short twelfth, across Rae's Creek, where he fired his tee shot over the green. On the first nine, especially, his shotmaking was incredibly good. He was out in 32,



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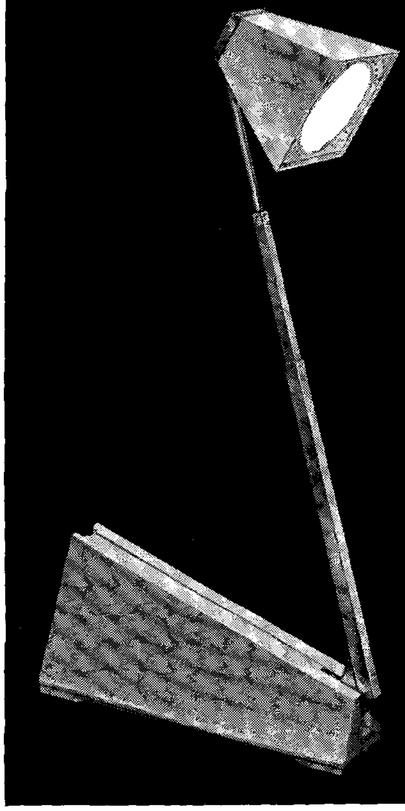

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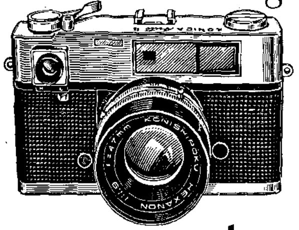

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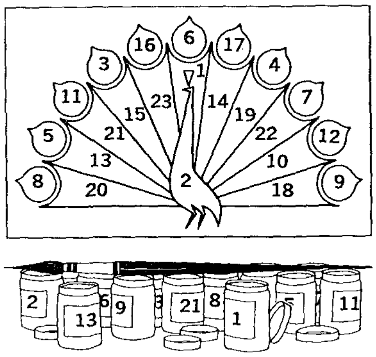
Indeed, the mere idea of a world *without* color is terrible to contemplate. Daffodils, billiard balls and barber poles would be completely stripped of personality. Judy Garland's most famous song might well be "Somewhere Over the Liddenfogen." And Betsy Ross would never have made the scene at all.

A Bright New Era

No, NBC isn't old enough to have invented color, but we can take credit for just about all the network color programming being watched by viewers today. And next season, our contribution in this field will be even more pronounced, for virtually *all* our nighttime programming—and 70 per cent of our daytime schedule—will be in color.

When a network announces that 28 of its 30 nighttime shows will be broadcast in color, you just know that the medium is entering upon a bright new era. It's an era whose inevitability NBC foresaw quite a while ago. We did more than foresee it; we did all we could to hasten its arrival. Today, the one-time scoffers from the other networks (it was plainly a case of the color-blind leading the color-blind) give every indication of wanting to board the bandwagon. Yet, in 1953—when NBC first started to broadcast in color—these same doubters were delighted to sit back and let George do it. (George happened to be the name of our first color cameraman.)

NBC's trail-blazing in color was fairly typical of the same pioneering zest that has marked its efforts in network radio and black-and-white television. But the tremendous broadcasting advantages of color—to audiences, affiliated stations and advertisers—have always been apparent to us. That's why we were perfectly willing to go it alone among the networks in a struggle that—for a long stretch of the way—was costly, difficult and unavailing.



But now that color has come into its own, it is NBC which is best prepared to serve it up. The knowledge and experience we've gained over the past dozen years of color-casting are not trifles that can be picked up from a speeding bandwagon.

By this time, there are precious few scoffers around. The added appeal that color gives even the most attractive black-and-white program is a fact of broadcasting life. We know, for example, that when an NBC-TV show is presented in color, 80 per cent more homes with color receivers tune in than homes with black-and-white sets.

What's more, the advantages in color broadcasting will become more and more significant with each passing month. (At the end of 1965, it's estimated, there'll be some 5,000,000 color sets in use; and some 8,000,000 by the end of 1966).

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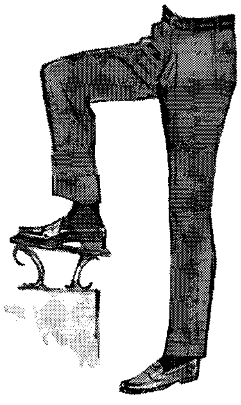
four under par, and could easily have been out in 30, for he missed three birdie putts of ten feet or less. While Nicklaus is a very lively companion off the course, full of shrewd curiosity and humor and intelligent conversation, I had never seen him as thoroughly relaxed on a golf course as he was that day. His usual expression as he plays is a businesslike frown, but this time he was smiling all over the place between shots. (He was wearing one of those floppy porkpie hats, incidentally, and they always make him look a little less grimly Teutonic than he does in the conventional golf variation on the baseball cap.) And yet when he walked up to the ball to play a stroke, it was evident that he was collecting maximum concentration in an instant. He was obviously enjoying one of those marvellous days when golf seems the simplest of games and a man wonders how he ever had the slightest trouble with his alignment, his pivot, his release, or anything else. Since even the top golfers run into days like this only once every three or four months, some of Nicklaus's supporters were a little unhappy that he had not exploited the hospitality of circumstance more fully—particularly since Gary Player had opened with a 65, and, in an unprecedented mass attack on the Augusta National, thirty-one other players had broken par.

On the day of the second round, the Augusta National, thanks in equal measure to the ministrations of man and nature, was more like its old, intimidating self. To begin with, the pin-setting committee (Johnny Fischer, Denny Shute, and Julian Roberts) saw to it that the holes were cut in what one might call highly imaginative positions. Then, a gusty wind sprang up early in the morning, and this, besides affecting the flight of the ball, quickly dried out the greens, making them much harder to hold on approach shots and very much faster to putt. As a result, only four men broke par. Nicklaus, with a 71, was one of them, and his total of 138 at the halfway mark placed him in a triple tie for the lead with Player and Palmer. Nevertheless, this was an extremely disappointing round for Nicklaus, for midway through the afternoon he had a splendid opportunity to take command of the tournament then and there, and threw it away. On this round, he was discernibly tighter than he had been the day before. His driving, for one thing, was a good deal less impressive; he was falling into an exaggerated version of his open stance and blocking a number of his tee shots out to the right. Even so,



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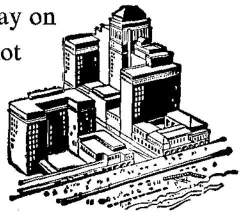

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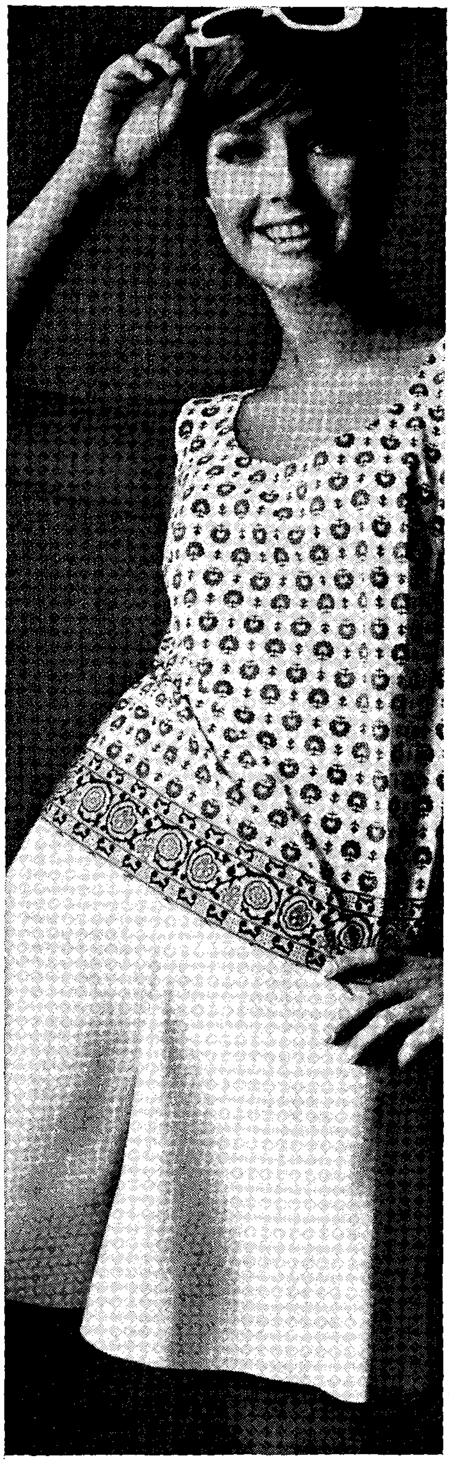

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he was sailing along, two under par, when he made his first serious mistake. It came on the eleventh hole, where, after his approach shot had finished up just over the green in a patch of snarly grass about forty feet from the pin, he suddenly lost his concentration on a routine chip shot. First, he took an inordinately long time over the ball before playing the stroke, and when he finally did play it he rushed it so badly that he looked up on the shot, even as you and I, and fluffed the ball halfway to the hole. Two putts and his first bogey of the day. This error palpably upset him, and on the short twelfth, after a pulled 7-iron shot had fortunately ricocheted off the steep bank to the left of the green, he foozled another simple chip and took another bogey. He then proceeded to misplay the thirteenth, a 475-yard par 5 that doglegs sharply to the left en route to a green protected by an arm of Rae's Creek. For a man who belts the ball as far as Nicklaus, it is usually no trouble at all to reach the thirteenth in two shots—the day before, he had got home with a 4-iron—but this time he pushed his tee shot well beyond the pine trees at the bend of the fairway. After examining the position of his ball, I felt sure that he would lay up short of the creek on his second shot and try to set up his birdie with his pitch, for the ball not only was lying snugly on pine needles but also appeared to have picked up a small cake of mud. In addition, his line to the green, some two hundred and thirty yards distant, was menaced by an overhanging pine branch. But Nicklaus, being anxious to get moving again, decided that he would go for the green. He pulled out his 3-wood and slashed a vicious low line drive that kept sliding off to the right and eventually slapped into the bank of the creek. A penalty stroke, a so-so wedge pitch, two putts—his third straight bogey. As often as not, when a golfer begins to waver like this on the Augusta National, fairly complete collapse follows, and this was what Nicklaus seemed to be heading for when he misjudged his approach to the fourteenth and left himself just off the front edge of the green, facing a fifty-foot putt up and over a real St. Andrews undulation, shaped like a rolling wave. Here, though, he got hold of himself. He stroked a beautiful putt over this contour to within a foot and a half of the hole, and saved his par. Then, his confidence restored a bit, he launched an aggressive counterattack and, with spectacular birdies on the next two holes, wrested back two of the strokes he had tossed away. It was a

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wonderfully brave recovery, and, I might add, an incisive illustration of why Nicklaus is a champion, and not just another young bull who can wallop the ball a mile.

The odd thing about Nicklaus's third round—the record-equalling 64 that turned the tournament into a one-man show—was that it started so inauspiciously. On the first hole, his sand-wedge approach had no stuff on it at all, and the ball bounded fifty feet past the pin. On the second, a long par 5, he hit his worst shot of the tournament—a horrendous drive sprayed deep into the woods on the right. Here he was very lucky, for the ball, after rattling around in the treetops, plopped down into a nice little clearing that afforded him a perfect chute, at least twenty feet wide, back to the fairway and toward the green. He played out with a 3-iron and followed that with an indifferent wedge pitch twenty-five feet beyond the pin, but when he holed the putt—it was a skiddy downhiller—he was off to the races. He missed only one fairway off the tee the rest of the way. He hit every green except the seventeenth in the regulation stroke or less, as golfers put it, and to say that he missed the seventeenth is to be exceedingly strict, since his approach landed on the front of the green and spun back eight feet or so onto the apron. As I mentioned earlier, he drove the ball such indecent distances that he left himself practically nothing to do, but he did play some lovely finesse shots. (The one that stands out in my mind was a low half-wedge to the treacherous seventh, which pitched just over the middle bunker and rolled to within twenty inches of the cup.) He missed only one putt he might have holed—a five-footer for a birdie on the twelfth—but then he got down two long putts besides the one on the second. Nicklaus was particularly delighted with his putting on this round, for up to now,

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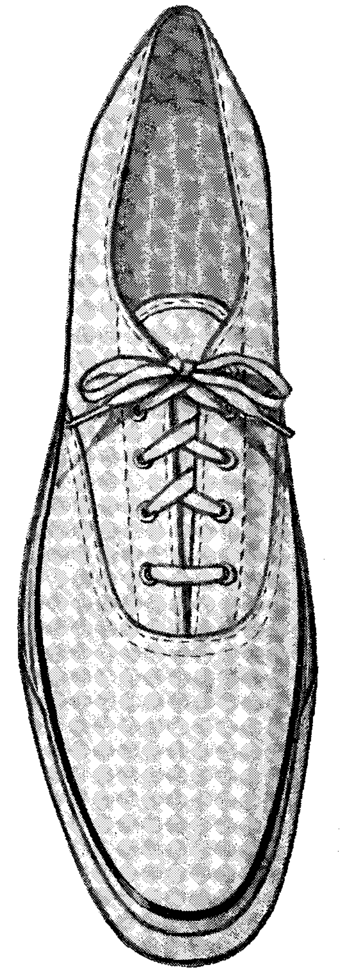

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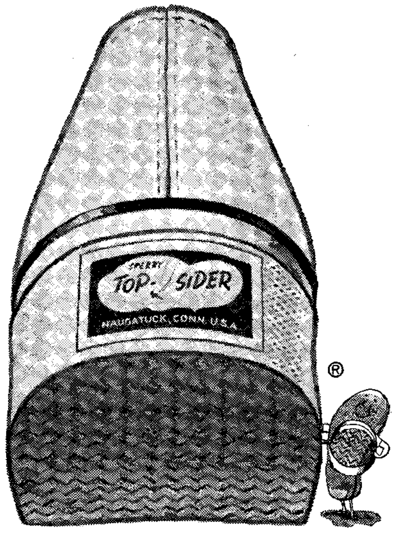

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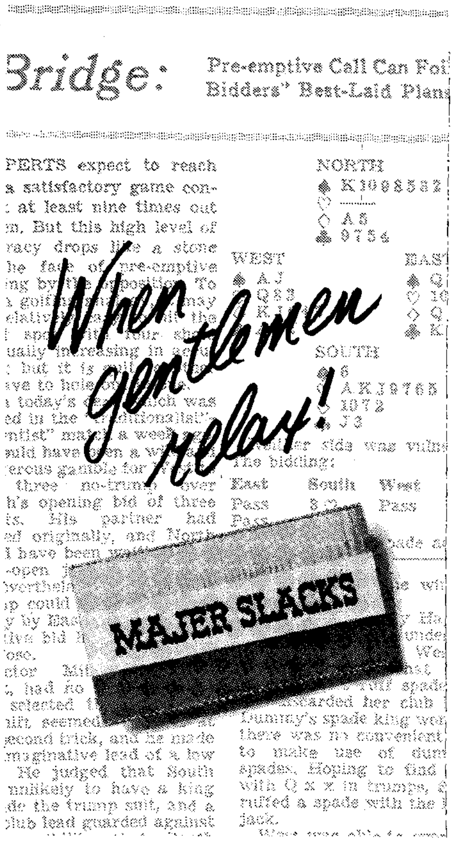
although he has been an exceptionally good short putter, he has had trouble holing anything of any length. This year, trying to improve his touch, he has been using more wrist action in his stroke and has gone back to the method advocated by George Low, a veteran tutor of the touring pros, which calls for the putter to be taken back with the face slightly open and then closed on the forward stroke. In any event, Nicklaus's card on his 64 went like this: 444 242 344 443 444 244—or, if you will, par, birdie, par, birdie, par, birdie, birdie, birdie, par, par, par, par, birdie, par, birdie, birdie, par, par. The weather was excellent.

As hardly needs to be pointed out, the great records in the major championships have been set when a golfer of uncommon talent has happened to strike his best form at the same time that playing conditions on the course have happened to be uncommonly congenial to low scoring. This was true when Palmer shot his 276 at Troon in 1962, Hogan his 274 at Augusta in 1953 and his 276 at Riviera in 1948, and Jones his 285 at St. Andrews in 1927, and I would be willing to wager that the Scots were complaining about a terrible wave of tropical weather back in 1870 when Young Tom Morris took Prestwick apart in the British Open by playing the thirty-six holes in 149 strokes—perhaps the most stupefying scoring feat of all time. In any event, when Sunday, the day of the final round of the Masters, dawned dry, warm, and windless and stayed that way, it was almost a certainty that Nicklaus, who needed only a 71 to break Hogan's record total, would do it. His task was made considerably easier when Palmer and Player, his closest pursuers, got off rather slowly and he himself started with a blueprint birdie on the first hole. Playing carefully and well, he was still one under par when he came to the dangerous twelfth, the 155-yard par 3 across Rae's Creek, where calamity has so often befallen the Masters leader on his last round (and where, minutes earlier, Billy Casper had taken a big 8 after dumping two balls into the water). When Nicklaus hit a crisp 6-iron twenty-five feet from the cup, the tournament was definitely over, and when he dropped the putt, a new record was surely in his grasp. He played the remaining holes without incident, except for a birdie on the seventeenth, where he all but holed his approach. For some reason—perhaps because everybody was thinking almost solely in terms of Nicklaus's four-round total—no one seemed to appreciate how well



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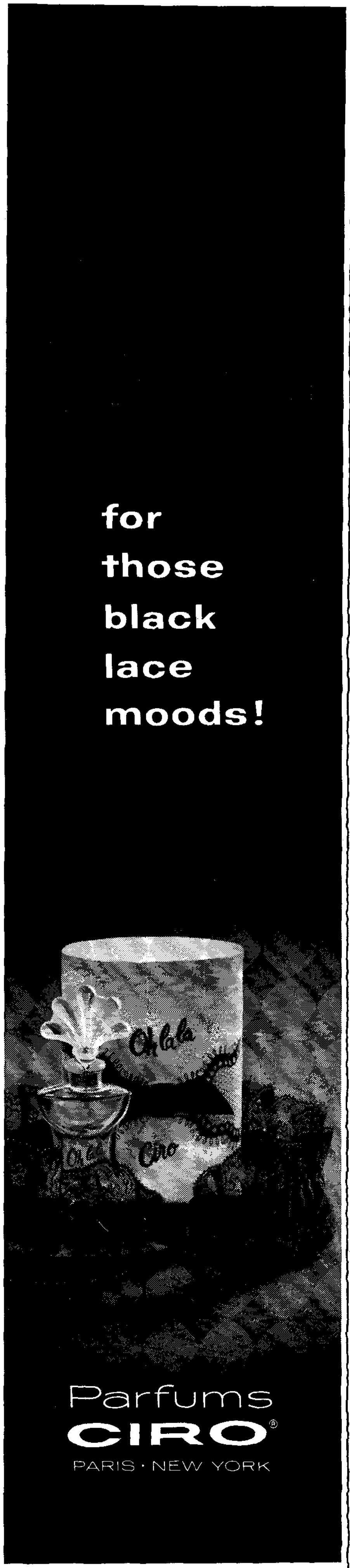

he played the final eighteen. His 69 was actually the lowest round of the day.

THE 1965 Masters was hardly over when it began to be trumpeted in many quarters that golf had seen the beginning of a new age—the Age of Nicklaus. Much as I admire Nicklaus, these pronouncements seem to me a bit premature, since their clear implication is that Palmer is through winning championships, and I am not at all sure that that is so. My guess would be that some weeks Palmer will outplay Nicklaus and other weeks Nicklaus will outplay Palmer—the same way it has been going the past few seasons. Anyway, I think it would be better to defer any announcement of the arrival of a new era until after Nicklaus has won a few more championships. This stalwart young Ohioan has already captured six major titles—the United States Amateur in 1959 and 1961, the United States Open in 1962, the Masters in 1963 and 1965, and the P.G.A. in 1963—and only one man in golf history, Bob Jones, had accomplished as much at a similar age. (Before *he* had turned twenty-six, Jones had seven major titles to his credit—three United States Amateurs, two United States Opens, and two British Opens.) However, as Jones would be the first to point out—and he has known Nicklaus since the younger man was fourteen—Jack Nicklaus, far more than simply being on the point of lending his name to a golfing era, is in a position to leave behind him, if fate is kind to him, the greatest record of any golfer who has ever lived.

Nicklaus is at present nowhere near the peak of his potential. In the next five years, he should improve almost as much as he has improved in the last five—and in 1960 he was good enough to play Merion, one of the classic tests, in the second Eisenhower Trophy match. Right now, the weakest part of his game, surprisingly, is the short irons, particularly the wedge. Considering how often his leviathan drives set up second shots of a hundred and thirty yards or less, he puts his pitches close to the pin far less frequently than a player of his calibre should. (At Augusta, when a friend kidded him by saying that he is far more accurate with the 1-iron than with the pitching wedge, Nicklaus's bantering reply was "The 1-iron is an easier club to hit—it has a straighter face.") And although he has always been a more than competent putter, this is another department in which he will probably become even

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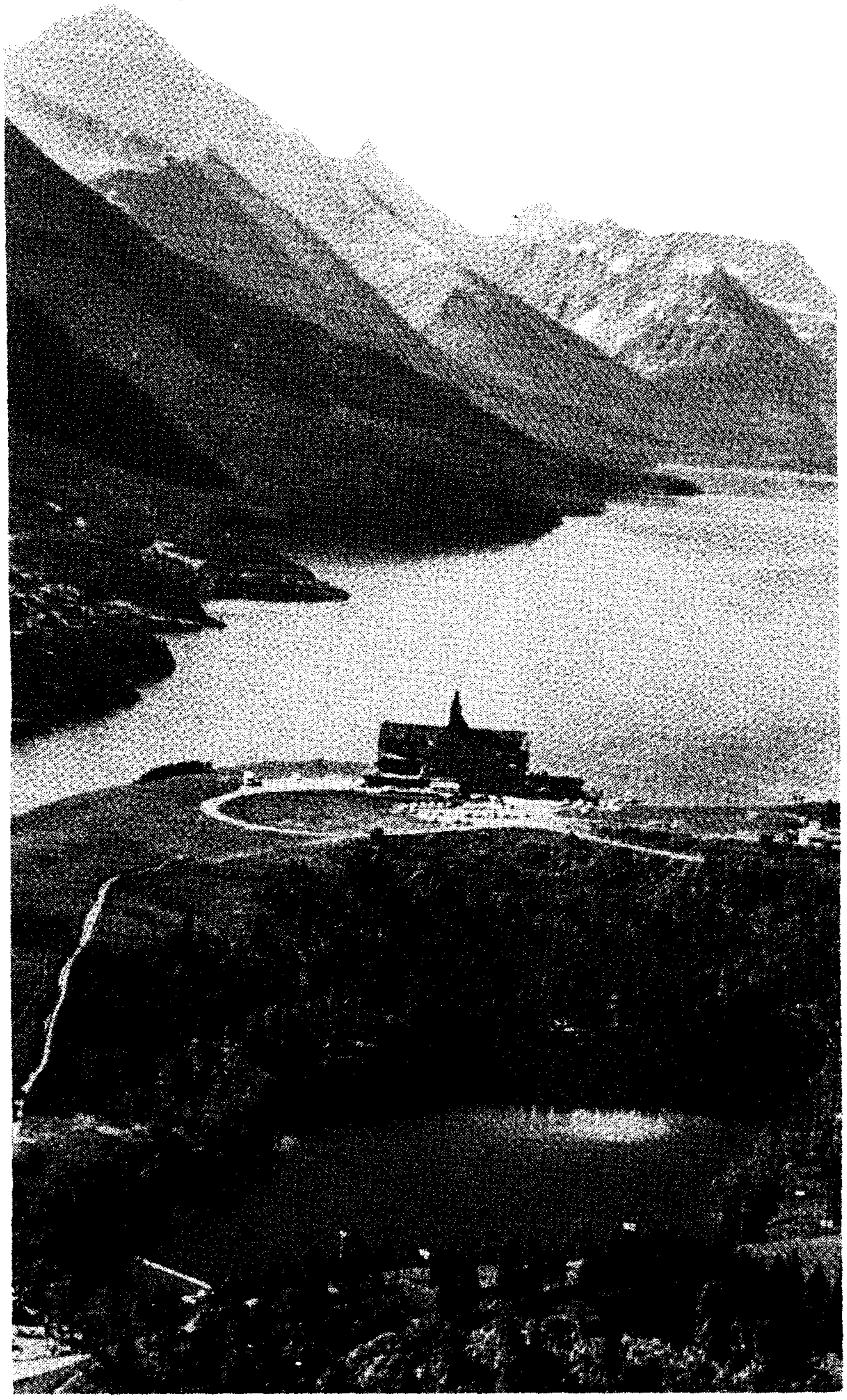

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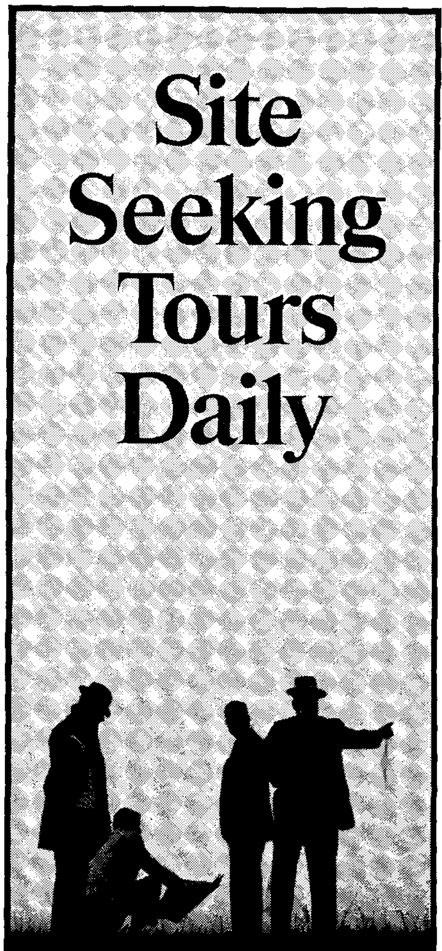

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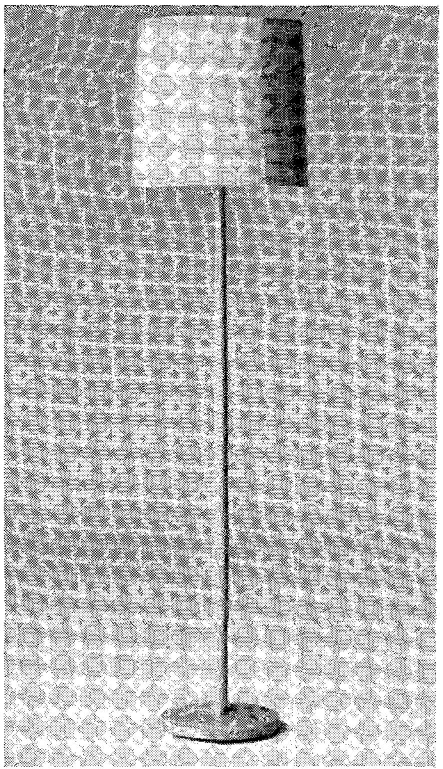
better. The trick in golf, as in everything else, is to improve your comparatively weak points without suffering a simultaneous falling off in your strong ones, and it's no simple matter. In baseball, for instance, it is only the very rare fast-ball pitcher who can develop a sharper-breaking curve without losing a little of the zip on his fast one. Nicklaus, however, seems to be the kind of person who may be able to handle this sort of thing, for his swing is fundamentally sound and uncomplicated, he has an extraordinarily tough and analytical mind, and, being eager to establish himself as one of the great champions of all time, he is prepared to do whatever work is required to fulfill that ambition. This is not to say that he won't have his erratic stretches and periodic slumps. He certainly will. In golf, they are inevitable. Moreover, although not too many dazzling young prospects have appeared on the scene in recent years—Bruce Devlin, the purposeful Australian, and Bobby Nichols, who is almost as strong as Nicklaus and is just beginning to refine his technique, probably loom as his most serious rivals in the years ahead—one can be sure that new stars, like Homero Blancas, will be making their presence known, just as they always have. Also, I think we must all recognize by now that when a leader in any field of sport achieves a new level of excellence he seems to carry his competition along with him to that plateau.

I doubt, though, whether we will see anyone hit the ball farther than Nicklaus for quite some time. With his explosive power and his control of it—he frequently splits the fairway with drives of over three hundred yards—he has transformed golf, as Jones suggested at the close of the tournament, into a game that none of us are familiar with. Up to now, golf has been, for lack of a better word, essentially a "horizontal" game; that is, when one watched, say, Hogan making his way around a demanding course, one knew the exact line he had to take to avoid trouble on a drive down a bunker-flanked fairway or the exact line he had to take on an approach shot to escape the hazards in the green area and place the ball near the pin; and when he proceeded to thread the needle, his artistry was immediately apparent. Nicklaus, on the other hand, plays what might be called a "vertical," or "up-and-down," game, for, in addition to hitting the ball so long, he hits it a great deal higher than anyone else, and the beauty of his approach shots is that his 3-irons come fluttering down out of the blue as softly



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as most men's 9-irons. For him, the line to the target, while not unimportant, is not as critical as his judgment of distance; on his good days the hazards seem to come into play only when, as he lofts the ball from point to point in a towering trajectory, he misgauges the length of a shot. When he is in top form, as he was at Augusta, his play reminds you of Pancho Gonzales winning point after point simply with a big serve and a volley, or Wilt Chamberlain stuffing the ball through the basket. It is something to see.

One word more. Despite all the adulation and all the certified checks that have come his way, Jack Nicklaus, it is very pleasant to report, has remained the same natural and eminently likable young man he was as a comparatively sheltered amateur. One of his most appealing characteristics is his penchant for delivering, with a mischievous smile, frank opinions on topics that are usually treated with diplomatic delicacy even by men who have been around golf three times as long as he has. There was a memorable example of this at the press conference following his 64, when he was asked how he found the greens at the Augusta National, the best-groomed of golf courses. "They putted better today—I'd say they were approaching proper tournament speed," he said.

—Herbert Warren Wind

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A.—If you are writing in English, you begin "Dear Mr." If writing in French or Italian, you begin "Dear Monsieur" or "Dear Senor."—*Emily Post in the Newark News.*

Next question.

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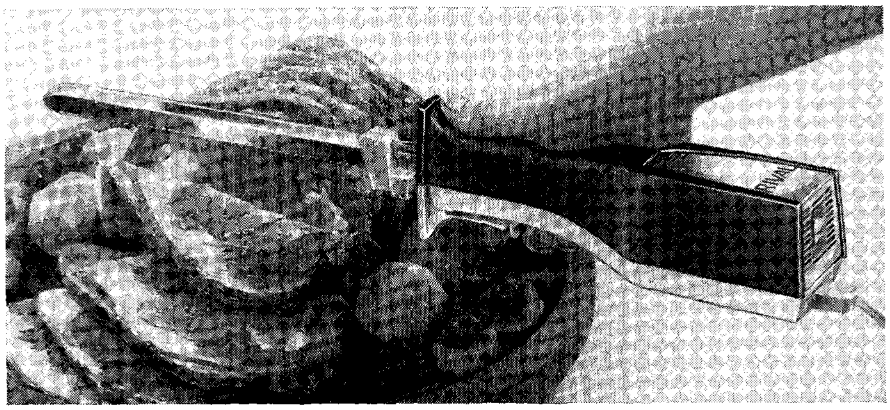

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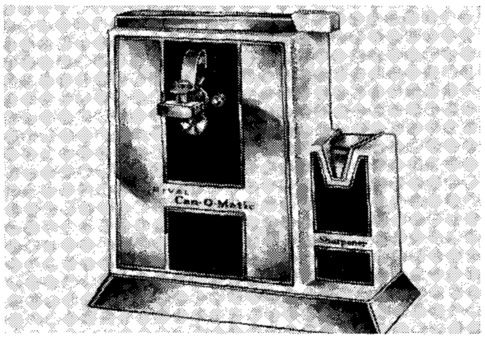

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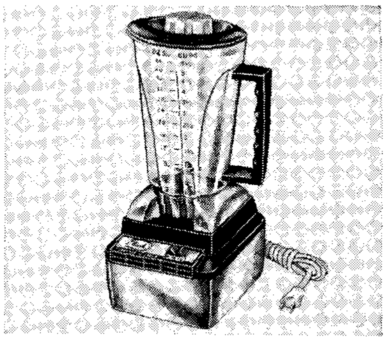

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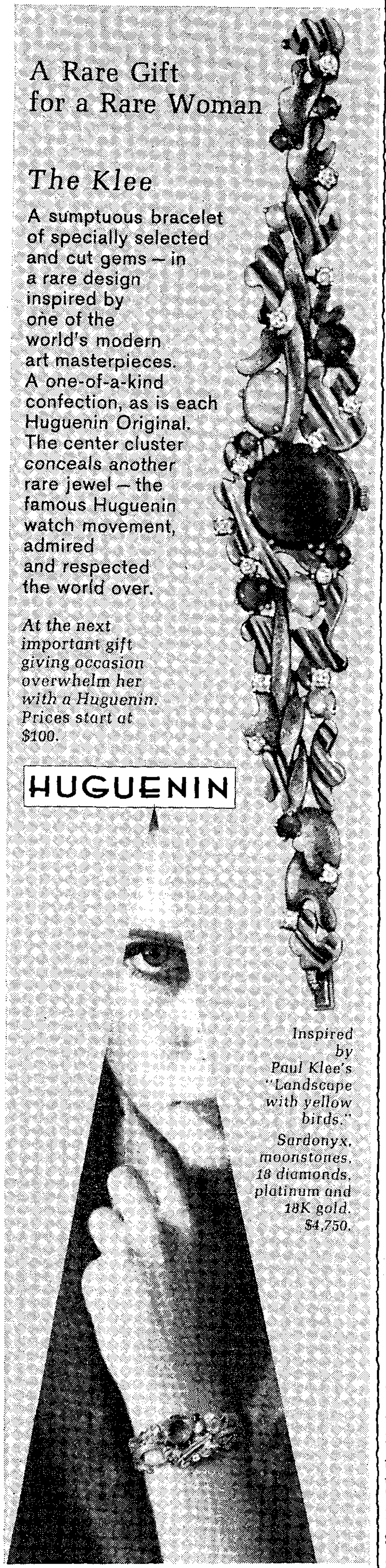

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

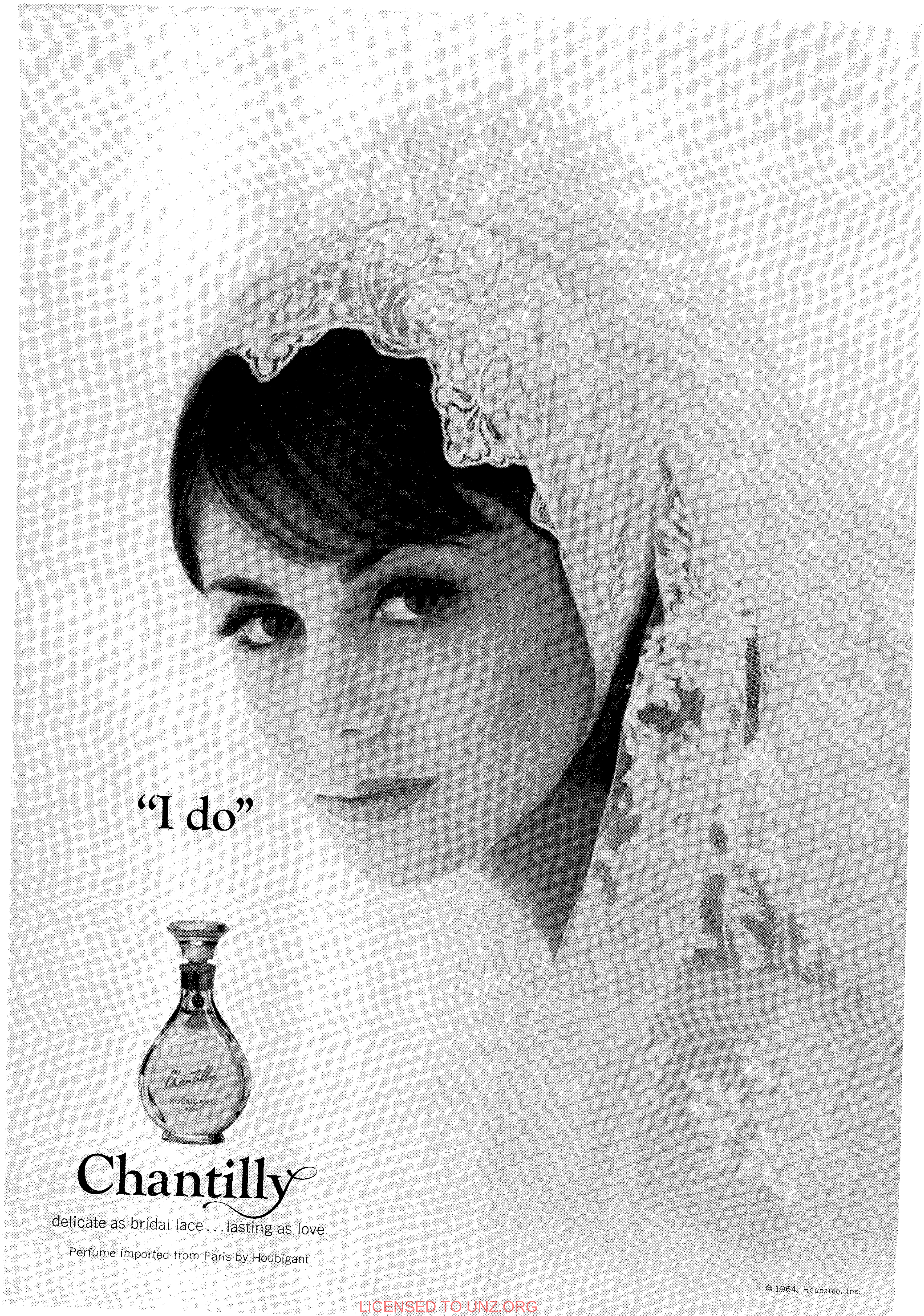
THIS AND THAT

THE Country & Casual Shop at Bergdorf Goodman is on a divided-skirt binge, and divided-skirt dresses are just great for striding along the streets, sliding in and out of taxis, riding camels, sailing sampans, dancing under the stars, and reaching for the moon. The division is noticeable only when the wearer is sitting down, and even then it isn't obvious. Among the simplest of the Bergdorf troupe are dresses of black-and-white checked gingham with fence collars, shiny black belts, inverted pleats below them, and straight backs. Yellow cotton linings make them shadowproof. More décolleté are the scoop-neck variants, of black nubbly rayon with self belts across the front. Cotton lace and spiky leaves encrust the enormous patch pockets of dresses of white cotton bedspreads. All these things are $55. The only long-sleeved dresses in the collection are the easy-to-pack short or long ones of nylon matte jersey with gold, Shocking, henna, and turquoise Op Art as decoration. For later on in the day there are ingenious ingénue dresses of white dotted Swiss tied with black velvet sashes. These are for double lives. The skirts, all tiers of ruffles, stop only at the ankles for Scarlett O'Haras, but they zip off at the knees when it's time to do those far-flung dances at Il Mio. They are $135, which is the ceiling here, but there are things that cost no more than $30.

LORD & TAYLOR'S fifth-floor sports department has cool and good-looking clothes from all around—Italy, France, Thailand, Hong Kong, and England. What could be more worldly than dresses of Irish linen that were embroidered in Madeira and put together in Hong Kong? When the linen is yellow, there are embroidered Peter Pan collars; when it is écru, the embroidery is on the patch pockets or the fitted bodices. The expense is $50 and $55. Among the many-splendored Orientals are dresses of purple cotton that have thin stripes of gold and red mingled with plum-colored vines on the Empire bodices and gold and red blossoms and plum leaves on the bouffant skirts; overblouses and straight skirts of Shocking cotton with lilac, gold, and orange circles and squares; short tailored jackets, overbodices, and A-line skirts of gold-and-écru cotton with sprawling designs on it. Wonder of wonders: lingerie straps are included. As for the goods from Italy, charcoal grapes are painted on semi-fitted sheaths of oyster-white raw silk, and matte jersey in jockey-color schemes is for dresses (one side Capri blue and the other Shocking) with standing collars and long tab closings as well as for cocktail tents (one side emerald green and the other amethyst) with plunging V necks and backs, and narrow belts of the two hues. These are $160 and $150, respectively.

PENTHOUSE GALLERY, now at 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), in a Moorish courtyard, is showing at-home clothes not from Africa but from Hawaii. Long one-piece culottes in a print (blue, Shocking, lime, and purple) on mottled-blue cotton, with pointed collars at necks that either zoom way down to there or else button in fairly modest Vs—things like that. Other culottes, of some sort of synthetic, are in a print of tangerine and lemon blossoms and brown leaves. The Florodora Girls should be revived to wear the cotton dresses in flamboyant hibiscus prints, for they swoosh out into flounces almost two feet high at the hem. Cotton gowns that are straight in front but spread out in back into double box pleats beneath high round yokes reminded me of peacocks' tails even though the decorative devices are only orange and lime peonies on white. For more tailored women there are cotton shirt dresses in an array of green, orange, and fuchsia Oriental blossoms. All that's needed is a flower in the hair. Prices run from $19.95 to $39.95.

READY-TO-WEAR bathing suits incorporating her competent built-in brassières are part of the stock in trade of Edith Lances, and 15 East 51st Street is the address. With slim young women in mind, she does two-piece suits (bandeaux and short shorts) in turquoise cotton on which splashy daisies are embroidered. For more robust women who like to swim, one-piece suits with peg-top pockets to make the hips disappear are on hand in sea-blue cotton dotted with large green lozenges. Bathing dresses, straight across the top and slashed at the sides to reveal bloomers, are offered in a



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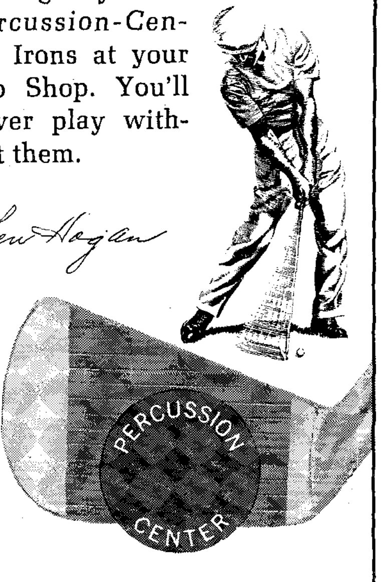

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welter of materials: sky-blue cotton sprinkled with pink pindots, pink cottons sprinkled with sky-blue pindots, yellow crash sprinkled with blue, orange, and maize dots the size of poker chips, and so on. Cotton suits rising into high Vs at the throat and tying in halters that bare the back to the waist come in a smaller assortment of cotton prints. For example, wavy garlands of deep-pink posies and blue and green grass. Sizes 34 to 42 are priced at $35 to $55. Sizes 44 to 46 add $10 to the check. *Monday through Friday* is a week's work in this shop.

LÉRON, at 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), is dealing in terry-cloth cover-ups for life at home or on the beach. Shifts of green or gold terry cloth that do not quite reach the knees are $27.50, the bottom price, which includes the double rows of white yarn braid and the tassels—and even a monogram, if you must. Thigh-length ones from the old days of musical-comedy parlormaids appear in white terry, and a variety of checked ginghams do both the lining and the ruffles at the hems. Sandwich-board tunics of white terry cloth embroidered with yellow vines and rust-and-orange carnations, or of navy terry cloth embroidered with pink roses, are $89.50—the most. Everything is to order, which takes two weeks.

ALTMAN'S Sorrento Boutique has brought in some casual shoes from Italy. The oxfords named for Fred Astaire, whoever he is, have sling backs but low heels, and they are of white grained leather with white leather lacings and navy or black ersatz-lizard trim. Slippers named for Ginger Rogers have the same backs and heels, but pastel suède (dusty pink, beige, or pale blue) is the leather, and there are black silk bows over the insteps. Still, sandals predominate—little-girl ones of buffalo hide (black, white, or beige) or of gray-and-white pseudo-lizard, and more grown-up ones of black, beige, or navy calfskin with latticework on the foot. Bareback T-strap sandals that sit on stacked leather heels are mere wisps of calfskin (coffee, red, green, beige, blue, black, or white); those with slender, higher heels are done in kidskin (celery, China blue, royal blue, black, or white) or in dark and flowery cotton prints and gold cotton bows.

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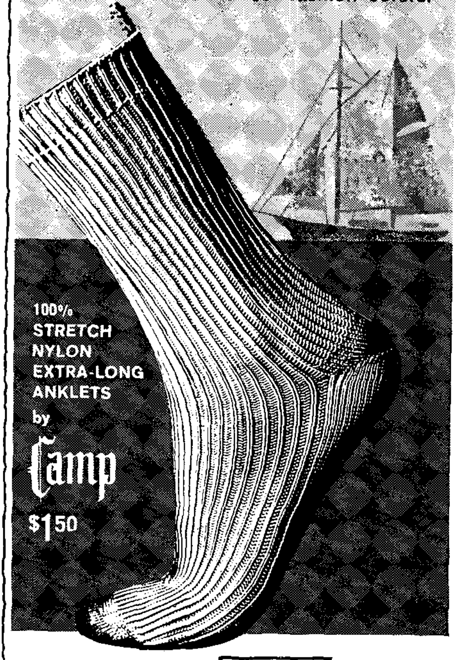

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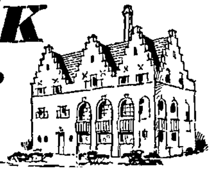

Best. All are of a quick-drying ersatz knit—turtleneck maillots that could double as playsuits, adaptations of men's V-neck sweaters that hide the accompanying bikini shorts, jump suits with Jamaica shorts, and long-topped one-piece suits that pretend to be two-piece but that hitch onto brief shorts. The colors are the usual junior-world ones. Traditionally Gernreich are the more worldly suits with portholes scooped out low at the sides. The price scale runs from $8 to $19. —M. M.

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST GERMANY

[Label on an East German item called Weizenia, found in a grocery store in Reykjavik, Iceland]

RECEIPT FOR
EGG-DOUGH-DROPS
—INGRATIATED WITH
EVERYBODY!—

250 grams (= 8,8 oz.) of sugar, 5 to 6 eggs,
125 grams (= 4,4 oz.) = a half parcel of „WEIZENIA",
125 grams (4,4 oz.) wheaten flour.

The whole eggs are to be whipped together with the sugar until they are thick-foamy and until the medley has become a benumbed mass, doing this over a kettle with hot water (but not cooking water). After having whipped, then whip still 10 minutes without any heat (in cold air), the mixture of „WEIZENIA," and wheaten flour is to be intermixed mildly into the mass. This mixture of paste is to be done tea-spoonally on a greased baking-tin and to be baked during 15 to 20 minutes with a middle heat.

...here is the receipt for the delicious SABULOUS FANCY-CAKE „WEIZENIA"!

250 grams (about 8,8 oz.) of butter (margarine), 4 eggs, 250 grams (about 8,8 oz.) of powder-sugar, one small parcel or 250 grams of „WEIZENIA," a small pinch of salt, the juice of a half lemon or the shell of lemon scraped down in order to get a more elegant flavour, 1 or 2 table-spoons of rum, of arrack or of brandy. Butter or margarine (- - cold fat in an illiquid condition is to be made pliant only, - it is not to be made melted - -) must be stirred up to foam and, in stirring up furthermore, add by and by the sugar. In further stirring up (possibly by means of a stirring-machine), the eggs are to be added by and by, then the spices are to be added and after that the „Weizenia" is to be added. Pay attention to the necessity to become a dough which is like foam and which falls down from the stirring-ladle only very clumsy breaking off. When stirring up by hand, it is recommendable to add half small parcel of bake powder. This ready medley or pastry is to be done into a cake-mould which has been well greased and it is immediately to be done into the oven where it remains to be baked during a time of about 60 to 70 minutes in a middle heat.

If you will keep the sabulous fancy-cake „Weizenia" — after being cooled down — for 24 hours in a closed box, it will enjoy you still better.

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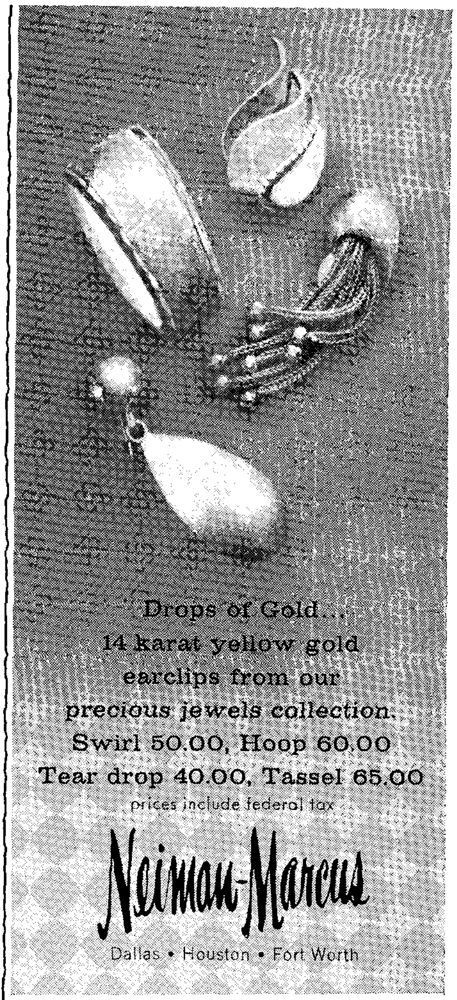
THE RACE TRACK

Derby Ho!

If you're looking for a sure thing in the Kentucky Derby at Louisville this weekend, you've come to the wrong shop (those red, green, and yellow tip sheets at the track newsstands have all the winners), but I will make a prophecy—that the Derby will be another of those whoop-de-do races. If Bold Lad had won the Wood Memorial with authority, instead of finishing third, there might have been only six starters; as things stand, there will be twelve or more. At least half a dozen (I shan't waste time naming them) can be dismissed straight off, because their form just isn't good enough. Lucky Debonair, as the winner of the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week, will have many supporters among those who saw him do it. Swift Ruler, who was beaten by only half a length in the same race, is no great shakes, even though he won the Arkansas Derby at Hot Springs. No doubt Flag Raiser will have quite a large following from New York, because he won the Bay Shore, the Gotham, and the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, but as the distance of those races increased, his margin of victory decreased, and I shall be surprised if he is among the first four at the end of the Derby mile and a quarter. I can't take Hail to All seriously, either, even with Ycaza in the saddle. It wasn't very sporting of the colt's stable, by the way, to take Sellers off Hail to All because he missed winning the Wood by a neck. A jockey can't win without the horse.

The trio from which the winner will most likely come consists of Tom Rolfe, Native Charger, and Bold Lad. Both on his form last autumn and on his running in the Chesapeake Stakes at Laurel and the Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs last Saturday, Tom Rolfe must be given a good chance. In the Stepping Stone, he dominated the scene throughout and beat Native Charger by nearly two lengths. It's only fair to say, though, that it was the latter's first start since he won the Florida Derby three weeks before, and that he had rough going, running into close quarters and being blocked at critical stages of the race. Before the Wood Memorial, Bold Lad appeared to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tower over his contemporaries, but, to hear the opinions expressed after his defeat, you'd gather that he had never been quite top class. Well, if anyone cares, I believe Bold Lad will win the Derby. Bill Winfrey will have had a fortnight to give him the conditioning he obviously needed, and a gallop in the Derby Trial will wind him up for the big show. By the way, Max Hirsch, who has saddled three Derby winners, fancies Bold Lad's running mate, Dapper Dan.

THE Grey Lag Handicap, named in memory of one of the top horses of the early nineteen-twenties—and there were really top horses in those days—was run off at Aqueduct last Saturday, and it was a merry scramble, Quita Dude winning it by half a length from Tibaldo, with Lt. Stevens third, two and a half lengths behind. I suppose Quita Dude's victory might be called a triumph of persistence, for it was the first time he had won in a twelvemonth, though he'd always been knocking at the door. Tibaldo might have been closer but for the crowding he got in the traffic jam in the stretch. Grey Lag could have given either of them twenty pounds and a beating.

THERE aren't many sprinters who can match strides with Affectionately—certainly not on her home grounds. At Aqueduct the other afternoon, she made a show of seven of the opposite sex in the Toboggan Handicap, which used to be run on the opening day at Belmont Park. Carrying 124 pounds, she was never headed, and passed the post five lengths to the good in 1:09⅖. Chieftain, a half brother of Tom Rolfe, was second, and Exclusive Nashua was third. It was the first time in a quarter of a century that a mare had beaten male horses in the famous old sprint. Affectionately is in the Carter this weekend, and don't be surprised if she wins that, too.

QUITE the feature of the opening program at Garden State Park last Saturday was the riding of Sellers, who had five winners: Timba, who paid $17.40, in the second race; Breakspear, who paid $18.80, in the fifth; Juanita, who paid $6.40, in the sixth; Renepache, who paid $23.40, in the seventh; and Time Tested, who paid $19.80, in the eighth, which was the Delaware Valley Handicap, the main event of the afternoon. That should make up to him a bit for being bounced off Hail to All.

—AUDAX MINOR

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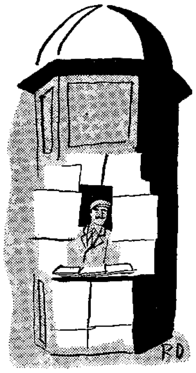
LETTER FROM PARIS

April 22



As was quite natural, Easter here was not what it used to be, since each year it grows less so. Even a decade ago, it was still largely a church-and-family fête, with everybody attending High Mass while steeple bells rang overhead in jubilant holy clamor, followed by the post-Lenten gastronomic feast at the home table, building up to the succulent innocence of milk-fed lamb, roasted. Today, the Paris Easter is increasingly celebrated *in absentia*, it being the opening major vacation date on the seasonal calendar. It is also the spring festival of the automobile, which this year reached its peak on Maundy Thursday, when about a million and a half Parisians left town by car. The deserted city looked bare, humanized. The curbs of the narrow Paris streets, beside which thousands of French cars of various ages sleep freely night and day, somnolently clogging the traffic, were mostly untenanted. Even the leafy alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, where Parisians have been desperately parking their cars long distance, were nearly as empty as the bridle paths.

It must be supposed that the particularly acute parking problem of Paris was intelligently calculated by the municipality to be coming to a crisis this year, because the city fathers have finally done something gigantic about it, which is costing a king's ransom. This is the underground Parking des Champs-Élysées, beneath the Avenue George V, which will be the only six-story subterranean car park in Europe—or in the world, the French say—of which the top story has just been finished. The newly repaved Avenue George V, closed to traffic for the past half year, was thus opened again last Thursday—the precise day promised by La Société des Grands Travaux de Marseille, builders of this complex steel-and-cement parking labyrinth for twelve hundred cars, who have promised that the two top stories will be fit for use by June 15th, and that all six stories, with stairs, elevators, and spiral ramps, will be completed and ready for customers by January 15, 1966. The roof over the top story was, naturally, the

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The secret of this subtle boldness is *Ginger* — Hathaway's interesting new color that adds just the right amount of dash to your warm-weather suits.

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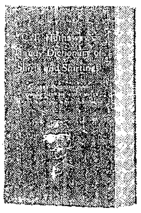
For names of stores and this free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings,* write C. F. Hathaway, Dept. A4, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call OXford 7-5566.



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*DuPont registered trademark for its polyester fiber

In Ireland, you'll forgive inconveniences that would cause you to boil anywhere else.

We are not a nation of professional hosts. (Though for awhile the English seemed to think so).

But our amateur standing does provide some lovely impromptu compensations. (In fact, it might almost be said that each Irish inconvenience provides its own appropriate Irish compensation).

Our lackadaise for the clock, for example, (a heritage, perhaps, from our suspected Mediterranean forebears) is compensated for by our gift for improvisation.

If, let us say, you should arrange with one Con Noonan, a private hired driver, to pick you up at your hotel in Galway by 10 in the morning for a trip to Dublin for an afternoon of shopping and an evening at the theatre, be patient. By 12 o'clock, one Tom Scully, brother-in-law of Con Noonan, will arrive with the news that, "Poor Con has had a bit of trouble."

Of course, Tom will offer to take you in his car instead, if you *must* go to Dublin, and if you don't want to take the train (which he'll honestly tell you is much faster than his car), and if you don't mind a small detour first to pick up some chickens from a Mrs. Kelliher along the way.

Miss the shopping. Go with Tom. Take the detour. Chances are, you'll have an adventure you couldn't buy.

To soften the blows of the delay, there's the lovely back-road scenery as you take the gorse and heather and fuchsia-fringed short-cut on the way to Mrs. Kelliher's.

And when she comes out to the car with the chickens, and spots an American, you will, beyond reasonable doubt, be invited in for some Irish hospitality—which, it has been said, can be as overwhelming as Eskimo hospitality.

While you're concentrating on the still-hot Irish soda bread, griddle cakes, sweet cakes, cheese, jam, new-laid eggs, new churned butter, cold ham and tea so strong that "a spoon will stand up alone in it", the room will gradually fill with Mrs. Kelliher's neighbors who've been informed, by some mysterious form of Irish telepathy, that she "has an American".

By the time you regretfully leave to continue your journey, you will have made 24 new friends, turned down 17 invitations to spend the night, and been pressed with a long list of Irish expatriates to look up when you get back to the States.

When you finally do get to Dublin, (just in time for the opening curtain), there's another unexpected pleasure. Translate the Irish money into American, and you'll find that the best seats in the house have cost you but $1.50. None higher. (For that, you'll see Synge, Shaw, Yeats, Behan, Wilde, O'Casey, Joyce or Beckett.)

After the show, there's dinner at Beaufield Mews, $4.62 for two. Complete with five courses, candlelight and an antique dining table—which, if it strikes your fancy, you can buy right out from under you. (So you got your shopping in after all.)

Likewise, if it strikes your fancy, you can also buy the *haute couture* right off the model's milky shoulders at Irish designer Irene Gilbert's salon the next day. If the $175 ankle-length hostess gown she's wearing is tweed, woven from the black sheep of the Earl of Dunraven at Adare, you had better make up your mind quickly. Or you might have to wait until next year's shearing. He produces only enough wool each year for 55 yards of fabric.

If you're interested in Ireland's *haute couture*, you may also be interested in our *haute voiture*. You can buy, in Ireland, a Mercedes-Benz 300 SE sedan for about $6,429 (N.Y. price $8,135.49), whitewalls optional. Or rent, for touring, an Irish *haute voiture* of another type: a high-roofed gypsy caravan, complete with horse, and cooking and sleeping accommodations for four, for $15 per person per week. The only danger is that if you're dark-haired, and the country folk mistake you for one of the gypsy tinkers, they'll be handing you pots to fix at every crossroads.

If you do engage in commerce with the farmers along the way, there's one Irish inconvenience you may not be able to forgive, especially if you're used to terse and monosyllabic business dealings, "I'll take it", "Too much", "Yes", "No", "Maybe". In the rural districts, certain business affairs are still conducted, as John D. Sheridan has so euphemistically put it, "... with the aid of an ancient and elaborate ritual." In other words, we talk a lot.

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A 44-page colorful, convenient booklet which describes all you need know to plan your holiday in Ireland is yours free if you'll write the Irish Tourist Board at any of the following addresses:*

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most important item of construction, since it had to be strong enough to support its portion of the annual July 14th French Army parade, including hundred-ton tanks, along the Avenue George V.

The Marseille outfit seems rather remarkable. One of its young chiefs here, Roger Exbrayat, forty-two years old and a graduate engineer from the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, worked on the Aswan Dam, in Egypt, at the age of twenty. This Marseille team, by ripping out the Avenue George V and trucking it away, along with Paris clay and limestone to a depth of two stories, was able to begin its job in what the French call the *ciel ouvert*, but the team is now using the opposite, *sous-œuvre* system, since it is progressively building from Story 3 down to Story 6. The two top stories are each destined to hold four hundred cars parked by the hour, at two francs (about forty cents) an hour. Story 3 will be reserved for parking by the month, at about forty dollars per car. Story 4 is intended for parking by the year, and Stories 5 and 6 will be equipped with private garages, to be leased, according to the size of the vehicle, for the equivalent of between a hundred and fifteen to a hundred and thirty-five dollars a year, for a term of thirty years. The Conseil Municipal de Paris has entered into a contract with La Société des Parkings des Champs-Élysées, according to which the Société will pay the City of Paris three per cent of its receipts over the next thirty years. Billions upon billions of francs will be involved in this subsoil sextuple parking lot and what follows, because as a prototype it will be repeated *grosso modo* elsewhere—under the Rue de Harlay, behind the Palais de Justice (280 cars); under the Rue Vivienne (800 cars); under the Boulevard Haussmann (2,000); and under the Avenue Foch (3,000). And after all this expense only 7,280 cars will have been taken off the Paris streets and put out of everybody's way, at the owners' constant cost. This will still leave thousands and thousands of them sitting by the curbstone for nothing, as usual—a habit that the economical French now have and greatly prefer. An incredible number of modest Parisians bought their cars as status symbols, which they can rarely operate. With French gasoline the most costly in Europe (almost a dollar a gallon), they can afford to use them only on fine weekends or over big holidays, such as Easter or the Feast of the Assumption, in mid-August.

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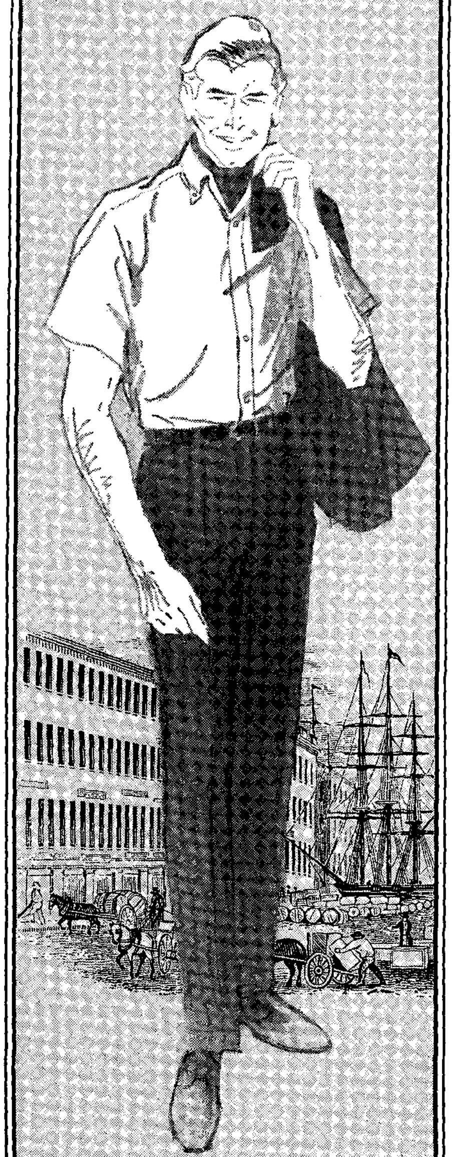

more than usual about slim audiences, and because it is almost impossible to capture a taxi between eight and nine at night, the major theatre-ticket agencies have just had a bright idea, if theatregoers can afford it. Beginning this week, for an additional six francs (about a dollar-twenty) on top of the ticket price and the twenty-per-cent agency fee, they will give a coupon that guarantees a nearby parking place for the theatregoer's private car, usable at fifteen midtown theatres, including the Opéra.

It is good news, and bad news, too, that for more than a year now the French automobile industry has been operating in what the French financial journals call "semi-apathy." It is bad news in that the auto workers' overtime hours and pay, which alone permitted them to buy their part of France's new standard of modern living, may now be cancelled. However, it is good news in that the feverish annual overproduction of French cars will be sharply diminished this year, with fewer cars made, and fewer sold under the hypnotism of the autumn Salon de l'Auto, to add to those inert, senile leftovers from other years parked by the thousand in the streets.

There is also one sad, even sentimental, automobile-news item. Panhard, the oldest French motorcar concern, which in 1891 manufactured "the first vehicle set in action by a gasoline motor"—a fantastic, almost frightening French invention then—will this month disappear from the automotive scene. It has been absorbed—or eaten up, if you choose—by Citroën.

THE Louvre's Salon Carré was temporarily stripped of its famous permanent paintings recently to make way for a Caravaggio exhibition, and now that it is over, one may frankly say that the Caravaggio canvases shown were hardly worth the trouble. Expected loans of his fine paintings evidently failed to materialize. In most of those displayed, his famed dark backgrounds had, with the action of time, become black, *hélas!* The Musée Jacquemar-André exhibition of "Cocteau et Son Temps" was another error, but one that is still going on. What Cocteau and his time consisted of cannot be laid out in showcases or framed under glass on walls. He created an epoch and inhabited it as both progenitor and follower. A demi-genius, he was lavishly endowed with taste and a sense of style, which he prodigally lent for half a century to the French and to

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foreigners in crowds. He was a unique influence, creator, and fabricator, with an instantaneous appreciation of what was new, which at his leisure he bred with what was antique, creating his own artistic hybrids. The paltry Cocteau items displayed in the present exhibition are like old empty envelopes that once contained coveted invitations to immediate pleasures.

Amid the endless and usual spring exhibitions of modern non-figurative art, which continues to indicate, without form, what is going on inside the artists' imaginations and psyches, there has been a welcome interruption by reality in the Bibliothèque Nationale's retrospective of the works of the great nineteenth-century portraitist Nadar, the most ubiquitous Paris photographer of his time. What a satisfaction! How satisfying to gaze at the physically concrete, the accurate, the personal, the whole human phizzes of people famed for their talents, or even their mere importance, a hundred and fifty years ago—to see their true visages and what they actually looked like: nose, eyes, hair, and forehead, with the brains sometimes seeming visibly to bulge behind it, like the swollen, splendid forehead of Baudelaire in what was probably Nadar's most famous portrait of genius. Nadar had met him in the Luxembourg Gardens in 1844, which must have been affecting, for later the poet wrote the photographer that he was "happy in the friendship—I am little accustomed to tenderness." Fortunately, Nadar—the nickname he was professionally known by, his real name being Félix Tournachon—was a prodigious gossip and garrulous besides. He kept a notebook of what he said and thought about his sitters, for example mentioning as important Baudelaire's "glabrous face, his nose with its odd finial curly tip, his head rising from the collar of his greatcoat, invariably turned high"—a photo that Manet later tried to make an engraving of, as his own portrait of that dark soul. Nadar had trouble photographing George Sand in 1863, she being unfortunately ultra-feminine in her attire that day, with a vast, loose striped coatee and her hair spread wide in winglike curls. She complained that her friends were scandalized at how ugly he had made her look, compelled him to withdraw the offending photographs from public sale, and tartly advised him to pay more attention to his camera and less to ballooning, aeronautics being something he and his dear friend Jules Verne were fascinated by. In 1856, he took a photo of the young and almost unrecogniz-

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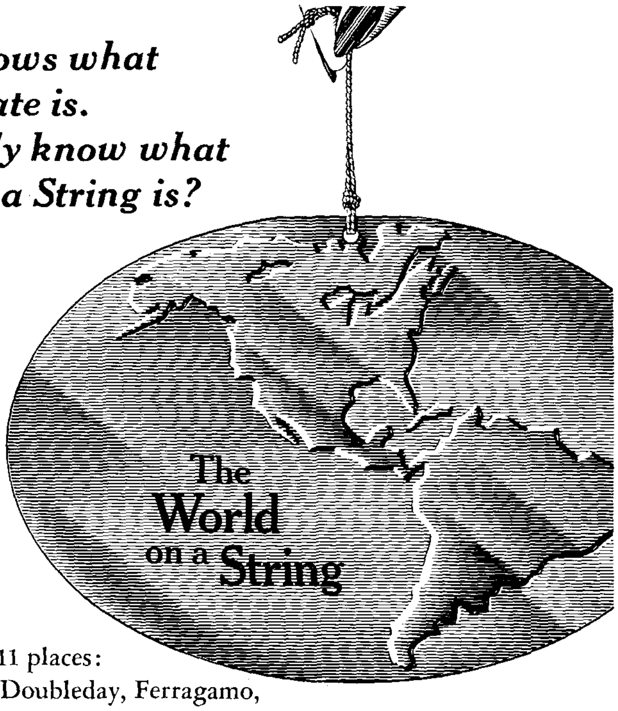
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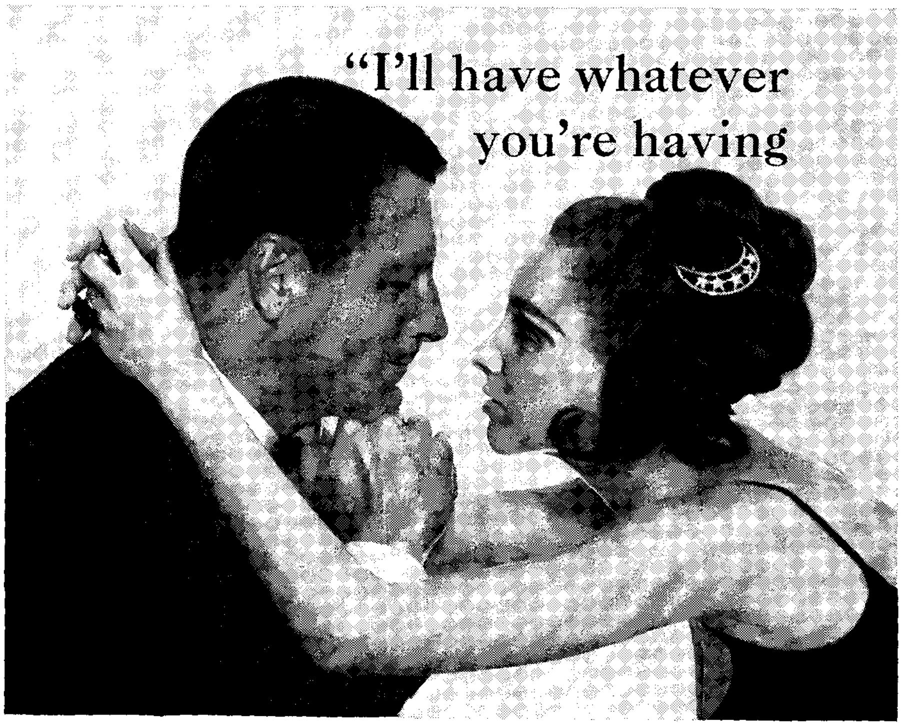

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able Sarah Bernhardt, leaning against a pillar and englobed in a velvet mantle "to hide her toothpick arms," her face stern, dull, unalight. His photographic portraiture from the mid-century on was the rage in Paris; he exclusively had the most famous public faces, and especially those of the artists, sensitive as they were to this new medium of obtaining a human likeness. Nadar's photo of Corot shows him looking like a handsome elder statesman, with a lean, aquiline face above a black neckcloth. He photographed Courbet (whom he did not like, or his painting "Les Baigneuses," either), and did some wonderful portraits of Delacroix—elegant, aristocratic, with harsh eyes and immaculate goatee, his hand stuck in the bosom of his embroidered waistcoat—and a fine portrait of the handsome Constantin Guys, just back from the Crimean War, in a cutaway jacket. He took fifty photos of Victor Hugo, the lion of Paris, but not one of his mistress, Juliette Drouet. Hugo, who was vain, was pleased with Nadar's results and wrote to thank him, saying, "*Merci, bravo*, you are successful even with an old pate like mine." The most popular photograph of them all, of course, was the one of Hugo on his deathbed, white-bearded and in a white nightshirt, looking like a blanched saint. Nadar photographed the Dumas, father and son; Daudet when young ("Gauche, myopic, timid"); Théophile Gautier; and the snobbish Goncourt brothers, looking self-important. He also did the musicians—Rossini (old but still acute of face), Berlioz, Offenbach (with his ridiculous whiskers awry), and Verdi (splendid at the time of "Traviata"). In the realm of history, he photographed President Thiers, of the new Third Republic, and Ferdinand de Lesseps at the time of "the inauguration of the Suez Isthmus," and also the revolutionary Bakunin, after his flight from Russia, whose "extraordinary prestige came from his gigantic height and his face like a noble, energetic mask, with something in it of both Mirabeau and Danton." Nadar's portraits give us an amazing sense of intimacy with the faces that represented the leading names of Paris. These are his original photos, coming direct from him to us—from his eyes behind his camera to our eyes today. —GENÊT

•

11:10 (5) Hollywood's Finest: "Dante's Inferno" (1935), Spencer Tracy. Familiar success story (R).—*The Times.*

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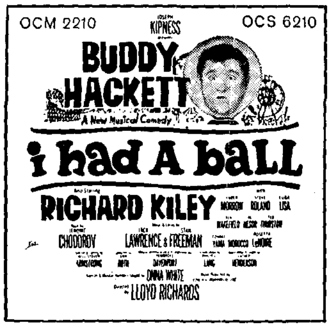

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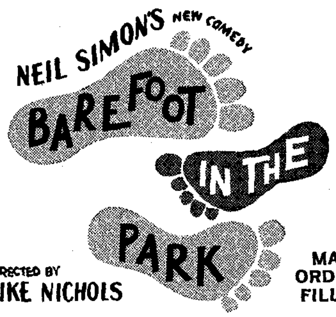

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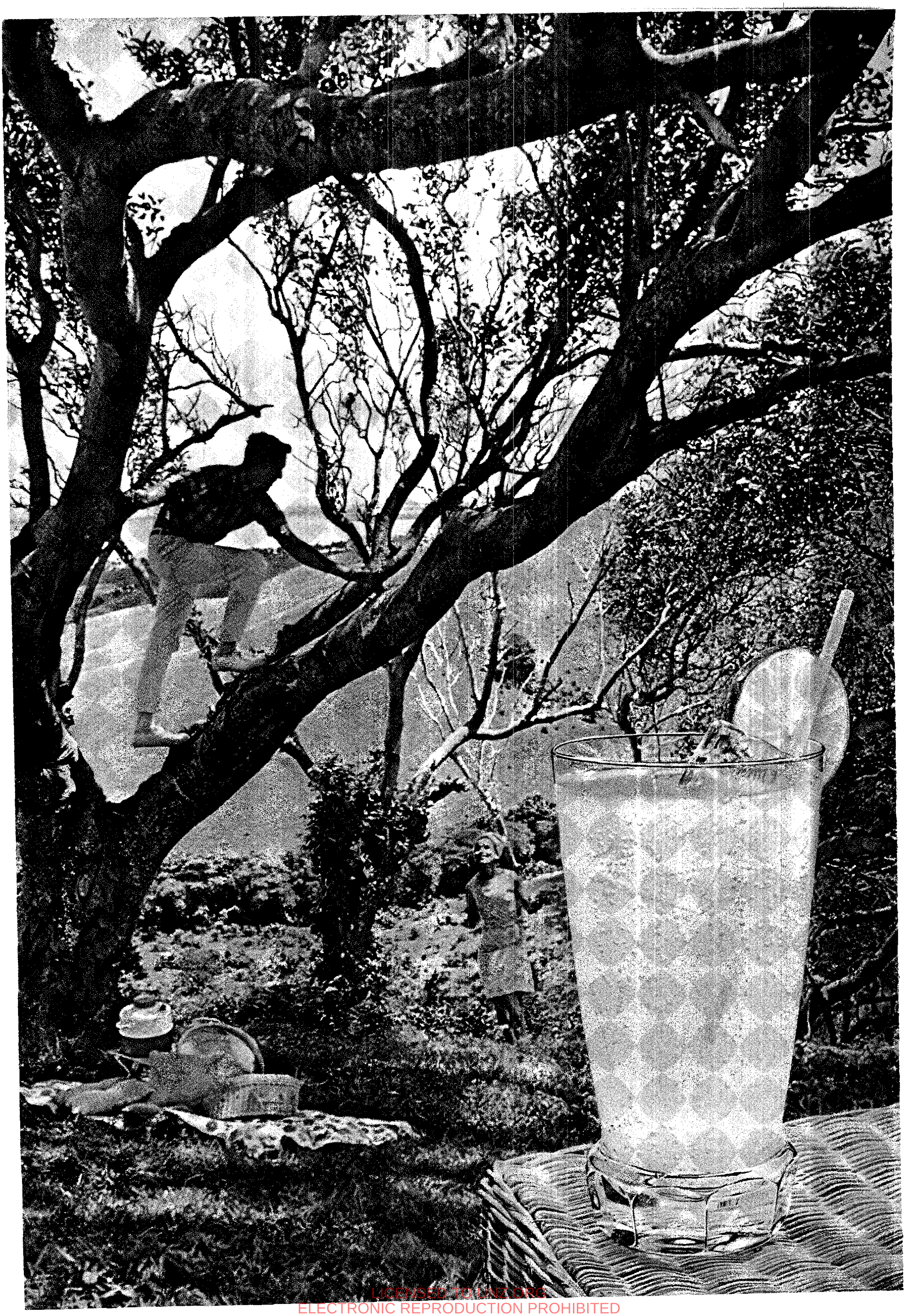

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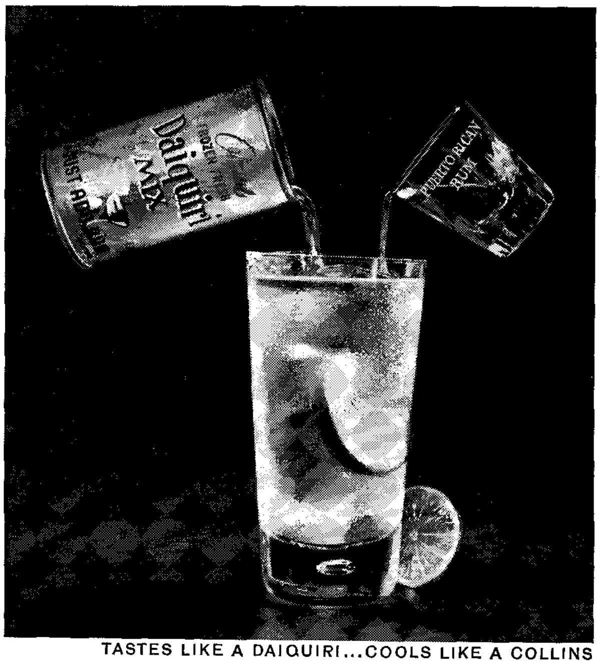
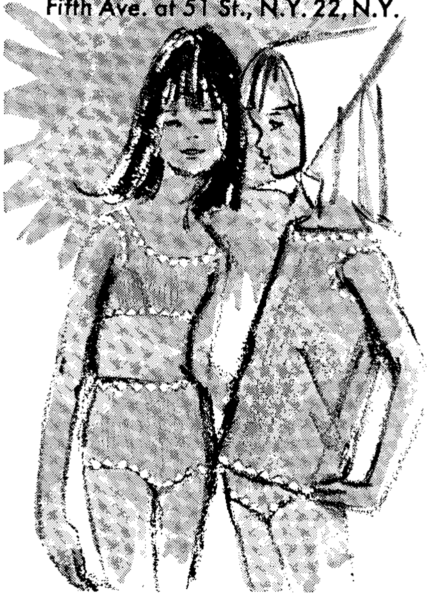


TASTES LIKE A DAIQUIRI...COOLS LIKE A COLLINS

←Daiquiri Collins, photographed near Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico—the sunny island where the rum comes from.



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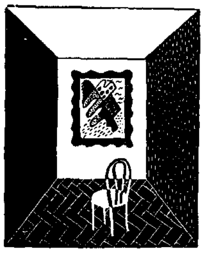
THE ART GALLERIES

You Name 'Em



IN honesty, I must confess that I went up to the Metropolitan Museum's "Three Centuries of American Painting"—plus some sculptures, incidentally—prepared to scoff. There is a certain justification for that attitude, for the Museum's record in relation to our native work has not always been a happy one—including such episodes as the ill-advised attempt to gobble up the Whitney Museum some twenty years ago, and that even more inglorious and panicky period at the outset of the last World War, when, against all technological information, it was thought possible that the Nazis might possess airplanes with a range and carrying capacity enough to bomb us effectively, and valuables of all sorts were being hastily removed from the city and stored in mushroom mines in the Catskills. What happened at the Metropolitan was that the best paintings of the Italian and Spanish Renaissance, the ones by Dutch and other Lowland artists, and those of the nineteenth-century French were whisked suddenly away, and their places were taken by lesser works, including the output of artists like Alma-Tadema, Walter Sickert, and others of the Edwardian English school, together with quantities and quantities of Americans—art, in other words, or so one had to assume, that was "expendable." It was, I have always thought, an interesting example of an extremely down-to-earth type of art evaluation in reverse—vaguely related, in my mind, to "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo" and other counting-out systems of childhood.

It is only fair now to own up that the current exhibition, made up almost entirely from the Museum's own holdings, is an extremely handsome and even engrossing affair. It has its flaws, of course. With some five hundred entries, it is far too large, in the first place. It's so huge that three catalogues are needed to cover it, so wandering—for it is divided into two separate sections, almost the full length of the Museum apart, and both fairly labyrinthine—that the visitor is practically certain to get lost a couple of times as he tries to make his way through the maze. (There are directional markers along the route, but,

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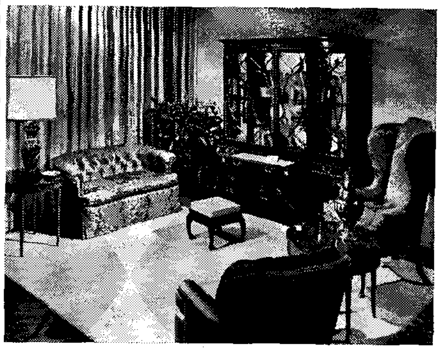

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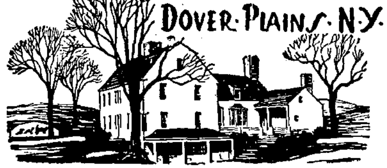

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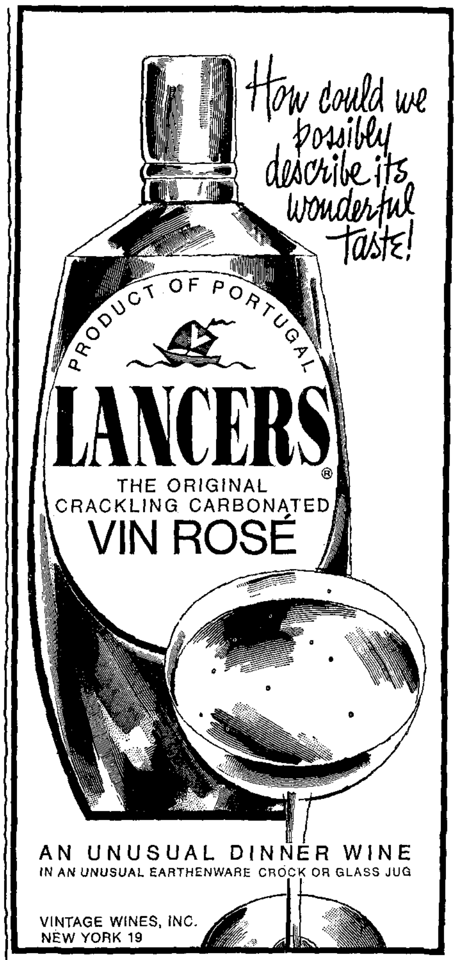
as with those route markers the motorist encounters on a detour, the last one, the essential one, is always missing; after I had left the Museum I realized that I must have missed a couple of rooms, notably one of those featuring the Ash Can group.) In sum, it's an outpouring rather than an ordered selection, and there is possibly still a touch of the cavalier about the Museum's attitude in setting out its American works so casually.

Yet for all that, it is amazing how high the level of attainment is pretty much everywhere. An exception is the part devoted to Colonial and other eighteenth-century artists, where the visitor is confronted with such a plethora of almost identically stiff, grim-faced, bewigged gentlemen and their tightly corseted, lace-bonneted helpmeets that his courage is likely to fail at the very outset. Even here, though, there are a number of outstanding pieces: some, like John Wollaston's "Joseph Reade" and "Cadwallader Colden" (both clearly almost "speaking" likenesses), by prominent figures of the day, and others by men less well known, such as Adolph Ulrich Wertmüller's portrait of George Washington (Wertmüller, a Swede, was the first artist to exhibit publicly a painting of a nude in this country; it caused a sensation), Jeremiah Theüs's "Mrs. Gabriel Manigault," and—my favorite—a palely blue, sensitively drawn portrait of Jonathan Dwight I by an "unknown painter."

From these early, more or less journeyman things the show progresses to such slightly later and more highly schooled men as Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, and John Singleton Copley, with anywhere from a half-dozen canvases on up by each man to illustrate the different painting styles and temperaments—Copley the Classicist set against West the Romanticist (it occurs to me that there is an odd accidental parallel here with the relation between David and Ingres, at more or less the same epoch, in France), plus Stuart the calm Realist.

A little farther on, we find ourselves witnessing the birth and the vigorous growth of the American genre school. Things are skimped a bit here, and that is unfortunate, for this was one of our rare really native manifestations, but of the few pieces on display several—William Sidney Mount's "Raffling for the Goose" and George Caleb Bingham's beautifully fogbound "Fur Traders Descending the Missouri" among them—are especially notable examples. At about the same time we reach the



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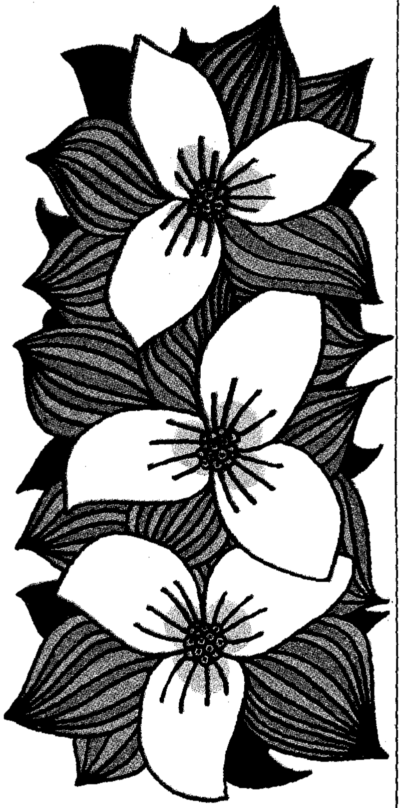

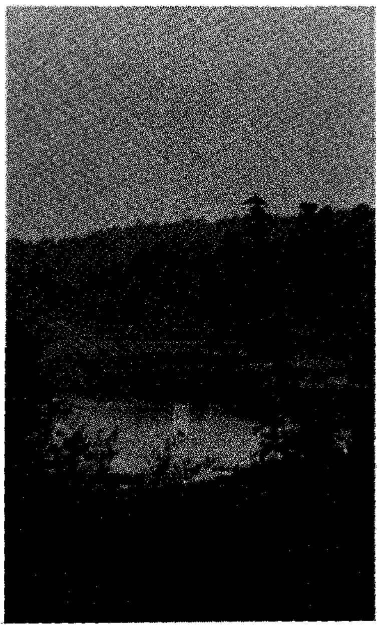

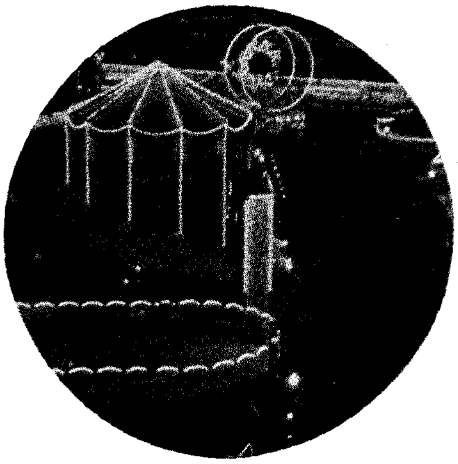

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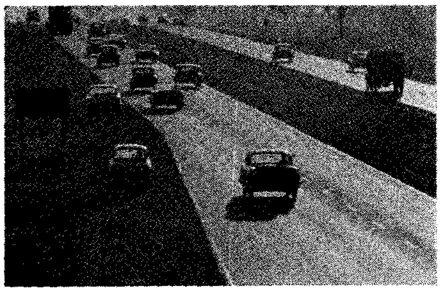

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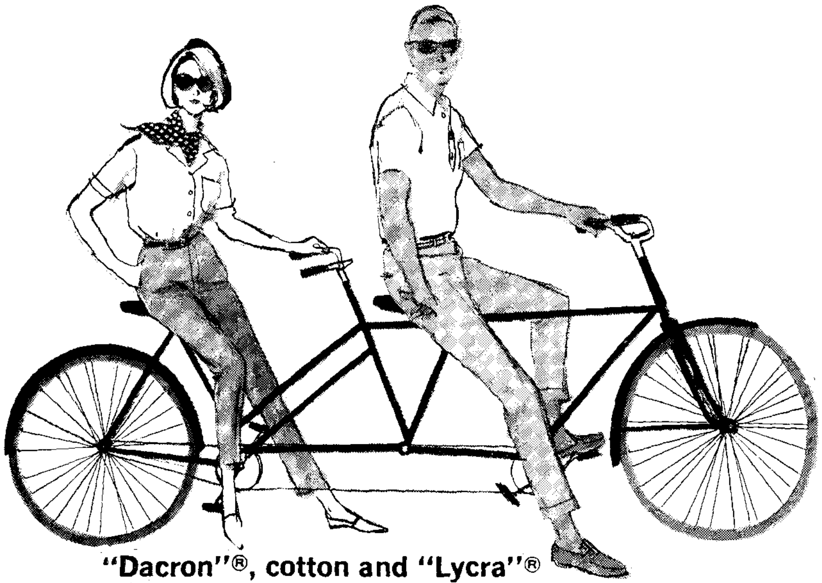
men whom I think of as belonging to what we refer to as the Hudson River school, though a number of them—Albert Bierstadt, George Catlin, Frederic Edwin Church, and so on—did most of their painting in the West. They were the Giantists, so to speak, and another native phenomenon, and if they did go West it was in search of deeper chasms, loftier peaks than anything the Catskills had to offer. The showing here is more generous in scope, and this is a good thing, for these men thought big, as we say now, and painted big, and museum-size rooms and ceilings are needed for display. I will just list, among the highlights, Thomas Cole's delightful view of the Connecticut River called "The Oxbow," Albert Bierstadt's "The Rocky Mountains," and—in a crescendo of other lyrical landscapes that culminates in one showing a rainbow linking two snow-clad peaks—Frederic Church's "Rainy Season in the Tropics." Whee! Church, ever the seeker after the stupendous, had to make a trip to South America to find mountains big enough for his more than grandiose productions.

But it is hardly apropos to go on particularizing about so mammoth an undertaking; it is a little like trying to anatomize a whale on a parlor table. It would be better to go on a catch-as-catch-can, or "You name it, let's see if we've got it," basis. Most of the time you will find that we *have* got it. Ralph Earl, the sad, talented wastrel, contemporary of West, Copley, et al.? Two canvases, both handsome. The ubiquitous Peales? James, Charles Willson, Raphaelle, and Rembrandt, a quorum, are present. Winslow Homer? A whole roomful, plus an overflow of a couple of pictures elsewhere. John Quidor, Thomas Cole in his more Surrealist moments, William Harnett, Edward Hicks, among the odder painters? All there, too, along with John Singer Sargent, William Merritt Chase, Thomas Doughty, Robert Walter Weir, Thomas Wilmer Dewing, and others who in their day, at any rate, were more comfortably established in reputation. In fact, nearly everyone of importance, and many of considerably lesser repute.

The exhibition divides early in the twentieth century, and ("Turn right at the head of the main staircase, go through the Renaissance and Baroque rooms, then turn left and trust to luck," I was told) the separate selection of twentieth-century paintings is likewise uncommonly good. Small, compared with the earlier part, but still remarkably inclusive, it is also extremely well

Ah men / Ah women



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BW wins again.

No, we're not talking about BUSINESS WEEK. By BW, we mean Brenton Welling, our Transportation Editor, who just walked off with top honors in TWA's Annual Writing & Picture Competition. Not only did he cop the "Aviation Business and Financial" Category—he won the "sweepstakes" prize for the best article of all three categories in the Magazine Class.

But here's the topper: BW (we still *mean* Brent) has won *six* of these coveted TWA awards.

The fact is, BW (*now* we mean BUSINESS WEEK) is a consistent award-winner in business journalism. We don't go around showing the medals our editors have won, but we're proud of them nevertheless.

Another award we're proud of: the one handed to us by business and industrial advertisers—who place more pages of advertising in BUSINESS WEEK than in any other magazine in the field. (The prize consists of handsomely-engraved green portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Hamilton, etc.)

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chosen. Again, just about all the well-known figures are represented, commencing with such men as Robert Henri and Arthur Davies, continuing through men like Charles Sheeler, Peter Blume, and Stuart Davis, and ending with a group of completely contemporary artists that provides some especially fine pieces, by James Brooks, Adolph Gottlieb, Willem de Kooning, and Jackson Pollock. The sculpture throughout Part I of the show is inconceivably bad, but the later section is graced by a small number of excellent pieces, notably a neat abstract construction by Isamu Noguchi and a big, lazily rotating Calder. I can't help wondering—or am I being niggling now?—why, if the Museum has had all these treasures all these years, it hasn't shown them. And what, after the show closes, in October, will become of them? It would seem an outrage if, after this one glimpse, they were all to be put back in the cellar again.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

APPALACHIAN FRONT

Panther lies next to Wharncliffe
and Wharncliffe next to Devon
and Devon next to Delorme.
In each a single fisherman casts
in the slow, black water of the Big
Sandy.
Catfish is the whisker lurking
behind the bobbing cork.
He lives, it seems, in dense night
from day to day until the fisherman
from Wharncliffe pulls him out
to be fried in tin-roof, tarpaper shacks
from there to Matewan.

Politicians call this valley
a depressed area.
But, under the sun, my heart
will not have it so.
Straight up from the brackish water,
up the mountainside,
green pointed trees
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—ROBERT LEWIS WEEKS

•

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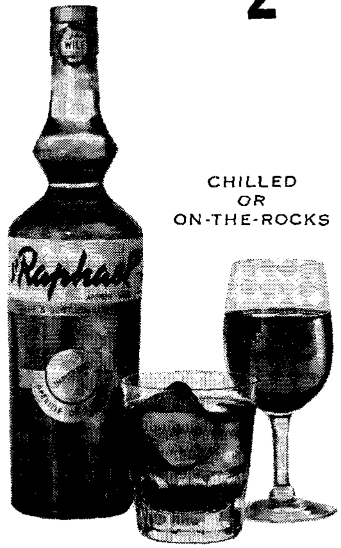

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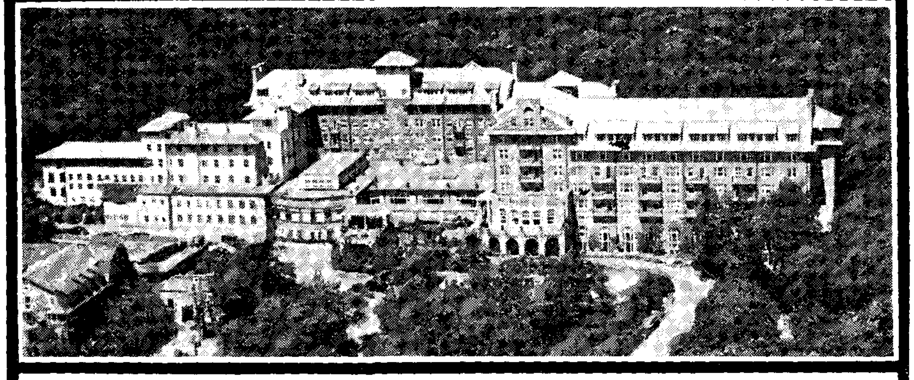
MUSICAL EVENTS

Big Night

THE discovery of a supreme operatic artist is always an occasion for excitement and gratification, and the American Opera Society has from time to time offered us occasions of this sort. It did so again on Tuesday evening of last week, when it presented the Spanish soprano Montserrat Caballé in the title role of Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia." Miss Caballé had, of course, been discovered before by others. She has appeared at the Glyndebourne Festival, at La Scala, at the Vienna Opera, and elsewhere, but this was her American début, and it caused a veritable furor in Carnegie Hall. At the end of her first aria, the audience broke into the kind of ovation that is reserved for only a few operatic idols, and its enthusiasm continued at a high pitch throughout the evening. Miss Caballé is classifiable as a dramatic soprano with a coloratura technique, but this cold description gives very little idea of the nature of her gifts. She has a big range, each register of which is capable of both power and the most melting pianissimos. The quality of her voice is indescribably beautiful. She has a pretty face and a body of the type usually described as "ample." (May heaven preserve every ounce of that amplitude! Great voices generally come in large packages, and those who think it is funny that opera singers don't look like *Vogue* models should stay away from opera; they don't understand it.) But the most striking thing about Miss Caballé is her faculty of acting with the voice—of making it the servant of innumerable shades of emotion—and "Lucrezia Borgia," which is not often performed nowadays, is an ideal vehicle for the display of this brand of acting, since the emotions of its leading role range from fiery hatred to maternal love and remorse. Moreover, Miss Caballé is a remarkable actress in the more conventional sense. She threw herself into her role the other night with such dedication that her listeners were hanging on the flick of an eyelash. In a way, she reminded me of the Maria Callas of fifteen years ago. Her trills and rapid scales were not quite as sharply defined as this comparison indicates, but they were accurate enough, and her total characterization, musical and dramatic,



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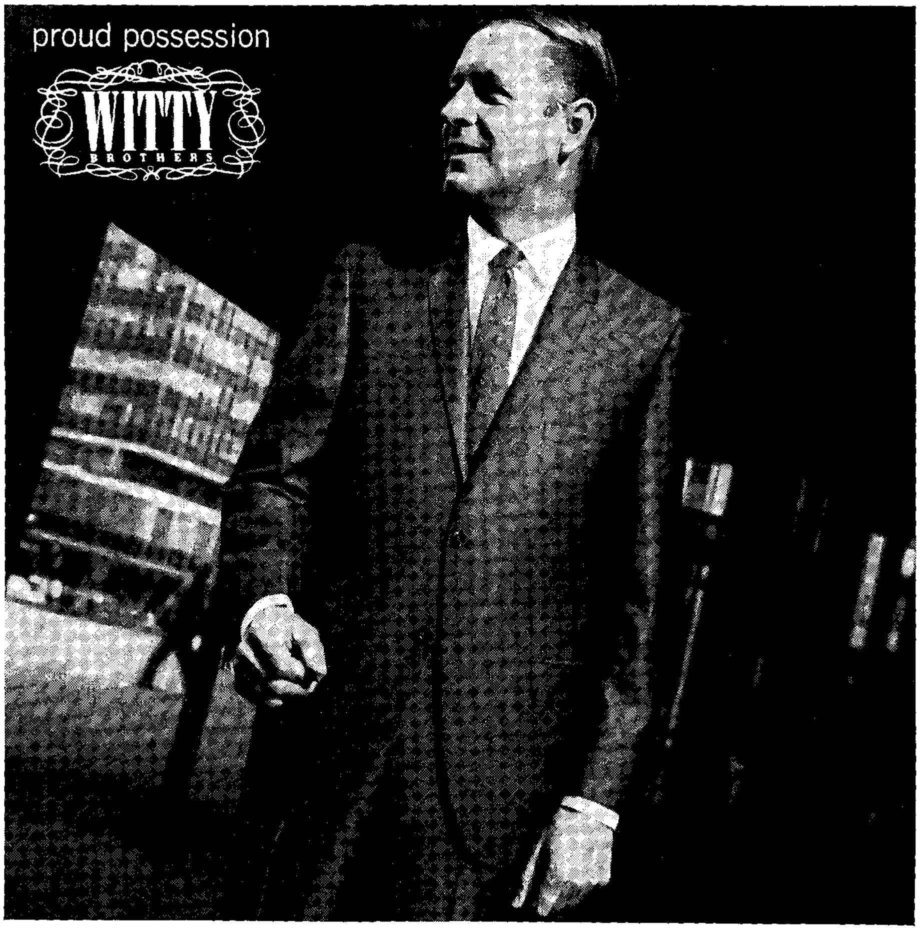

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PHOENIX OPEN	58	28
TUCSON OPEN	81	24
PGA SENIORS	216	42
PENSACOLA	54	25
DORAL	52	23
JACKSONVILLE	44	24
AZALEA	76	15
GREENSBORO	53	23
MASTERS	24	15
TOTAL	1,165	463

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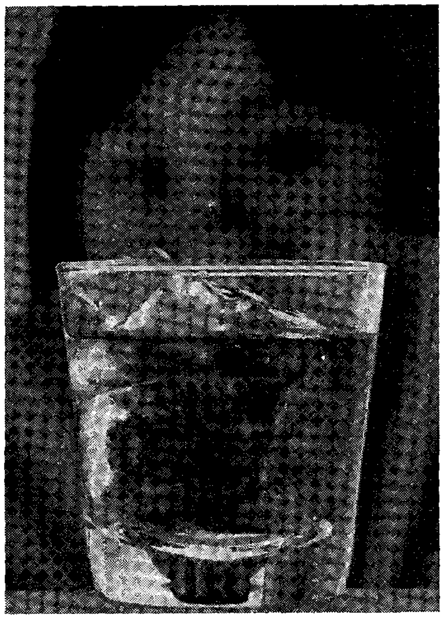
was of the sort that only great divas can present.

There were two other débuts in the cast—those of the mezzo-soprano Jane Berbié and the tenor Alain Vanzo, both of the Paris Opéra. They are neat, well-trained singers, with admirable musicianship. Miss Berbié sang her "Il segreto per esser felice" (the opera's most famous aria) with aplomb, and both she and Mr. Vanzo performed throughout the evening with polished style. The Greek baritone Kostas Paskalis stood out handsomely as Don Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and the lesser roles were all well done.

Aside from the appearance of Miss Caballé, the evening's most notable feature was the return to the professional New York operatic podium of Jonel Perlea, after the absence of fifteen years that followed his unaccountable forced resignation from the Metropolitan in 1950. Mr. Perlea, though he now conducts with one arm because of a handicap, showed himself to be still one of the world's great operatic maestros. Those who remembered the gossamer touch, the sense of climax, and the unassuming but profound authority that characterized his conducting at the Met during the final year of the Edward Johnson administration found the same things to admire in his work the other night, and they were not in any way diminished by the fact that they were being conveyed by one hand instead of two.

THE Royal Ballet arrived at the Metropolitan Opera House again last Wednesday evening for a season of several weeks, and started things off with a generally stunning performance of "Romeo and Juliet" (to Prokofieff's score), with Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn in the title roles. It was a pleasure to encounter Mr. Nureyev again, though this particular work is not one in which his most spectacular dancing is to be seen. He has developed a new sense of discipline since his last appearance here, and he now has the presence of a great actor as well as a great dancer. Dame Margot has not changed, and does not have to. Her portrayal of Juliet was sheer delight, and her development from childhood to womanhood was a triumph of visual suggestion. As for the rest of the huge cast, David Blair as Mercutio, Desmond Doyle as Tybalt, and Anthony Dowell as Benvolio were particularly notable. The production had magnificent scenery and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis, and the choreography was



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by Kenneth MacMillan. To me, the production as a whole was superior to that of the Moscow Bolshoi troupe, which I saw in the work here several years ago, for it was lighter and more varied in choreographic ideas, and Mr. MacMillan succeeded in sustaining an almost continuous flow of dancing—something that one does not always find in this pageantlike type of ballet. The following evening, I returned to the Met for part of a repetition of "Romeo and Juliet" by the Royal Ballet's second pair of principals (in all, four pairs will appear in it). This one consisted of Christopher Gable and Lynn Seymour. Mr. Gable turned out to be a lyric dancer of refreshing style, but no match for Mr. Nureyev. Miss Seymour, on the other hand, gave a performance as Juliet that was as remarkable, in its youthful way, as Dame Margot's. (The remainder of that evening I spent at the State Theatre, observing Balanchine's "Scotch Symphony" and "Prodigal Son," and noting the greater individuation and subtlety of his choreography compared with that of the British company. Balanchine's edge here lies in his bottomless invention and his avoidance of repetition and of strict unanimity of movement.)

Those who awaited the brilliant, athletic Nureyev got their wish on Saturday night in the second act of "Giselle," in which his big solo was a triumph of aerial grace. And his first act, too, was a great deal more effective than it was last time around, being more assured and dramatically communicative. Again his partner was Dame Margot, whose performance was spirited and clean in line. But to me Dame Margot has never been the ideal Giselle. Her characterization is pleasant, yet it fails to tug at the emotions as the work of some others—including Alicia Alonso—has done. A delightful Act I pas de deux was provided by Antoinette Sibley and Brian Shaw. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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> —*Seattle Times.*

How did the two other trips go?

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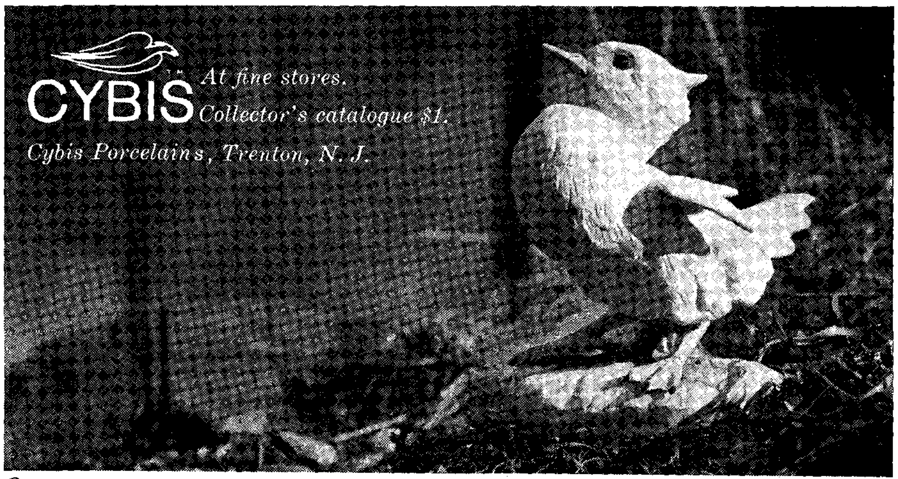
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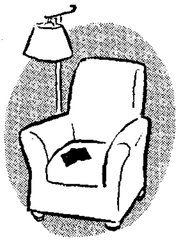
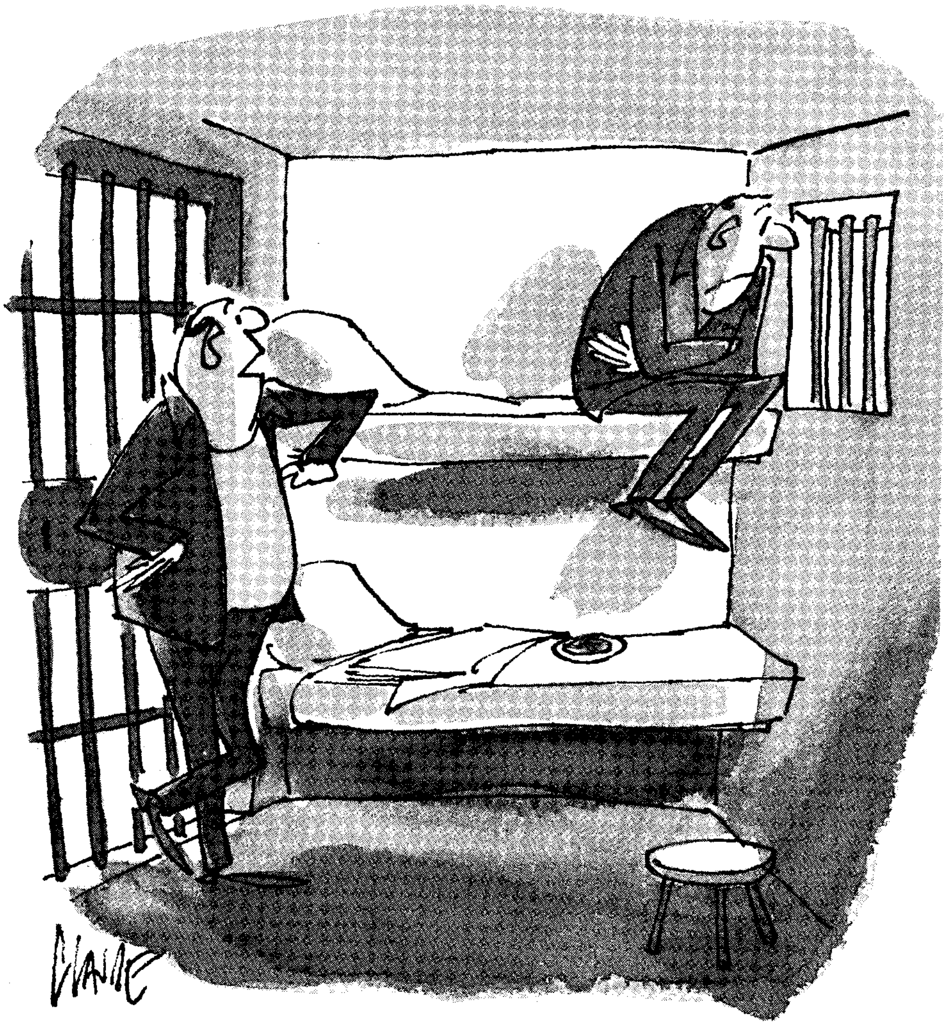


THERE is a parlor game often played by my colleagues in physics. It consists of trying to decide whether the physicists of the extraordinary generation that produced the modern quantum theory, in the late twenties, were intrinsically more gifted than our present generation or whether they simply had the good fortune to be at the height of their creative powers (for physicists, with some notable exceptions, this lies between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five) at a time when there was a state of acute and total crisis in physics—a crisis brought about by the fact that existing physics simply did not account for what was known about the atom at that time. In brief, if our generation had been alive at that time, could we have invented the quantum theory?

It is a question that will never be answered. But there is no doubt that the group of men who *did* invent the theory was absolutely remarkable. Aside from Max Planck and Einstein (it was Planck who invented the notion of the quantum—the idea that energy was always emitted and absorbed in distinct units, or quanta, and not continuously, like water flowing from a tap—and it was Einstein who pointed out how Planck's idea could be extended and used to explain a variety of mysteries about matter and radiation that physicists were contending with), who did their important work before 1925, the list includes Niels Bohr, who conceived the theory that the orbits of electrons around atoms were quantized (electrons, according to the Bohr theory, can move only in special elliptical paths—"Bohr orbits"—around the nucleus and not in any path, as the older physics would have predicted); Prince Louis de Broglie, a French aristocrat who conjectured in his doctoral thesis that both light and matter had particle and wave aspects; Werner Heisenberg, who made the first breakthrough that led to the mathematical formulation of the quantum theory, from which the Bohr orbits can be derived, and whose "uncertainty relations" set the limitations on measurements of atomic systems; P. A. M. Dirac, who made basic contributions to the mathematics of the theory and who showed how it could be reconciled with Einstein's theory of relativity; Wolfgang Pauli, whose "exclusion principle" led to an explanation of why there is a periodic table of chemical elements; Max Born and Pascual Jordan, who contributed to the interpretation of the theory; and, finally, Erwin Schrödinger, whose Schrödinger Equation is in many ways the basic equation of the quantum theory, and is to the new physics what Newton's laws of motion were to the physics that went before it.

While Heisenberg, Pauli, and Dirac were all in their early twenties when they did their work, de Broglie and Bohr were older, as was Schrödinger, who was born in Vienna in 1887. In 1926, he published the paper in which his equation was formulated. Oddly, just a few years before, he had decided to give up physics altogether for philosophy. Professor Philipp Frank, Einstein's biographer and a distinguished physicist and philosopher, who had been a classmate of Schrödinger in Vienna (they were both students under the great Austrian physicist Ludwig Boltzmann), once told me that just before Schrödinger began his work on the quantum theory he had been working on a psychological theory of color perception. Schrödinger himself writes in the preface of his last book, "My View of the World" (Cambridge), published posthumously (he died in 1961), "In 1918, when I was thirty-one, I had good reason to expect a chair of theoretical physics at Czernowitz. . . . I was prepared to do a good job lecturing on theoretical physics . . . but for the rest, to devote myself to philosophy, being deeply imbued at the time with the writings of Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Ernst Mach, Richard Semon, and Richard Avenarius. My guardian angel intervened: Czernowitz soon no longer belonged to Austria. So nothing came of it. I had to stick to theoretical physics, and, to my astonishment, something occasionally emerged from it."

The early quantum theoreticians were a small group, mainly Europeans,



"Be happy the peepers are out."

who knew each other well. There was among them a sense of collaborating on one of the most important discoveries in the history of physics. In his "Science and the Common Understanding," Robert Oppenheimer wrote, "Our understanding of atomic physics, of what we call the quantum theory of atomic systems, had its origins at the turn of the century and its great synthesis and resolutions in the nineteen-twenties. It was a heroic time. It was not the doing of any one man; it involved the collaboration of scores of scientists from many different lands, though from first to last the deeply creative and subtle and critical spirit of Niels Bohr guided, restrained, deepened, and finally transmuted the enterprise. It was a period of patient work in the laboratory, of crucial experiments and daring action, of many false starts and many untenable conjectures. It was a time of earnest correspondence and hurried conjectures, of debate, criticism, and brilliant mathematical improvisation. For those who participated, it was a time of creation; there was terror as well as exaltation in their new insight. It will probably not be recorded very completely as history. As history, its re-creation would call for an art as high as the story of Oedipus or the story of Cromwell, yet in a realm of action so remote from our common experience that it is unlikely to be known to any poet or any historian."

However, as the outlines of the theory became clearer, a sharp division of opinion arose as to the ultimate significance of it. Indeed, de Broglie, Einstein, and Schrödinger came to feel that even though the theory illuminated vast stretches of physics and chemistry ("All of physics and most of chemistry," Dirac wrote), there was fundamentally something unsatisfactory about it. The basic problem that troubled them was that the theory abandons causation of the kind that had been the goal of the classical physics of Newton and his successors: In the quantum theory, one cannot ask what one single electron in a single atom will do at a given time; the theory only describes the most probable behavior of an electron in a large collection of electrons. The theory is fundamentally statistical and deals solely with probabilities. The Schrödinger Equation enables one to work out the mathematical expressions for these probabilities and to determine how the probabilities will change in time, but according to the accepted interpretation it does not provide a step-by-step description of the motion of, say, a single electron in an atom, in the

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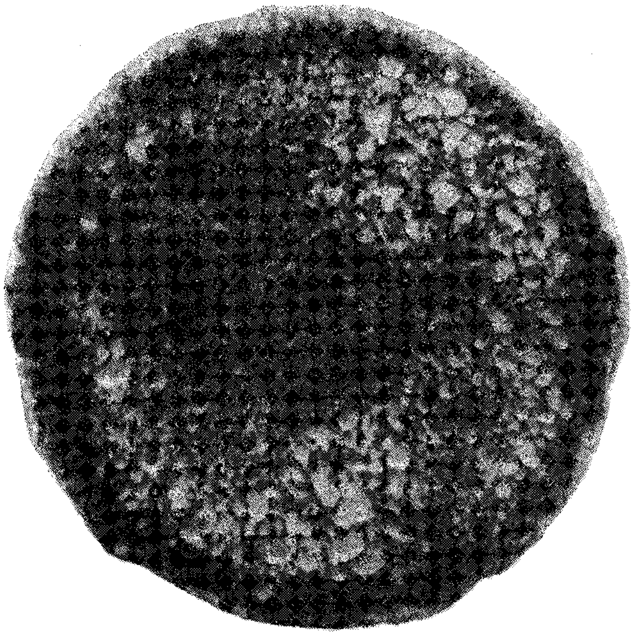

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way that Newtonian mechanics projects the trajectory of a planet moving around the sun.

To most physicists, these limitations are a fundamental limitation, in principle, on the type of information that can be gathered by carrying out measurements of atomic systems. These limitations, which were first analyzed by Heisenberg and Bohr, are summarized in the Heisenberg uncertainty relations, which state, generally speaking, that the very process of making most measurements of an atomic system disturbs the system's behavior so greatly that it is put into a state qualitatively different from the one it was in before the measurement. (For example, to measure the position of an electron in an atom, one must illuminate the electron with light of very short wave length. This light carries so much momentum that the process of illuminating the electron knocks it clear out of the atom, so a second measurement of the position of the electron in the atom is impossible. "We murder to dissect," as Wordsworth has said.) The observer—or, really, his measuring apparatus—has an essential influence on the observed. The physicists who have objected to the quantum theory feel that this limitation indicates the incompleteness of the theory and that there must exist a deeper explanation that would yield the same universal agreement with experiment that the quantum theory does but that would allow a completely deterministic description of atomic events. Naturally, the burden of finding such a theory rests upon those who feel that it must exist; so far, despite the repeated efforts of people like de Broglie, Einstein, and Schrödinger, no such theory has been forthcoming.

Schrödinger, who was a brilliant writer of both scientific texts and popular scientific essays, summarized his distaste for the quantum theory in an essay entitled "Are There Quantum Jumps?," published in 1952: "I have been trying to produce a mood that makes one wonder what parts of contemporary science will still be of interest to more than historians two thousand years hence. There have been ingenious constructs of the human mind that gave an exceedingly accurate description of observed facts and have yet lost all interest except to historians. I am thinking of the theory of epicycles. [This theory was used, especially by the Alexandrian astronomer Ptolemy, to account for the extremely complicated planetary motions that had been observed; it postulated that they were compounded of innumerable

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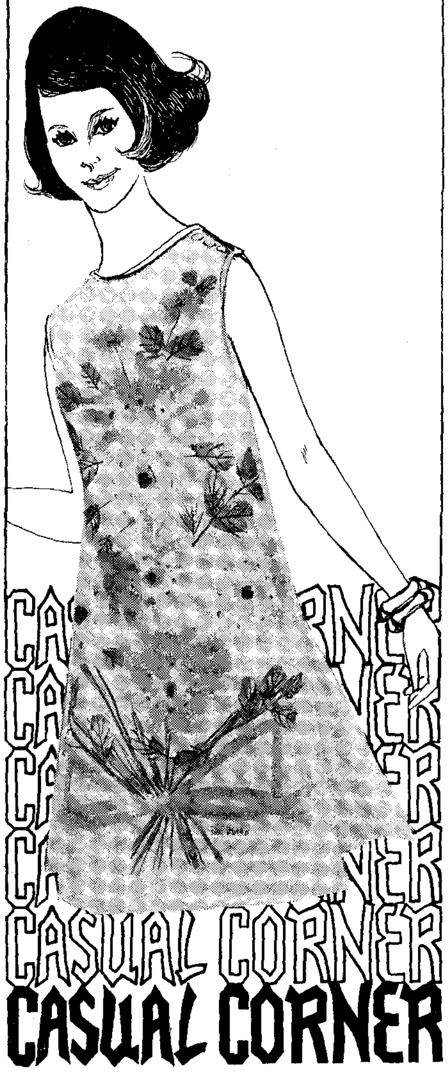

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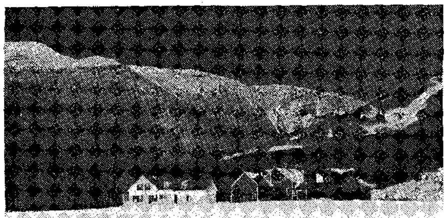

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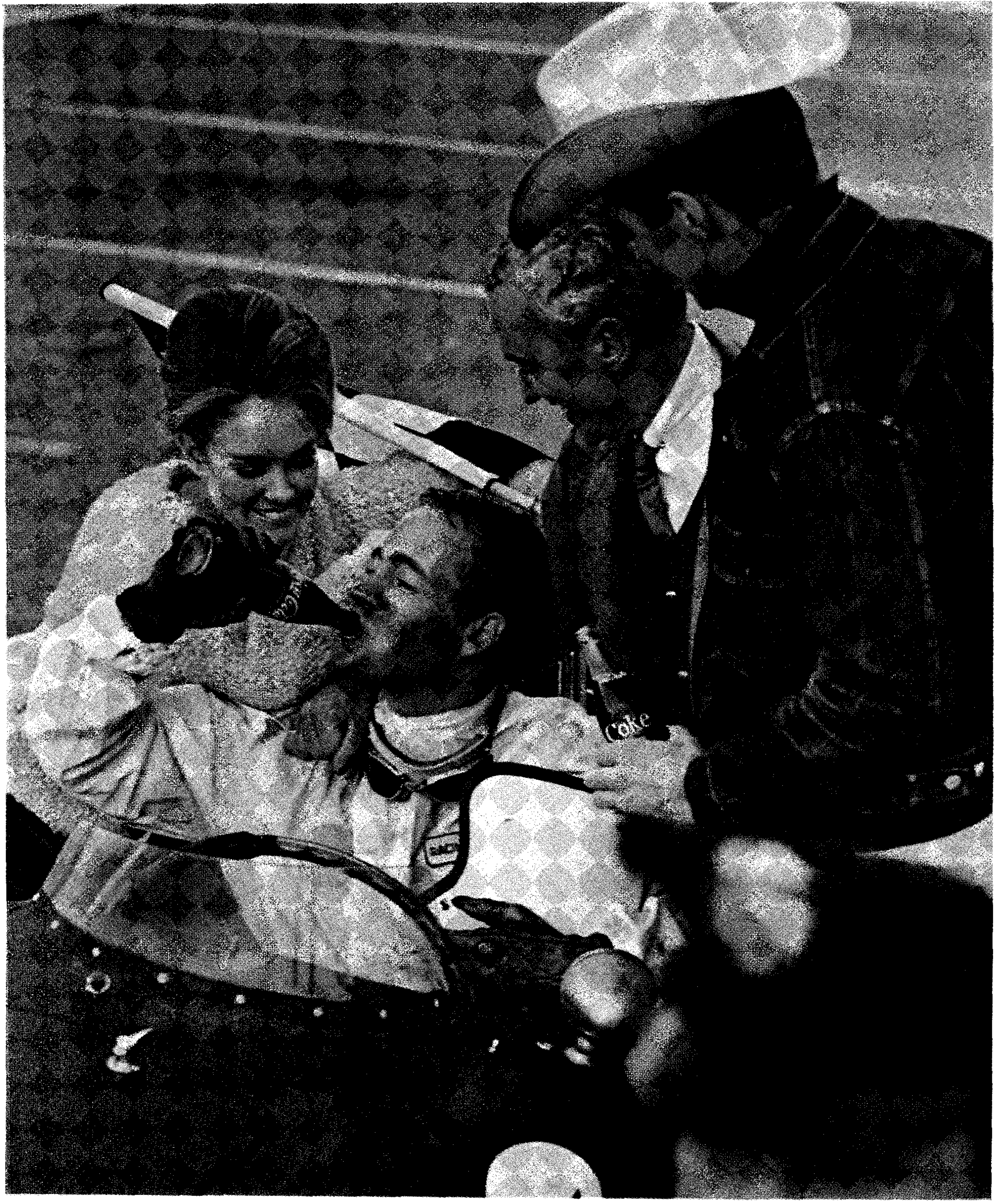

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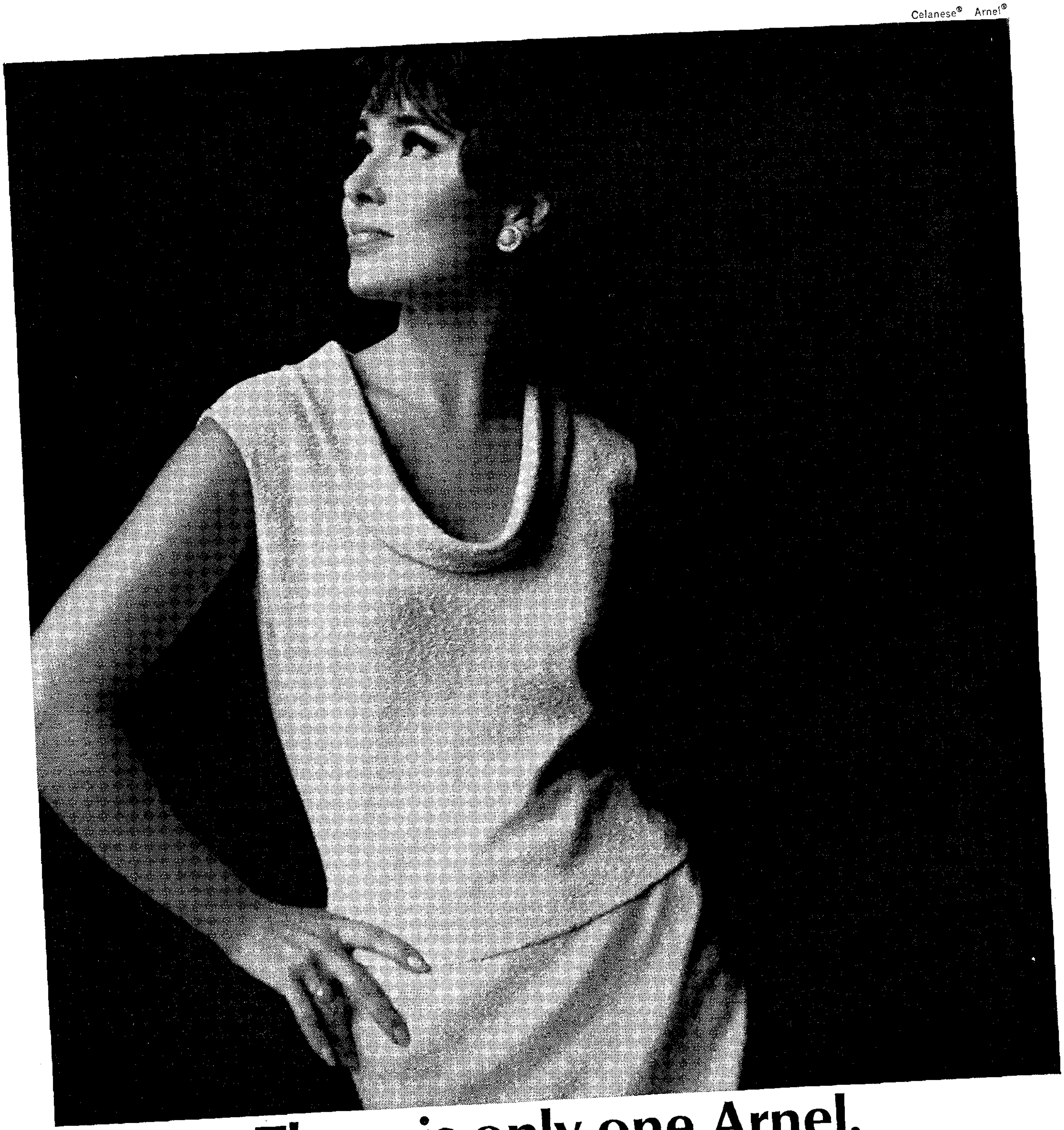

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simple circular motions. Reduced to the simplest terms, a planet was presumed to move in a small circle around a point that moved in a large circle around the earth. The theory was replaced by the assumption, conceived by Copernicus and Kepler, that the planets move in elliptical orbits around the sun.] I confess to the heretical view that their modern counterpart in physical theory are the quantum jumps." In his introduction to "My View of the World," Schrödinger puts his belief even more strongly: "There is one complaint which I shall not escape. Not a word is said here of acausality, wave mechanics, indeterminacy relations, complementarity, an expanding universe, continuous creation, etc. Why doesn't he talk about what he knows instead of trespassing on the professional philosopher's preserves? *Ne sutor supra crepidam.* On this I can cheerfully justify myself: because I do not think that these things have as much connection as is currently supposed with a philosophical view of the world." There is a story that after Schrödinger lectured, in the twenties, at the Institute of Theoretical Physics, in Copenhagen, in which Bohr was teaching, on the implications of his equation, a vigorous debate took place, in the course of which Schrödinger remarked that if he had known that the whole thing would be taken so seriously he never would have invented it in the first place.

Schrödinger was too great a scientist not to recognize the significance of the all but universal success of the quantum theory—it accounts not only for "all of physics and most of chemistry" but even for astronomy; it can be used, for example, to make very precise computations of the energy generated in the nuclear reactions that go on in the sun and other stars. Indeed, Schrödinger's popular masterpiece, "What Is Life?," deals with the impact of quantum ideas on biology and above all on the molecular processes that underlie the laws of heredity. The two striking features of the hereditary mechanism are its stability and its changeability—the existence of mutations, which allow for the evolution of a biological species. The characteristics that are inherited by a child from its mother and father are all contained in several large organic molecules—the genes. Genes are maintained at a fairly high temperature, 98°F., in the human body, which means that they are subject to constant thermal agitation. The question is how does this molecule retain its identity through generation after generation. Schrödinger states the problem bril-

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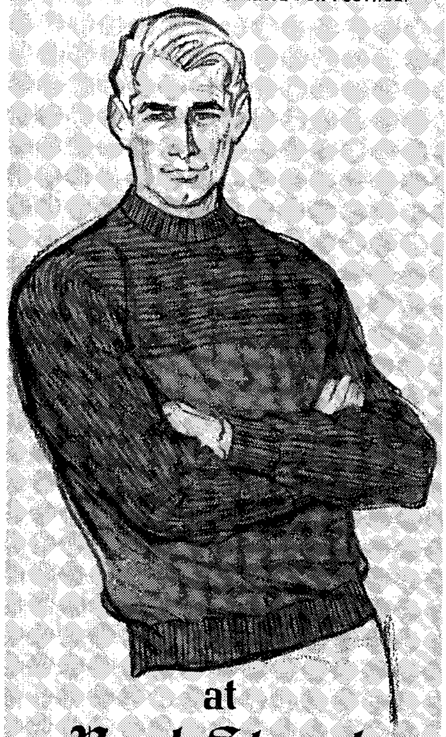

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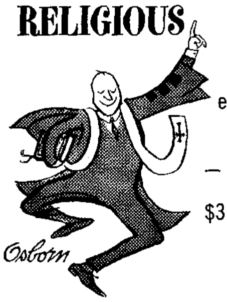
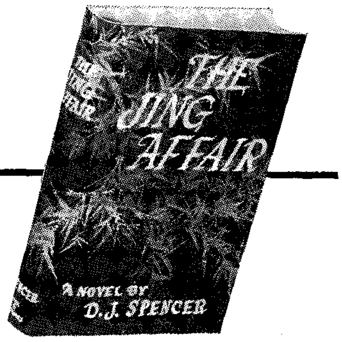


liantly: "Let me throw the truly amazing situation into relief once again. Several members of the Habsburg dynasty have a peculiar disfigurement of the lower lip ('Habsburger Lippe'). Its inheritance has been studied carefully and published, complete with historical portraits, by the Imperial Academy of Vienna, under the auspices of the family. . . . Fixing our attention on the portraits of a member of the family in the sixteenth century and of his descendant, living in the nineteenth, we may safely assume that the material gene structure responsible for the abnormal feature has been carried on from generation to generation through the centuries, faithfully reproduced at every one of the not very numerous cell divisions that lie between. . . . The gene has been kept at a temperature around 98°F. during all that time. How are we to understand that it has remained unperturbed by the disordering tendency of the heat motion for centuries?"

According to the quantum theory, the stability of any chemical molecule has a natural explanation. The molecule is in a definite energy state. To go from one state to another the molecule must absorb just the right amount of energy. If too little energy is supplied, the molecule will not make the transition. This situation differs completely from that envisaged by classical physics, in which the change of state can be achieved by absorbing any energy. It can be shown that the thermal agitations that go on in the human body do not in general supply enough energy to cause such a transition, but mutations can take place in those rare thermal processes in which enough energy is available to alter the gene.

"What Is Life?" was published in 1944. Since then the field of molecular biology has become one of the most active and exciting in all science. A good deal of what Schrödinger said is now dated. But the book has had an enormous influence on physicists and biologists in that it hints how the two disciplines join together at their base. Schrödinger, who received the Nobel Prize jointly with Dirac, in 1933, succeeded Max Planck at the University of Berlin in 1927. When Hitler came to power, Schrödinger, although not a Jew, was deeply affected by the political climate. Philipp Frank has told me that Schrödinger attempted to intervene in a Storm Trooper raid on a Jewish ghetto and would have been beaten to death if one of the troopers, who had studied physics, had not recognized him as Germany's most recent Nobel Laureate and persuaded his colleagues



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to let him go. Shortly afterward, Schrödinger went to England, then back to Austria, then to Belgium, when Austria fell, and finally to the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, where he remained until he returned to Vienna, in 1956. By the end of his life, he must have mastered as much general culture—scientific and nonscientific—as it is possible for any single person to absorb in this age of technical specialization. He read widely in several languages, and wrote perceptively about the relation between science and the humanities and about Greek science, in which he was particularly interested. He even wrote poetry, which, I am told, was extremely romantic. (The pictures of Schrödinger as a young man give him a Byronic look.) What kind of personal metaphysics would such a man derive from his reading and experience? In "My View of the World," he leaves a partial answer.

"My View of the World" consists of two long essays—one written in 1925, just before the discovery of the Schrödinger Equation, and one written in 1960, just before his death. In both essays he reveals himself as a mystic deeply influenced by the philosophy of the Vedas. In 1925 he writes, "This life of yours which you are living is not merely a piece of the entire existence, but is in a certain sense the *whole;* only this whole is not so constituted that it can be surveyed in one single glance. This, as we know, is what the Brahmins express in that sacred, mystic formula which is yet really so simple and so clear: *Tat tvam asi,* this is you. Or, again, in such words as 'I am in the east and in the west. I am below and above, *I am this whole world,*' " and in the later essay he returns to this theme. He does not attempt to derive or justify his convictions with scientific argument. In fact, as he stresses in his preface, he feels that modern science, his own work included, is not relevant to the search for the underlying metaphysical and moral truths by which one lives. For him, they must be intuitively, almost mystically arrived at. He writes, "It is the vision of this truth (of which the individual is seldom conscious in his actions) which underlies all morally valuable activity. It brings a man of nobility not only to risk his life for an end which he recognizes or believes to be good but—in rare cases—to lay it down in full serenity, even when there is no prospect of saving his own person. It guides the hand of the well-doer—this perhaps even more rarely—when, without hope of future reward, he gives

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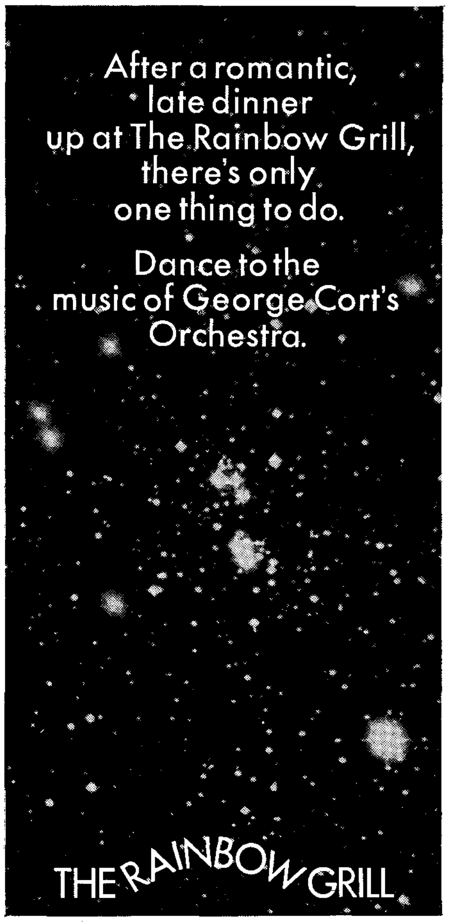
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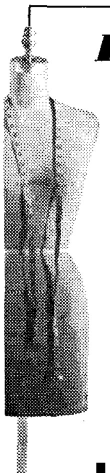
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In 1960, I had the chance to visit Schrödinger in Vienna. I was studying at the Boltzmann Institute for Theoretical Physics, whose director, Walter Thirring, is the son of Hans Thirring, a distinguished Austrian physicist, a student under Boltzmann, and a classmate of Schrödinger. Schrödinger had been very ill and he rarely appeared at the Institute. But he enjoyed maintaining his contact with physics and the young physicists who were working under Walter Thirring. Thirring took a small group of us to visit Schrödinger. He lived in an old-fashioned Viennese apartment house, with a rickety elevator and dimly lit hallways. The Schrödinger living room-library was piled to the ceiling with books, and Schrödinger was in the process of writing the second of the two essays in "My View of the World." Physically he was extremely frail, but his intellectual vigor was intact. He told us some of the lessons that modern scientists might learn from the Greeks. In particular, he stressed the recurrent theme of the writings of his later years—that modern science may be as far from revealing the underlying laws of the natural universe as was the science of ancient Greece. It was clear from watching and listening to him that the flame that illuminated his intellectual curiosity throughout his long life still burned brightly at the end of it.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE COOK, by Harry Kressing (Random House). Still another visit from the Devil. This time, he is disguised as a great cook who takes a job with a wealthy family in an unspecified small town. Within a year, he has hypnotized the family with his cooking (it willingly becomes the staff and lets him be the master), married the only daughter, and inherited a giant castle, where he and his wife slowly eat themselves to death. The pretentious fable style of the writing makes the Devil seem even more antique than he already is.

THE JEALOUS GOD, by John Braine (Houghton Mifflin). A paunchy novel about a virginal thirty-year-old North of England bachelor and Catholic schoolteacher who suddenly breaks loose by falling in love with a divorced Protestant and then seducing his favorite brother's wife. The rest of the book is taken up with

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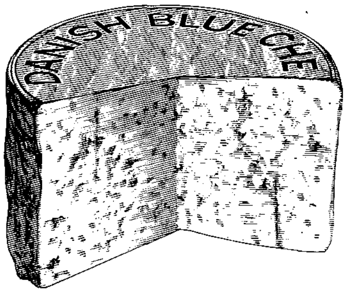

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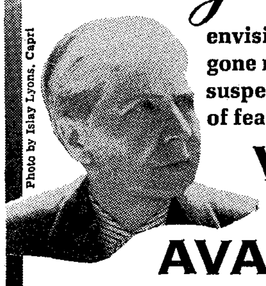
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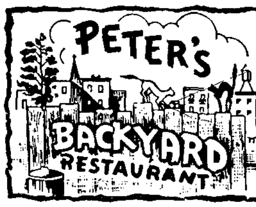

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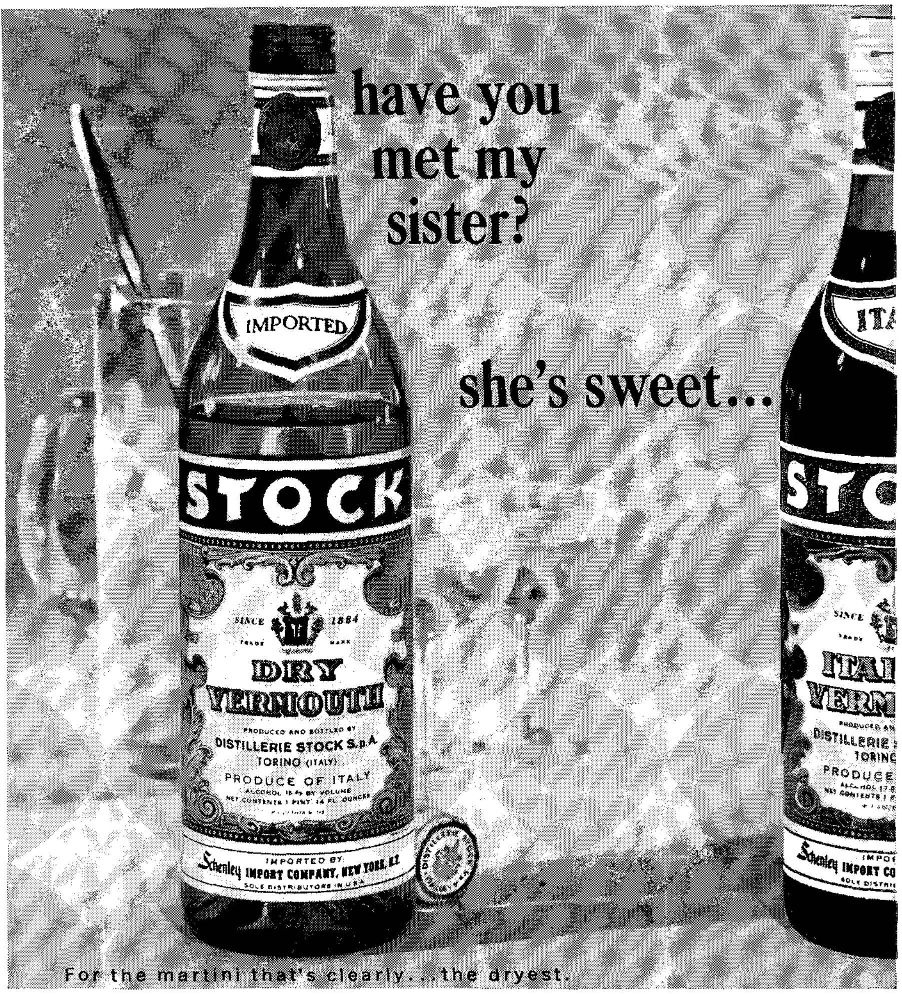
the hero's attempt to square his new willfulness with his religion—a dilemma that few saints could endure. The hero does not, and the author bails him out in the end by having the divorcée's former husband commit suicide. Mr. Braine is especially adept at furnishing the dwellings his characters pass through, as if he were a retired Navy man building precision ship models.

THE ORDWAYS, by William Humphrey (Knopf). An Odyssean novel, in two parts. The first deals with the hungry, painful trek from Tennessee to northeastern Texas undertaken just after the Civil War by the narrator's wounded great-grandfather and his family, and the second with the fruitless search that the narrator's grandfather makes through most of Texas in the nineties for his kidnapped son, who turns up hale and hearty at his father's house twenty-odd years later. The second section of the book is the longer and the better, and includes a good deal of genteel, lumbering comedy about Old Texas sharpers, circus people, lonely women, sheriffs, and the like. Mr. Humphrey's prose, which is dusty and springless, matches his materials perfectly.

GENERAL

THOMAS HOWARD: FOURTH DUKE OF NORFOLK, by Neville Williams (Dutton). The subject of this biography was beheaded in 1572 for his idiotic entanglement in schemes on behalf of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was by no means the first Howard to get into trouble; in 1547, his father had been beheaded for quartering the royal arms on his own, and his grandfather had spent the reign of Edward VI locked up in the Tower. This dismal family record did not teach Dr. Williams' hero the circumspection necessary to survive a Tudor monarch. Although specifically forbidden to do so by his cousin Queen Elizabeth, Norfolk allowed himself to woo Mary, a quasi-prisoner with a bad reputation and a good claim to the English throne. And then, without quite knowing how it happened, and apparently without meaning any harm to Elizabeth, he was dealing in cipher with Spanish agents. This muddled Duke was the first nonroyal Englishman to leave enough data for a full-dress biography, and Dr. Williams' sensitivity enables us to see him, in his unfamiliar setting, as a familiar character who turns up regularly in



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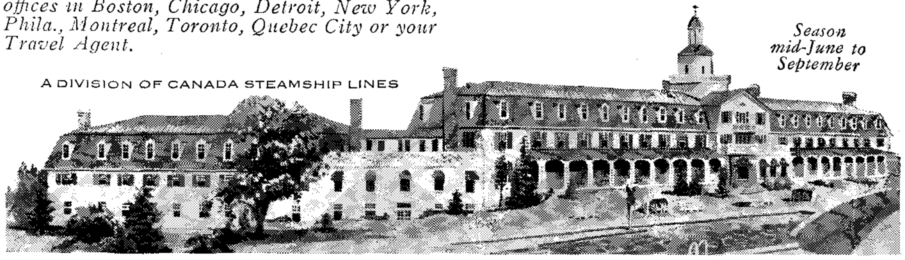

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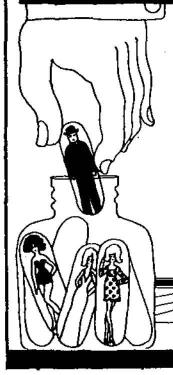

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contests for a class, company, or national presidency—a man who overvalues his claims to power, is vainglorious and uncertain, and has little malice and less shrewdness.

JOURNEY TO THE JADE SEA, by John Hillaby (Simon & Schuster). The sea of Mr. Hillaby's title is a wasteland lake in Northern Kenya about a third the size of Lake Erie and called Lake Rudolf, after the suicidal Austrian prince. This is one of the hottest and windiest places in the world, and Mr. Hillaby chose to visit it on foot, with four Samburu guides and nine pack camels, because "I was tired of city [London] life and heartily ashamed of having done nothing in the way of physical exertion that I could look back on with satisfaction." It was not a dramatically eventful journey (a scorpion bite, a berserk rhino, a smashed case of Scotch), but because Mr. Hillaby is willing and able to tell us exactly what it was like, it makes enthralling reading. It should be added that he maintains throughout a most engaging deprecatory tone: "We picked up the triangular spoor of the leopard near the scummy water and followed it step by step as it slunk towards the camp. At one point the pad-marks deepened and showed the impression of claws. It had paused to spring; 'At what?' I asked, wondering if one of us had had a narrow escape. 'At a mouse,' said the tracker." Photographs by the author.

THE RECKONING: THE MEMOIRS OF ANTHONY EDEN, EARL OF AVON (Houghton Mifflin). It is a pity that the author, an international hero of the years from 1938 to 1945 and the *beau idéal* anti-Fascist statesman, should be among the last of the Allied leaders to give us his account of this period. The book, composed of his diary and of commentaries he has since added, differs from some others in stress or in interpretation—for instance, it is quite contemptuous of Roosevelt's views of Europe as Eden understood them—but it does not, all told, greatly alter the reader's concept of recent history. Eden is at his most interesting whenever there is a difference to be composed or terms to be arranged—a spat in the Cabinet, a quarrel with an ally, trouble with a neutral. His narrative of any negotiation is masterly, absorbing, and educational.

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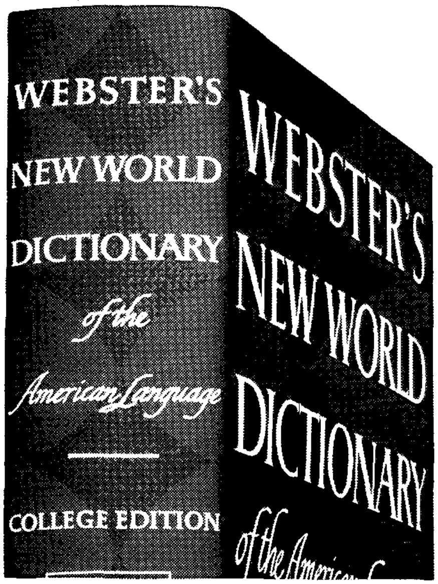

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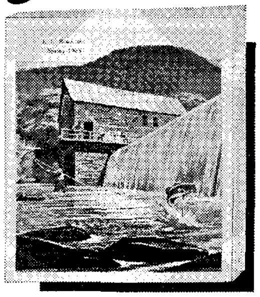

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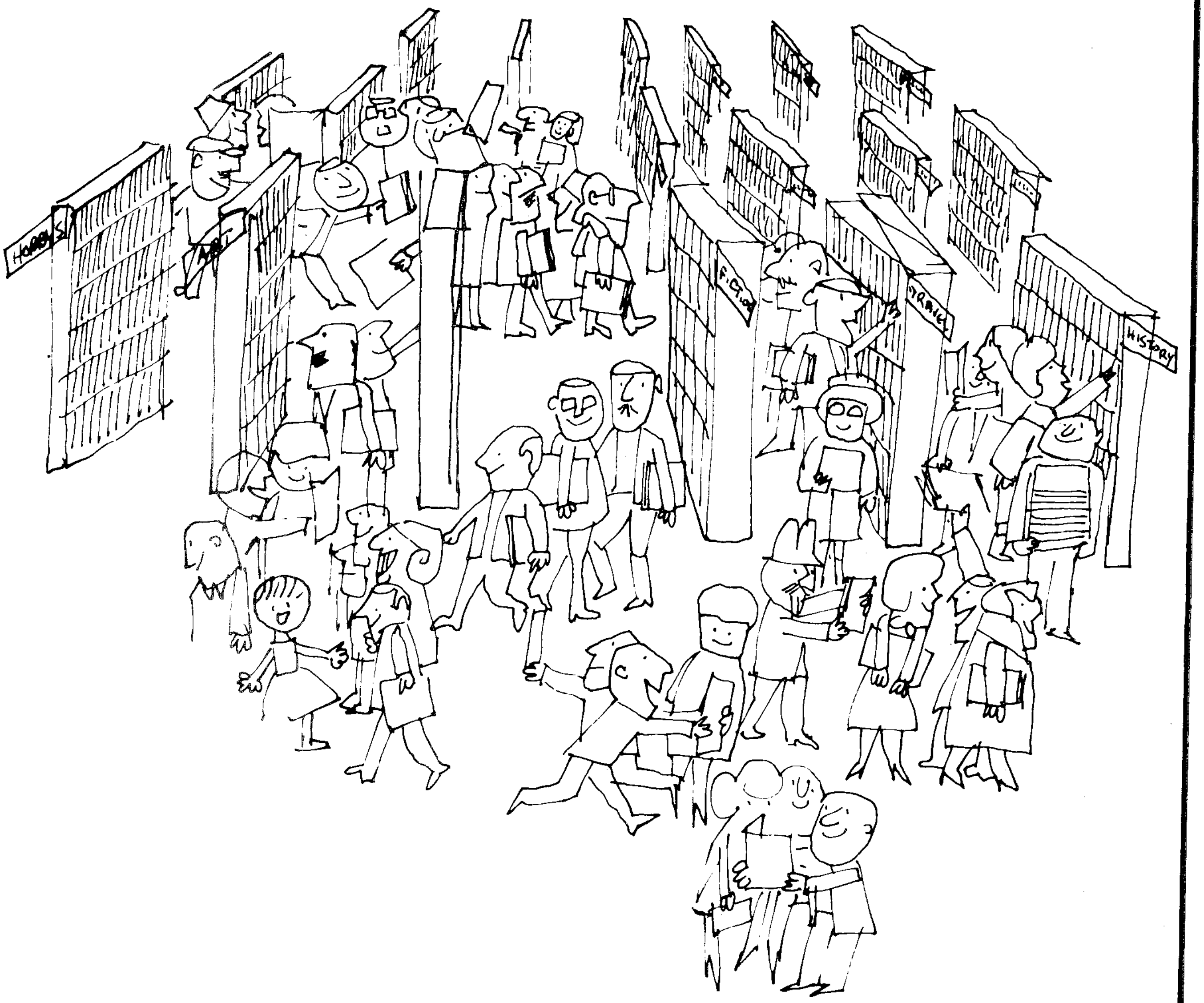
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World). The perceptive author of "London Perceived" here pays his respects to New York City—or, rather, as is usual with the city's popular biographers, to Manhattan. Mr. Pritchett has the advantage of having lived in New York at various times (most recently, in 1963) and in various places (the Village, the upper East Side, Riverside Drive), but he goes about his job in the usual manner: he shows us the city through the shipboard eyes of an arriving European ("Manhattan stands tall and narrow, even more like a ship than a city"), he interests himself in its history (with particular attention to the observations of Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, Henry James, Edith Wharton, and Scott Fitzgerald) and in its ethnic groups ("The old Romanian who cleans your suit has never seen Romania but he speaks with his old accent"), he visits City Hall ("An exquisite classical construction") and Harlem ("If Activity is the principle of New York life, here reigns the opposite. It is not Indolence, but Being. Quite simply people *live* here"), and he has something to say about the changing skyline ("The firemen . . . are the only people who are seriously bent on preserving the city") and the weather and central heating and air-conditioning. It must be added, however, that he does it all unusually well. Miss Hofer's photographs (ninety in black-and-white and twenty-two in color) are, as always, superb, although she does seem here to somewhat overemphasize the exotica of the city (bums, bohemians, and costumed ethnic groups) and the Chrysler Building, of which we are given seven views. Fifteen dollars.

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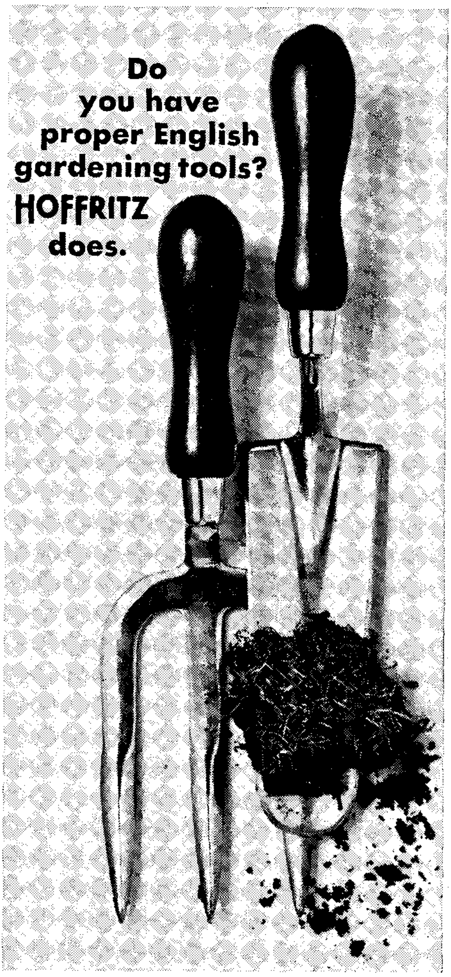

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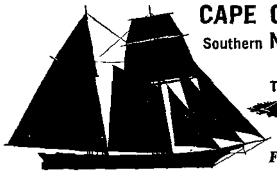

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